

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

JUNE
1931



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room like the one above, with its attractive Norwich lavatory, built-in Corwith tub, health guarding Santon closet. Equip your kitchen with a roomy sink like the Corwith, planned to women's wishes. Install the all-over dawn-to-midnight warmth of radiator heating. To modernize with modern plumbing and heating is truly an adven-



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“The years can make any girl more alluring *if she keeps Youth!*”

SAYS WILLIAM POWELL



*Learn the complexion secret
9 out of 10 screen Stars know*

“NO ONE measures Youth by birthdays any more!” says William Powell, Paramount star of “For the Defense.” “Women know so marvellously how to KEEP their fresh, young charm.

“Feminine stars of the screen and stage, especially, seem to know the secret!”

Indeed they do, for they seem always young,

charming, magnetic—you just can't believe they ever have birthdays.

“We guard complexion beauty at all else,” the lovely actresses will tell you.

Famous actresses in Hollywood, on Broadway, in Europe, use Lux Toilet Soap, *regularly!* That is why it is in theatres everywhere—is official in *all* film studios. Actually 605 of the 613 important Hollywood actresses are devoted to it.

The countless stars who use this very white, fragrant soap find it soothing to every type of skin! *Your skin will love it, too!*



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JUNE COLLYER
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LILLIAN ROTH

*The caress of dollar-
a-cake French soap*

LUX Toilet Soap..10¢

Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto

Spaghetti with a rich, creamy cheese flavor

No other cooked spaghetti has just the appetizing tang of Clark's . . . for into every tin goes a generous helping of rich, creamy cheese!

And then, to make it even MORE

delicious, luscious tomato sauce is added. Try it in this recipe. You'll be surprised at the really tasty meal it makes, and, incidentally, it's ever so economical!



RECIPE *

First take some Clark's Devilled Ham and spread it on slices of toast. Then warm contents of 1 tin Clark's Cooked Spaghetti. Spread the spaghetti over the ham and toast. Before serving, drop a poached egg on top.

CLARK'S cooked SPAGHETTI

(With Tomato Sauce and Cheese)

Produced in Canada



Let the Clark Kitchens help you for quicker and better meals.

W. CLARK, LIMITED, Establishments at MONTREAL, P.Q., ST. REMI, P.Q., and HARROW, Ont.

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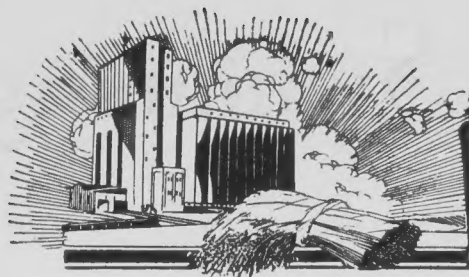
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I am enclosing a label from a Clark Product. Please send me a copy of the Hostess Calendar "W 2".

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The Clark Soup Baby



EDITORIAL



VOLUME XXXII

WINNIPEG, CANADA

NUMBER 6

Russia

There is scarcely a paper or magazine to be found that has not an article on Russia. There are about as many opinions expressed as there are writers, and naturally so, since reliable information regarding the country is unavailable. There is a general feeling that globe-trotters who visit Moscow and other show places never see the real Russia at all, and that economically and socially conditions are very far from satisfactory, even though they are pictured as ideal. This to many people in the world would be a matter of little concern were it not that the Soviet programme is now beginning in a very serious way to cripple world trade and threaten world peace.

The Soviet Objectives

The movement in Russia, which began with the overthrow of the Czars, was at first regarded by the world as an uprising of local, that is, of merely national significance. It was but another revolution. Now it is evident that to the Communists the welfare of the Russian people is of but secondary importance. The main objective is the overthrow of all established governments, all traditions, all beliefs, and the inauguration of a new order of things. There will be no rest until economically, socially, politically and religiously the world is transformed. To many it seems that Communism will overthrow the world, if the world does not overthrow Communism.

Disruption of Trade

The latest reports indicate that this year the Russian grain crop is to be increased enormously, and that no less than 430 million bushels of grain—one half of which is wheat—will be thrown into the markets of the world regardless of price. This may mean and does mean untold suffering to the Russian farmers, but the hope of the Communists is that world trade will be disorganized completely. Judging by what took place last fall it is more than possible that something of this kind may occur again in intensified form. Butter and eggs will be "dumped" into England. The world with its over-production, its unemployment, and its inability to trade, because of tariff restrictions, is open to attack, and it is not likely that an opportunity to cause distress and dissensions will be lost. It is as clear to the Russian government as to our own that when countries lose their trade and when unemployment is the common lot of people, there are sure to be class conflicts—the wealthy and the poor, the manufacturers and the producers of raw material, the consumers and the middlemen. The hope of Communism is that these struggles will end in the overthrow of the capitalistic control, and of accepted forms of government.

Popular Control

Capitalistic control of government, of the instruments of production, distribution, entertainment and of wealth generally is an evil too great to be tolerated in any country, but there is more than one way of dealing with it. Communism seems to have taken about the worst way. The revolution began as an attack on autocracy—the rule of the privileged. There were many in the world who sympathized with this movement for freedom. The new Russia had many friends. But who can be a friend to the system which now prevails? It is as far from true democracy as the East is from the West. The fact that at the bread-counters all are said to fare equally is but a trifling circumstance. In really vital matters everything is dictated by a few master minds—really one master mind. The great mass of the people are slaves, and their slavery is the more abject because they find themselves proclaiming their freedom while yet they are in bondage. The rule of the many by the few may take many forms. Leadership may rest in the soldiery, in men of wealth, in men of intellect, or it may be with those who have inherited their

advantage. It is doubtful if the world ever had a leadership more cruel, more relentless in its severity, than that now exercised in Russia. The letters that escape censorship and which come through to civilized peoples reveal a form of autocracy that is indescribably atrocious. Whatever the world needs in reorganization of government and in wealth control it does not need Bolshevism, which though it is in name the rule by one class—the workers—is in reality a despotism in its worst form.

Social Freedom

The complete subjection of the individual to the Central Council does not end with dispossession of lands and private property. The right to think and act in social matters is taken away. A country that

So while we can understand the hatred in Russia of the Czarist rule, the impatience with a religion that was often mainly form, the desire for freedom in belief and behavior, we fail to find much improvement in the Soviet programme. It is a programme controlled by hatreds and that is its condemnation.

Our Own Objectives

Yet the influence of Russia in the world will continue to be felt in many ways. We realize this in Western Canada because we have, largely through her aggressiveness, found ourselves without markets for our grain, and because we have had to endure the attacks on our political and social institutions, by those who claiming the protection of our flag yet call themselves Communists.

Our great problem is to know how to behave under the circumstances. The answer is of course simplicity itself. If we are to win, we must outlive Russia. In politics, religion, economics and in social life our ways must be better than hers. The good will endure.

Self Government

One cannot think of political well-being apart from the idea of self government. That is wholly unknown among the Russian people except in a trivial sense. Here we adopt the principle but often deny it in practice. It is not the people, but the small body known as the ministry that directs affairs and dictates legislation. If we are to grow we must become intelligent politically and must let those we place in power understand and know that they are but spokesmen and administrators for the people and not beings with unerring wisdom and superior intelligence. One man rule in Canada, whether in the municipality, province or dominion, is no better than one man rule in Russia.

Economic Stability

If we wish economic well-being we should begin by practising the simple life. This is our personal necessity. Perhaps the greatest lesson that the present depression has to teach is that the ways of our grandfathers were in some ways better than our own. Through excessive luxury we may lose our birthright. Then we should be just to one another. This is our social necessity. It is regrettable that one-eighth of the people should have seven-eighths of the wealth; that there should be such a spread between cost of production and cost to the consumer; that the farmer should have less consideration than the manufacturer; and that there should be superabundance in some homes and 300,000 in Canada unemployed. Further, it is impossible to realize our ideal unless we are in happy trading relations with the world at large.

Moral Standards

History assures us that more important than material wealth and than form of government is the moral life of the people. They must have right social ideals and regard for the conventions which are necessary to social stability. Avarice, cunning and deception must give way to generosity, frankness and honest dealing. The sacredness of marriage and the home must be respected. Above all, distinctions of race, class and creed must be overruled in order that a feeling of goodwill shall prevail.

True Religion

Where this spirit of friendship is found, religious feeling is not far away. The crowning grace in life is reverence for the Highest—in truth, in beauty and in goodness. The Highest is always positive. It knows nothing of hatred and fear and immorality. It recognizes love and trust and purity. If these virtues are exalted in home and school and society we need not fear any malign influence, not even the bitterness of the Communists. Often we lose patience with their agitations and their intrigues. The only way to escape is to practise such personal and social virtues that agitations and intrigues will be impossible.

"Signifying Nothing"

It has been brought to the attention of the publishers that one or two eastern magazines are following in the footsteps of certain American publications by putting their stamp of approval on the advertised article. The Western Home Monthly would point out that its endorsement of the advertised product is, and always has been, in its acceptance to the advertising columns of the magazine. Neither the advertiser nor the publisher is shortsighted enough to advertise or accept a product of unknown quality. If any advertiser in a national periodical today is not entitled to wear chevrons on his sleeve, then it is up to the magazine to keep him out of its pages. At least that is the humble opinion of The Western Home Monthly, which has carried through thirty-one years of successful publishing and today holds the greatest reader interest of any magazine published on the continent.

makes light of family relationships, of the love of privacy in every form, of the higher emotional qualities—love, reverence and piety—cannot expect to command the respect of mankind. No matter what people may have and no matter what their form of government may be, they are socially inferior if they do not in the highest degree reverence woman-kind and childhood. Though on the highroads of travel in Russia there are a few show schools with high sounding names, the great masses of the children are without education at all, and this again is proven by the letters that come from those who suffer. Though there are regulations protecting women at the time of childbirth, they are yet of all people most miserable. It is the natural kindness of the Russian rather than the regulations of the Soviet State which makes the lot of women at all bearable.

Religion

It may be granted that much in civilized lands that goes by the name of religion is anything but that. Often the mummeries which men perform can but be an insult to the Superior Being who is professedly the object of worship. The religionists of Russia excelled in these mummeries. Nevertheless there is a Supreme Being, who as Creator and Preserver of all is worthy of reverence. It is only presumption that would dare to set up and encourage an Anti-God campaign. It may be that the God of the ecclesiastics no longer seems real to men and women of today, but the average man recognizes the God of the common-place—the Energizer of Life and the Father who loves His children. We are not ready yet to depend upon purely human wisdom. We keep our God, even though each man has his own.



The Joyous Way of Swimming

By Sidney G. Hedges



Georgie Coleman, World Famous Diver.

Top: Left to Right: Dawn Gibson, Helene Madison, the world famous swimmer, Lucy Schacht, and Edna McKibbin, national 220 and 500 yard free style champion. This quartette composed the Washington Athletic Club's (Seattle) relay team, which won the national relay championship and established a new record in doing so.

CAN you swim? Of course you enjoy bathing when you are at the beach—there is no part of a holiday so delightful, but unless you can swirl along the surface unmindful of depth or of incoming waves you have never tasted the full pleasures of bathing.

Naturally, it is best to learn swimming as a child, but age is no serious obstacle, and you may set about things quite blithely in the summer holidays. Let me describe how.

You feel there is no need for me to describe? You have long known all about the push-out and sweep-in movements of breast-stroke? Ah, but I haven't any intention of describing that; when I asked if you could swim, I meant "can you swim the modern crawl."

This new crawl-stroke has revolutionized the swimming world. Since its introduction our ideas of possible speeds and distances have become altogether changed, and though, as yet, the new knowledge has not spread much outside expert circles in some countries, there is no reason why every single holiday-maker

should not begin this year to make himself or herself an up-to-date crawl swimmer.

Many people have a hazy idea of what crawl is like—legs thrashing up and down; arms swinging over and over—without at all understanding the modern form of the stroke. Even crawl itself has enormously changed in recent years. For instance—it is not long since this stroke was believed to be impracticable, because of its exhausting nature, for distances of more than 100 yards or so. Now, a girl of nineteen can cross the English Channel by means of it, knocking two hours off the best time of any previous male swimmer. The explanation is, simply, that crawl has been so much improved that it imposes scarcely more strain on the body than does walking.

Methods of learning have also developed considerably. It used to be a very common thing for a would-be swimmer to struggle painfully for several seasons before acquiring the ability to swim even five yards by breast-stroke. Now, not only can a bather make a fair beginning in just a week or so, but the learning can be thoroughly enjoyable. The old, harsh fashion of acquiring breast-stroke was a *via*

dolorosa for most people—"jump in; duck your head; lean forward—never mind if you do swallow the water—now, one, two, three, four!" It was all very much like being on a drill square. But "the joyous way of swimming" has now been found, and everything is changed.

Let me illustrate—would you like to begin the alternate arm action of crawl?

Well, collect one or two other bathers and try a 20 yard race in waist-deep water. Each one of you will run at the best pace you can, but you will bend forward and use the crawl-stroke action to help yourself along. One after the other the arms will swing round; dip at the front; and drive backwards through the water—so helping you forward. It is possible to get quite a fair idea of the crawl arm stroke in that way. And there is no need to spend more than the beginning of your first bathe over it.

Providing that you set about things in this enjoyable manner there is no reason why you should not have some little ability within a fortnight's beach stay. And when once you have begun to swim it is pretty certain that you will be anxious to keep up the habit and develop your ability at baths or bathing places around your home. So an inspiring and healthy new interest will come into your life.

The race I have already described will serve admirably for getting you used to the water at the very beginning, and if you like you may attack your next stage of progress in the same agreeable fashion. Playing games, especially with youngsters, will, incidentally, do you a lot of all-round good.

You remember how to play "touch?" The one who is "it" chases the other players until he touches one. But in the swimming game anyone is immune from being touched who ducks under water at the critical moment. The ability to go under without fear or hesitation is a necessary preliminary to all swimming. After you have played a brisk bout of "touch" you are not likely to be troubled by an occasional ducking.

Still another game may carry your preparation a little farther. Two or three bathers stand in a ring, breast deep. Together they all go under the water, squatting down on their heels. Each one holds his hands in front of him and spreads out any number of fingers. The three now open their eyes, still under water, and try to count the number of fingers held up by the other players.

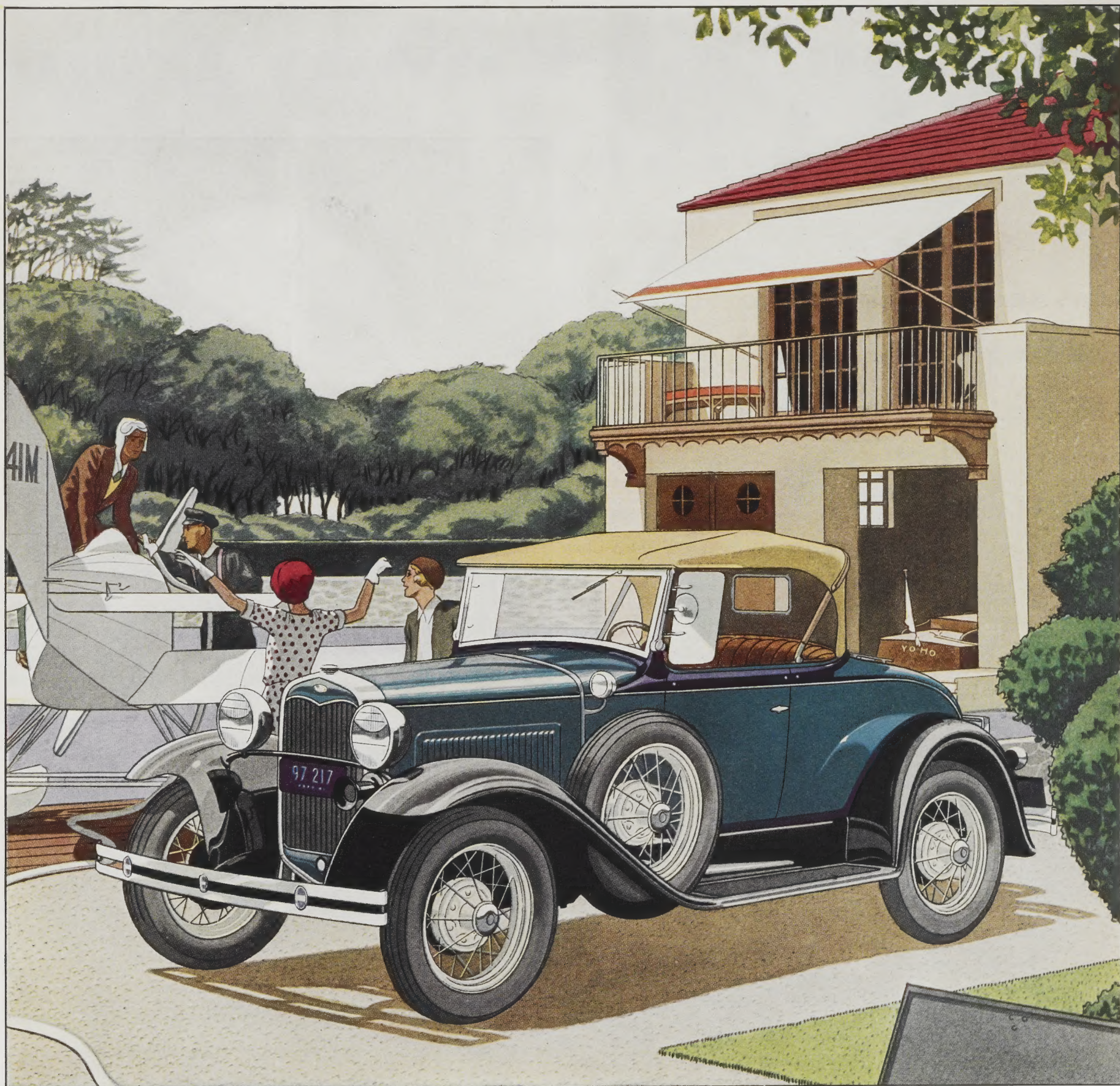
This ability to open eyes beneath the water is very necessary. Some non-swimmers have an idea that it is difficult, which is quite untrue. The writer of a recent French book actually stated: "the eyes should be opened at the instant that the head goes under—for it is difficult to open them under water." That is quite absurd, as you may prove next time you wash your face. To open the eyes when submerged is perfectly natural and easy and, providing the water is clean, beneficial too.

There are just two more romps which can find a place in your early bathes, both of them aim at developing confidence, which has so much to do with speedy success at swimming.

All of you should stand in water about waist-deep. At a given word you will throw yourselves forward full length—and then the first to recover his feet wins. After a little practice you will discover that, whatever your position, you may most easily get to your feet by drawing your knees under you; putting one foot down, as if to take a step forward; and striking against the water with your hands.

Next you may try a little development of the forward tumble—going head first towards a companion's feet, which are spread widely apart. Your eyes will be open as before, and you will count one or two points after each plunge accordingly as you touch one or both of his feet.

BY THIS time you will have gained sufficient preliminary ability to make it possible to start real swimming. Crawl stroke however should not be attempted straight away. If your learning is to be pleasant and speedily successful you must first master a more elementary stroke—"animal paddling." This is very enjoyable because it is so astonishingly easy. Many a bather can even (Continued on page 66)



A Dashing Ford Roadster

THE words *de luxe* are a fitting description of the beautiful Ford De Luxe Roadster. In grace of line, colors and appointments it reflects the latest mode in a dashing sport car.

The swagger top has natural wood bows and can be raised or lowered easily and quickly. The wide seat is upholstered in genuine leather with narrow piping. The new slanting windshield folds flat and is made of shatterless glass, as are the windshield

wings. A comfortable rumble seat is provided as standard equipment. Side fender-well is extra at small cost.

The Ford De Luxe Roadster is available in a variety of body colors, with an additional harmonizing color for the sturdy steel-spoke wheels. Many exterior metal parts are finished in bright Rustless Steel that will maintain its gleaming luster undimmed throughout the life of the car.



"THE CANADIAN CAR"

FORD MOTOR COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED



A summer away from mirrors . . .

taught one girl

the same complexion secret

I learned from

73 eminent dermatologists

If you spent a summer on a ranch with no mirrors to tell you what was happening to your sensitive complexion, wouldn't you be surprised and happy if you went back to town and your friends all began admiring your lovely skin?

That's exactly what happened to a girl who wrote me just recently. But let her tell the story as she told it to me in a letter:

"My best friend, Dot, who does have the *loveliest* skin, told me she never used anything but Calay. But I wouldn't risk it. I'd always had such a silly skin—hadn't touched my face with soap for years. I always had a slightly greasy look and I never felt really clean, but I thought that was better than blotches."

Last summer this girl went to her brother's ranch. She was in the saddle most of the time and she says that at the end of a day's riding her face used to be covered with dust.

She found that using cold cream in such circumstances was like rubbing sand into her skin. "So," as she writes, "I took courage and made a fine lather of Dot's favorite Calay. It felt so good to be clean that I rubbed it in well and then rinsed and rinsed with clear warm water."

"We spend no time at mirrors on the ranch, so I took little notice of my face. I only felt the grateful cleanliness of it and used Calay every night and morning and whenever I came in from a ride."

"When I came back to town, my friends began to call attention to my lovely skin. I was so puzzled that one

day I took a hand-mirror and studied my face carefully." My correspondent writes she was amazed at what she saw. Her skin was clear and creamy. And it seemed to have that *underneath* cleanliness she had admired so much in her friend's complexion.

So you won't be surprised at her final decision. She says: "I am a true convert, for I realize that, through Calay cleanliness, I am, for the first time, enjoying the blessings of a delicate skin."

Of course, there's every good scientific reason in the world why Calay was gentle enough for this girl's sensitive skin.

The 73 eminent dermatologists who examined an analysis of Calay's formula and made careful tests of Calay's effect on all the various types of skin, gave Calay their unanimous approval as an unusually mild complexion soap, gentle enough for *even the most delicate complexions*.

But I don't want to dwell too long on how good Calay is for our complexions. Calay is so creamy, so delicately fragrant and so exquisitely sculptured that I feel sure you're bound to think it's the loveliest soap that ever was, as well as the best for your complexion.

Helen Chase

Face Your World with Loveliness—is a free booklet with advice about skin care from 73 leading dermatologists. Write to Helen Chase, Dept. YHH-61, 170 Bay Street, Toronto, Ontario.

© 1931, P. & G. Co.



Calay has been tested and approved by 73 eminent dermatologists—no other complexion soap ever had such medical approval.

What is a dermatologist?

The title of dermatologist properly belongs only to registered physicians who have been licensed to practice medicine and who have adopted the science of dermatology (the care of the skin) as their special province.

The reputable physician is the *only* reliable authority for scientific advice upon the care and treatment of the skin.

I have personally examined the signed comments from 73 leading dermatolo-

gists who have approved the composition and cleansing action of Camay Soap which is called Calay in Canada. I certify not only to the high standing of these physicians, but also to their approval, as stated in this advertisement.

John Allen Pusey
M. D.

(The 73 leading dermatologists who approved Calay were selected by Dr. Pusey who, for 10 years, has been the editor of the official journal of the dermatologists of the United States.)

Calay [called Camay in the United States] is made in Canada

"Whither China?"

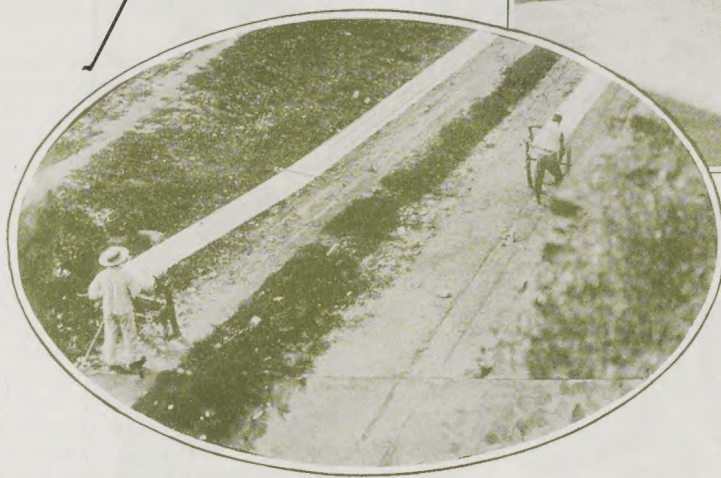
DURING the last year, China, one of our greatest bidders for the headlines by virtue of the sensational news which often originates there, has been crowded off the front page by stories of "depression" and "Russian menace." She has, however, been living up to her reputation as a source of strange and interesting "stories."

Fortunately, lately we have had few news despatches telling of bitter struggles and great casualty lists. This has been due to the absence of such events rather than to a strict censorship. The Kuomintang, or Nationalist Party, is now predominant in nearly all China and is engaged in constructive efforts to organize the country rather than to pillage or plunder rebellious provinces.

While Russia is busily engaged in industrializing herself and has set a five-year programme to do so, China is in a period of "political tutelage," which is expected to last for four years more, it being dated for six years from 1929. This programme is to educate the Chinese people to a system of constitutional government. Other Chinese governments have failed to carry out such projects because of their own instability. The present Nationalist government, with headquarters at Nanking, seems to have quite established itself, the only important war lord not in the fold of the Kuomintang, Chang Hsueh-liang, war lord "ruler" of Manchuria, having recently allied himself with the government at Nanking. Lest we might think this six-year plan a mere political "saving of face" (so common in China's past history) let us consider what this Nationalist Government has so far accomplished.

FROM 1895 to 1929, China's customs revenue, incidentally her greatest source of governmental revenue, was in the hands of a foreign-regulated customs service. This was a result of European loans to cover indemnities for the Sino-Japanese War and the Boxer rebellions. The loans were guaranteed by the maritime customs, and the loss of this revenue financially crippled the Chinese government. After the war, China made a determined effort to have the tariff placed under domestic control, a rightful

By LOU S. GRANT



Above—Chinese Customs House, Antung, Manchuria

Left—Weavers stretching and assorting warps in the suburb of Chinchow

claim. The Nationalists made this question a plank in their platform and, two years ago, succeeded in achieving their ambition, when the powers acceded to the request of the Chinese government, that they be allowed to raise or lower their tariff as they wished.

Having achieved tariff autonomy the Nationalists next turned their attention to the troublesome question of extraterritoriality, i.e., the right of foreign nationals in China to claim exemption from Chinese laws and trial by their own people under their own laws. That the present government of China will succeed in abolishing this vexatious problem is generally conceded.

In the first place, extraterritoriality was asked of the Chinese government by the foreign powers to protect their nationals in China from the antiquated law system and prison system then (1842—the first treaty between Britain and China) existent there. Recently, China has "westernized" her law codes and is even now improving her penal system.

Secondly, and this would seem to show the trend of opinion among the powers, toward the close of 1928, Belgium, Denmark, Italy, Spain and Portugal renounced extraterritoriality in principle and promised to give up such rights as soon as the other powers do so. Certainly, this was a victory for the Nationalist Government of Nanking. For many years, in fact, until very recently, the leading nations of Europe, and, also, United States (though not so great in the latter case) have pursued a vigorous imperialistic policy—in fact, at times, it seemed little less than "land grabbing." Since the Great War, however, this policy has been modified to a considerable extent. No less than eight

powers have signed treaties, apart from the tariff treaties, with China "on the basis of complete equality and mutual respect for each other's sovereignty," during the last twelve years. Great Britain has been a leader in this new attitude towards China and since she has greater interests than any other power, her policy is being adopted to some extent by the other nations.

Russia sought China's friendship by renouncing extraterritoriality and returning land concessions to China. This gesture was a necessary part of the policy of the U.S.S.R. Government for two reasons: to show the complete liberty of the Soviet system and to attempt to obtain a foothold in the Chinese revolutionary movement, and thus obtain an alliance against the other great powers.

Russia did control a considerable section of the Nationalist party until "the Hankow incident" of 1926, when the British concession in Hankow was invaded by the Nationalist troops acting under "Red" officers influenced by M. Borodin, Russian advisor to the Nationalist government. The "Nanking incident"—another attack on foreigners promoted by Soviets—of March, 1927, marked the beginning of the end of Communist influence in the Nationalist party. This was followed by the capture of documents at the Soviet legation in Peking the next month, and a vigorous campaign was then started to drive the Communists out of the Nationalist party.

By the close of 1927, almost all the Russian political influence had been eliminated from China. The dispute over the Chinese Eastern Railway in Manchuria in the summer of 1929 led to the temporary severance of all political relations between the two countries.

Let the above facts disprove any theories we might have regarding the present movement in China being inspired by Moscow. The cry "China for the Chinese" is a sincere one started by the Chinese themselves and being carried out by them.

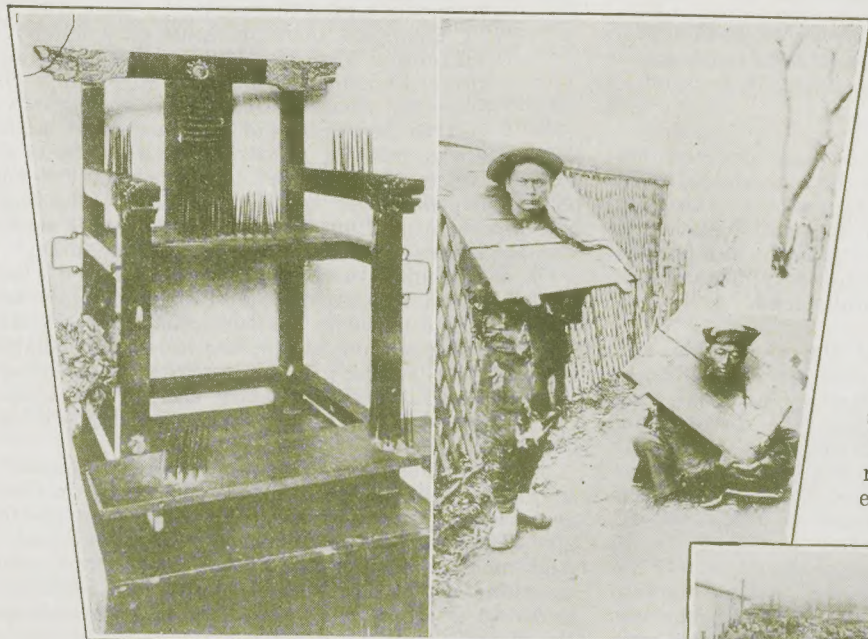
The Nationalists have almost succeeded in raising Dr. Sun Yat Sen, the original leader, to the sacred position once held by the Emperor, and have thus removed the barrier of religious difficulties to clear the way for their future programme.

At the last plenary and general session of the Kuomintang Party the following policies, among others, were adopted:—

1. Eradication of Communism and bandits in six months.
2. Strict suppression of opium.
3. Reorganization of the army.
4. Improvement of communication.
5. Financial rehabilitation, liquidation of foreign loans within six months.

During the coming summer, the actual date of the proclamation of a constitution will be decided.

THE writer has simply put down the facts of recent Chinese history to show what we may expect in the future of the great nation which faces us across the Pacific. Certainly, we must look beyond the present financial demoralization and poverty. We must give these Chinese leaders an opportunity to prove themselves and their policies.



Above (right) — Chinese criminals doing penance for their misdeeds.

Above (left) — Chinese chair used to cure a person possessed by Evil Spirits.

Right—Freight piled up at Mukden on the South Manchurian Railway.



Mr. Brinkley to the Rescue

By
Elizabeth Jordan

Illustrations by Herbert Rudeen

"YOU will admire greatly the *pension* of Madame Bouvier," said Madame Olivier, "and you will like also that excellent woman herself. In appearance she is of a size remarkable; but her heart is no less large than her body."

Mrs. Reynolds Hartley, of New York, listened to this tribute with an absent smile, while she fitted her plump figure into a desirable corner seat of the compartment *pour dames seules*, to which the porter had just escorted her and her daughter. Her own French was uncertain, but "Maudie," she reflected, comfortably, would talk to Madame Olivier. Maudie did everything. Maudie was an extremely pretty girl, slender and dark, with an efficient air that perched rather ostentatiously on the arrogant shoulder of her twenty-two years. In fluent and courageous French she now rose to the demand of the moment.

"You've been so good to us, Madame," she said, cordially. "I don't know what we'd have done without you during our two weeks in Paris. If Madame Bouvier makes us half as comfortable, we shall be fortunate."

Madame Olivier sighed and made a gesture consigning herself to an abyss of despair. She was genuinely sorry to see these Americans depart, and her regret was not wholly based on the loss of the temporary income they had given her. She expressed her appreciation volubly.

"And now it is to say goodbye," she added. "You are comfortable, yes? And you have forgotten nothing? No, here are the packages, the journals, the fruit. *Au revoir*, then, *chère madame et mademoiselle*. It is but a ride of a few hours. At two o'clock you will be in Tours, in the home of the excellent Madame Bouvier. Had you changed your plans less suddenly I would have written her. But you are sure of a welcome."

She shook hands with them again and departed, and an instant later the shrill whistle of the French engine sounded its final warning as the train began to move. The mother and daughter exchanged a look of quiet satisfaction.

"Well, we're off," remarked the older lady, comfortably. "Nothing to do for a few hours but to sit still and watch France pass by. I must say I'm glad of it. Another week of gadding about would have finished me. I hope, Maudie," she added, earnestly, "that you'll settle down quietly in Tours for a little while and study your French, and let the chateaux wait till we're rested. They'll be here next month, which is more than I shall be if you drag me to see them tomorrow."

Maud Hartley laughed. "Don't worry; I won't," she said, affectionately. "Snub every chateau in Touraine if you want to."

Her voice held the cajoling accents with which one addresses an infant of four. In the year of leisurely travel that had followed her graduation



"Oh, if you only will!" she murmured, gratefully. She felt like a lost and frightened child to whom a friendly hand had been outstretched.

from a New York school she had directed her mother's destiny according to the highest traditions of the executive American daughter. "She even thinks for me," Mrs. Hartley boasted, shamelessly.

"Now read," Maud directed, gravely, and handed her mother a magazine. And that lady, her mind at ease about the chateaux, dutifully read.

THEY reached Tours, as the time-table and Madame Olivier had predicted, about two o'clock. Once out of the train, Miss Hartley, as usual, took full command of their affairs. She directed her laden porter to a *fiacre*, which she selected from the congested mass of vehicles at the station. She saw to it that the cab was fairly clean and that the horse was in as good a physical condition as one could expect that hard-worked animal to be in France. To the driver she paid absolutely no attention. When she had helped her mother into the cab, and had seen that the hand luggage was packed around her and the cabman, she stood with one stout little boot on the foot-rest of the *fiacre* while, in her best French, she gave the driver Madame Bouvier's address. He had lifted the reins above the back of his lean horse. At her words he dropped them, while the look of one hopelessly bereaved fell upon his expressive features.

"But, Mademoiselle," he explained in mournful accents, "There is no longer in existence the *Pension Bouvier*!"

Miss Hartley regarded him, an annoyed crease disturbing the smooth outline of her brow.

"No *Pension Bouvier*?" she repeated. "But we have the address."

Whole Worlds
Change in a Day.
Is it Strange, Then,
That One Girl's
Life Should Be
Irrevocably Altered
in Five Glowing
Hours?

"The address, yes," explained the *côcher*, "but Madame Bouvier, alas, is no longer there. I trust," he added, piously, "she is in heaven. She died last month."

Miss Hartley reflected rapidly, her manner implying that the act had been inconsiderate of Madame Bouvier, to say the least—not at all what she had been led to expect of her.

"But her *pension*?" she asked, with a sudden gleam of hope. "Isn't someone else conducting that?"

"No, Mademoiselle; it is closed, locked, empty. It is of indescribable desolation." He waved his arms to indicate the width and depth of the desolation, and his steed, misinterpreting the motion, took two reluctant steps forward. Miss Hartley accompanied him, on one foot, preserving her balance by clutching wildly at the swinging cab door as she hopped. The incident did not improve her temper, though it was warmly appreciated by a group of French urchins, who stood around and grinned delightedly, while a few men and women hurriedly added themselves to the circle.

"I suppose there are some good hotels," murmured Miss Hartley, crossly, when the driver had checked his horse with a flow of language whose full eloquence was happily lost to her. She did not care to go to a

hotel. It was, instead, her strong desire to be in a *pension*, where she could try her imperfect French on her helpless fellow boarders, instead of finding her opportunities limited to the usual hotel staff, who always leaped halfway to meet her meaning.

Of a certainty there were hotels. Her *côcher* rattled off an impressive list. But even while he was doing so a motherly French woman stepped out from the surrounding group, her broad face alight with good feeling, her hand on the head of a toddling baby whose fat arms fervently clasped her knee. She addressed Miss Hartley diffidently, but with a charming smile.

"If Mademoiselle and Madame desire a *pension*," she suggested, including the older lady in her deprecating bow, "possibly they will permit me to give them the address of a most excellent one." And as Miss Hartley hesitated an instant, she went on: "Does Mademoiselle desire that I tell her *côcher* to go there, that she may at least look at the place?"

Mademoiselle promptly decided that she did. To go and look at a *pension* could do no possible harm, and to go somewhere at once was highly desirable, as public interest in her affairs was already blocking traffic.

"If you please, Madame," she said. "And thank you very much."

The good Samaritan confided the address to the cabman, who received it with beaming approval. Maud entered the cab. The farewells, of somewhat extended beauty and ceremony, were finally over, and the depressed cabhorse started off, his mien suggesting that his darkest forebodings were realized.

In something less than half an hour he stopped before a large, square, white house surrounded by a high wall, and set, as his passengers afterward discovered, in a garden which they entered by means of a wooden door. Mrs. Hartley remained in the cab while her daughter briefly investigated the attractions of the *pension*. These, she soon realized, were numerous. The garden was a delight, and the living-rooms of the house she entered were large and bright and furnished in admirable French taste. On the walks that ran around the garden two happy American children rolled French hoops. Within, several pleasant-looking Americans and a middle-aged English couple who, as Maud put it to her mother, "fairly oozed the domestic virtues," lounged comfortably in the long *salon*.

The appearance of the mistress of the house was equally reassuring. She was a dark-eyed, agreeable Frenchwoman, with the suave manner of her class. She confirmed with grief the announcement of the death of Madame Bouvier, her very dear friend; she sympathized with the Hartleys in the inconvenience it had caused them; she intimated that it would distinctly dim the celestial content of Madame Bouvier herself could she realize the annoying position in which she had placed these American ladies. For the rest, by a happy chance, she herself had now vacant two most desirable bedrooms and a sitting-room on the second floor, the whole being a suite sure to suit the exact needs of Mademoiselle and her mother. Mademoiselle permitted herself to be escorted to them, surveyed them, and promptly engaged them—paying for them a week in advance. This duty accomplished, she descended to the cab again, escorted by her new landlady and half the household staff, and within the next five minutes the Hartleys and their luggage were established in their new quarters, and their cabman, paid and extravagantly tipped, had gone his carefree way.

The travelers had lunched on the train. The *pension* dinner, they learned, would not be served until seven. To fill this dragging interval Mrs. Hartley promptly went to bed, murmuring something about a slight headache.

FOR an hour Maud busied herself, with the assistance of one of the maids, in unpacking bags, laying out the gowns she and her mother would wear at dinner, and moving the furniture about the rooms to give them the occupied effect they lacked. When she had done all this she went to a window and looked out. Below was the garden with the hoops and the children. Around it was the high, protecting wall. But off to the right were wonderful stretches of green and pink, French fields with almond trees in full bloom; and farther away still was a curving silver line she knew must be the Loire. In the light spring breeze the branches of the almond trees waved a salute to her, and she seemed to hear the voice of the river calling her out into the open. Glancing into her mother's room she saw that she was asleep. Without awakening her she put on her hat and coat and strolled out into the streets.

She would not, she decided, go into the country this afternoon, though that was where she longed to go. There would hardly be time. It was now about four o'clock. She would see something of Tours itself—getting her first impressions quite alone, as she preferred to do.

Comfortably and happily she strolled along, leaving the wide thoroughfares for quaint side streets, which always most attracted her in foreign cities. She had her Baedeker in her hand, its telltale red back concealed by a special cover of dark, rich leather which she had bought in Italy. She did not open it, however; she merely wanted to absorb the atmosphere of Tours, to look at its people, to hear the click of their *sabots*, to admire the little red soldiers, to return the town's smile, indeed, until she was ready to go home.

Until she was ready to go home! A sudden reflection caught her by the throat. Under its force she stood still in the street, momentarily aghast. When she was ready to go home, *where would she go?* She realized now, for the first time, that she had not the remotest idea. The kindly French woman who stepped out of the group at the station had given her new address, not to her, but to her driver, and he had driven her to the house. Incredible as it now seemed, when she reached there she had taken everything for granted. It had not occurred to her to ask the proprietress her name or the address. So, when she had left it, she—Maud Hartley, the capable, the executive, the experienced traveler—had ventured into a strange world as irresponsibly as a baby, and with as little knowledge of how to return to that starting-point. For a moment

the humiliation of the experience occupied her mind more fully than its practical aspects. Then, resolutely, she forced herself to think of these.

The house, she recalled, had been a large, white house, behind a high wall. Large, white houses behind high walls were to be found upon every hand in Tours. Half a dozen of them faced her even now, as she stared around her, trying to control the unpleasant little tremor that was shaking her nerves. This wasn't at all serious, she told herself. It was merely funny—a huge joke on her, which she would tell with gusto when she returned to America. But in the meantime there was that mysterious house to return to here in Tours, in which her mother was waiting.

She looked at her watch. Five o'clock! She had been walking more than an hour. She might be three or four miles away from that white house, wherever it was. She was obviously in quite a different part of the city. The white houses around her now looked old and grim and forbidding. They seemed to stare back at her with a strange aloofness, as if coldly repudiating any association with an American girl who was foolish enough to start out from a strange *pension* without making a note of its location. What should she do? What should she do?

She had been standing still for several minutes, in the middle of the sidewalk, unconscious of the curious glances of those who passed her. Now, realizing that she must not attract another crowd, as at the station, she uncertainly moved away. She had gone only a few steps when she caught the eager but respectful gaze of a young man who had been leaning against an old wall and quietly watching her. When their eyes met he at once came forward, his tweed cap in his hand, his tanned boyish face slightly flushed with embarrassment.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "but can I help you? Have you lost anything?"

She looked uncertainly into his handsome, eager face, met the clear regard of his gray eyes, observed the diffidence of his American manner, and straightway felt at ease with him. As promptly, she dropped her burden of anxiety on his welcome masculine shoulders.

"Yes," she admitted ruefully, "I've lost myself."

He smiled. "That's very easy in Tours," he told her, "especially for strangers. But I know the place pretty well. If you'll tell me your address I'll see that you reach it."

His tone and manner were exactly what they should have been—comforting, reassuring, matter-of-fact.

"But that's just what I can't do," she told him "You see, I don't know my address."

"You mean," he asked, uncertainly, "you've forgotten it?"

"No," she said; "I mean that I've never had it."

At his expression she laughed outright. Then, as briefly as she could she explained the situation. At first he laughed with her; then his eyes grew grave.

"But that's rather serious," he admitted, soberly.

"Would you think that any human being could be so silly?" she asked.

"I'm afraid mother will never trust me again. Poor mother! She must be worrying about me dreadfully this minute. What shall I do? The worst of it is that I walked out of the house without my purse. I haven't a cent."

He gave his mind to it, his boyish face very serious. At first sight she had thought him about her own age. Now she decided that he was several years older, and found the reflection oddly interesting.

"The cabman might remember the address," he mused, "if we could find him." He faced her with sudden decision. "Will you let me take charge of the search?" he asked. "Let me see if I can find the place for you?"

"Oh, if you only will!" she murmured, gratefully. She felt like a lost and frightened child to whom a friendly hand had been outstretched. If he turned and left her, she told herself, she believed she would run after him, crying.

"I oughtn't to trouble you," she added, dutifully. "It may be ages before we find the house."

"Then we'll wander hand in hand for years," he laughed. "Keeping up our mysterious quest while our hair turns white and our steps grow feeble. And if my end comes before we find it," he added, "I'll expect you to mourn for me and put a monument on the spot where I dropped."

She shivered. "Don't," she begged. "I can see myself now, a helpless, heartbroken old woman weeping at the grave of my one friend."

"Would you be heartbroken?" he asked.

"Utterly," she smiled.

Their eyes met. The smile in both pairs faded. In his a sudden flash took its place. Why, in Heaven's name, he asked himself, did he feel at the end of half a dozen sentences as if he had known this girl all his life? He had never felt that way before about any girl, least of all one he had known only five minutes. With an effort he recalled himself to duty.

"Then it's all understood," he said, briskly. "For the time you're under my orders. 'We'll see how obedient you are.'"

He dropped into the big outside pocket of his Norfolk jacket the sketch book he had been holding, and signaled to a cabman who was driving slowly past them, his eyes alert for passengers. When the man stopped he helped her into the cab and took his place beside her.

"Drive to the station," he directed the *cocher*.

"Oughtn't we to walk while we're young and strong?" she asked, "and save the cab fare for later years?"

Already the affair had begun to seem to her like a joke.

[Continued on page 32]



The cabman's expedition had frankly resolved itself into a drive about Tours.

A Modern Diogenes

*Replaces His Lantern With Scientific Apparatus and Seeks Not An Honest Man
But Honest Materials*

By Kathleen Redman Strange



Photographs by the Courtesy of the T. Eaton Co. Limited

NOWADAYS most large reputable stores maintain a special department which engages solely in the chemical, physical and microscopic testing of specimens of merchandise, such as food, textiles and drugs, handled by the organization. Not only does this ensure that the firm itself is safeguarded in its purchases of merchandise and accurate in its advertising copy, but also that the customer is getting value for his money. Thus, if goods are advertised as pure wool, then the customer may be certain that he is getting pure wool; if they

are advertised as pure silk, then he may be certain that he is getting pure silk; if the goods are seconds, then the advertising will say so. Today it is the policy of the best stores not to hide anything; and their advertisements state truthfully the quality of the goods for sale.

Such guarantees are assured by the very careful testing and checking of materials in special laboratories fitted with elaborate and up-to-date apparatus and equipped with staffs of highly-trained specialists in chemistry, textiles and general merchandise.

For instance, the wearing properties of certain materials are tested by a particular machine that operates with different grades of emery paper or other abrasive materials, which indicates the amount of wear that can be expected. It reveals, for example, how quickly a certain quality of serge will become shiny, how soon the elbows will rub into holes, and so forth, which are interesting details to know when purchasing a suit.

Then there is a machine for testing the laundering possibilities of different materials. A specimen of the material is placed in a glass jar containing a number of small steel balls, which represent the commercial laundry, and another piece is placed in a jar filled with a number of rubber balls, which represent the home laundry. The jars are then put into the laundry machine and after a specified time of operation the laundering properties of the goods under each method are indicated, particularly the amount of shrinkage, the relative fastness of colors, and so forth.

There is also a very interesting and ingenious machine known as a Fade-ometer, which tests the effects of the sun's rays upon different kinds of materials. Sun blinds, awnings, summer dress goods and so on are subjected to a very brilliant and consistent light, considerably stronger than midday July sunshine, and in a short space of time the amount of sunlight that each class of goods will stand is indicated. It also tests the effects of weather on rubber and leather goods.

There are several machines for testing the tensile strength of materials, that is, they will indicate how many pounds of pull certain cloths will stand, wet or dry. This type of machine proved, for instance, that rayon possesses less tensile strength when wet than when dry and for this reason rayon goods should never be rubbed or pulled when wet, but gently squeezed.

The metal tester, which is designed to test metals in respect of degrees of hardness, notes on a scale the amount of rebound made by a little diamond-tipped hammer after it has fallen point downward through a fixed vertical distance

upon the surface of the material under test. In this manner it is possible to obtain practical information as to hardness, elasticity, relation of cutting tool to work, resistance to cold bending, resistance to frictional wear and resistance to machinery operations of various metals.

Then there is a paper tester which accurately registers the strength of paper in pounds to the square inch by means of the scientific application of hydraulic pressure. Or, in other words, by ascertaining its bursting strength. Besides testing paper, this machine can also be used for testing a variety of goods, such as leather, celluloid, cotton and woollen goods, silks, ribbon, knit goods, hosiery, etc.

In order to test the lasting properties of paints, a rack of different brands of paint is placed on the roof of a building at an angle of forty-five degrees facing south. By this method the result of a year's exposure can be obtained in a quarter of the time.

Chemists' balances are used for weighing very fine materials. It is possible, for instance, to weigh a piece of paper no bigger than one's thumb nail and in addition, after the initials have been written on this with a lead pencil, the paper can be weighed again and the scales will indicate the exact amount of lead that has been used in making the initials!

The weight of cloth per yard is indicated by a machine that tests a two-inch piece of material. This machine is so finely balanced that if it is moved more than six inches it must be readjusted.

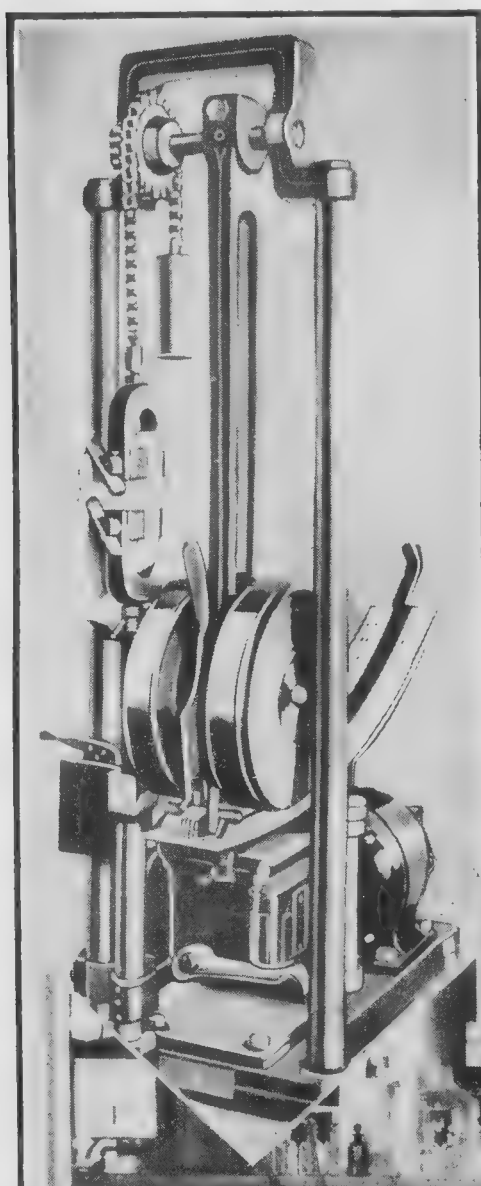
A number of valuable microscopes are used in this kind of research work. A very special microscope, fitted with a light, is used for the examination of opaque objects, such as the fine edges of knives, razor blades, etc. The use of this instrument will disclose whether a man can expect a good shave from his razor or not.

The comparison microscope enables an exact comparison to be made between two samples of similar grades of certain materials.

A projector and screen is also used, particularly for the testing of textiles and foods. This machine is of such strength that it is possible to show a piece of human hair magnified as large as a rope. With the use of the projector it is possible to make very accurate tests. A piece of "shoddy," for instance, can be accurately distinguished from pure new wool. "Shoddy" is the term used for reclaimed wool. Microscopically it offers a characteristic appearance, showing cotton or other fibres that have been used in its composition. It also reveals the different colors of wool fibre and the fringed elbows and fringed ends which are due to the breaking of the fibre in reworking.

Wool, when examined under the microscope, shows round fibres with tiny scales, whereas cotton is flat and has twists. Fine linen is round and has cross markings. True silk is round and smooth. Wild silk or tussah, is flat and wide without twists. The pile of fur fabrics is most commonly made of tussah (wild) silk, rayon, mohair and camel hair. These are all easily identified under the microscope.

The foundation or backing cloth of these fur fabrics is usually cotton, or wool. There are



Above—A tensile strength machine which registers the breaking strain of cloth in pounds per square inch.
Below—A Bird's eye view of the Laboratory and various goods ready for testing.

artificial silks that have the appearance and feel of pure thread silk and it is only by microscopic examination that the difference can be detected. There are some artificial silks, however, that even under the microscope reveal fibres which have the same minute diameter of boiled off true silk, namely, about a ten-thousandth of an inch, and the fibres are also round and smooth as in true silk. Even an experienced textile analyst, accustomed to examining fibres, would not undertake to give a decision on a microscopical test of such material alone. In these cases a chemical or burning test is necessary to be absolutely sure.

Linen has joints, resembling the bamboo, which is a means of identifying it under the microscope. The old-fashioned test of wetting the finger and holding it under the cloth to see if the moisture comes through can no longer be relied upon as a test for pure linen. Cotton nowadays is finished in such a way that it often has the same reaction. The large departmental stores now rely upon the microscope, and particularly upon the projectoscope, for identifying linen.

There are several reliable chemical tests for checking up pure silk, rayon, wool, linen, etc., many of which can be made by the layman.

With wool, for instance, a small piece of the article is burnt. Wool, when burnt, resolves itself largely into ammonia gas and carbon beads, whereas cotton flashes and does not smoulder or leave beads. The burning test is not always to be absolutely relied upon, however, as in cases where there is say 75 per cent wool and 25 per cent cotton, or three of wool and one of cotton, in which the smell of the wool overshadows the smell of the cotton and thus may throw the tester off his guard. In this case the boiling test for percentages of wool and cotton can also be applied. To accomplish this, a sample of the material is boiled for fifteen minutes in a five per cent solution of caustic potash, which results in the dissolving of the animal fibre and leaving only the vegetable matter.

There is a common practice of weighting silk with such metals as tin, lead, iron, zinc and aluminium. This can sometimes only be detected when a piece of the material has been put to the burning test. If the material shrinks into a bead or bubble of carbon, then it is pure silk, unweighted. If it retains its shape after burning, then it is reinforced with some kind of metal. The nature of the metal is indicated by the color of the residue. Tin, for instance, leaves a white residue; lead a black residue; iron a red residue; and zinc and aluminium a bluish iridescent residue.

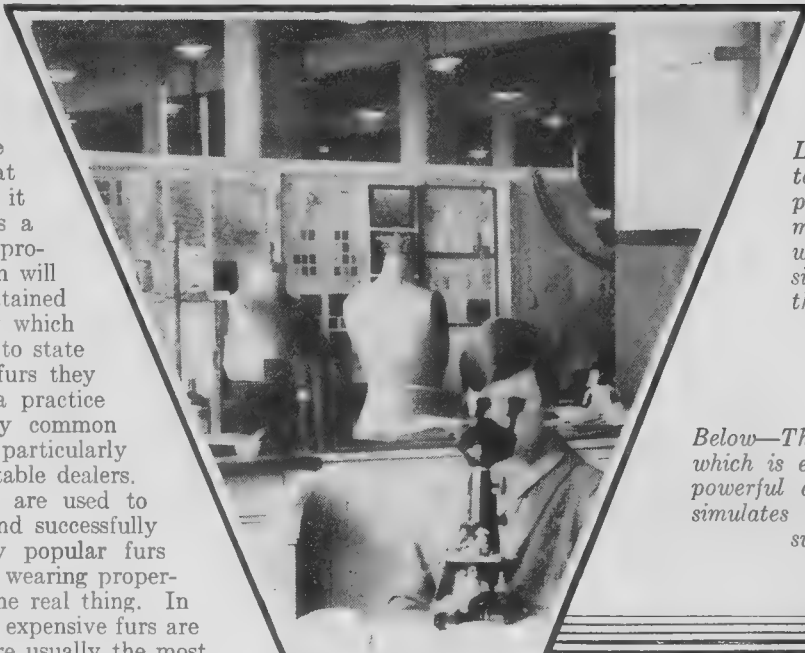
When it comes to research work with furs, the investigator is up against a more difficult proposition. There

are very few people who know the difference between the furs of various animals, since fur faking has become such a fine art that even in the trade itself it is familiarly known as a "skin game." Real protection in this direction will probably only be attained through legislation, by which furriers will be forced to state the real name of the furs they are offering for sale, a practice which is not generally common at the present time particularly amongst the less reputable dealers. Cat and rabbit skins are used to a very great extent and successfully imitate a great many popular furs though of course their wearing properties are nothing like the real thing. In the fur world the most expensive furs are the most scarce and are usually the most durable. Chinchilla is one of the most beautiful and expensive of furs. It is imitated after a fashion by the chinchilla rabbit, which is now used extensively for trimmings, but can easily be detected.

Some furs are easily imitated by dyeing, but it is almost impossible to successfully imitate the fashionable silver fox on account of the fact that the white part of the fur is not on the tip but in the centre of each hair and thus cannot be "tipped" or put on with a brush.

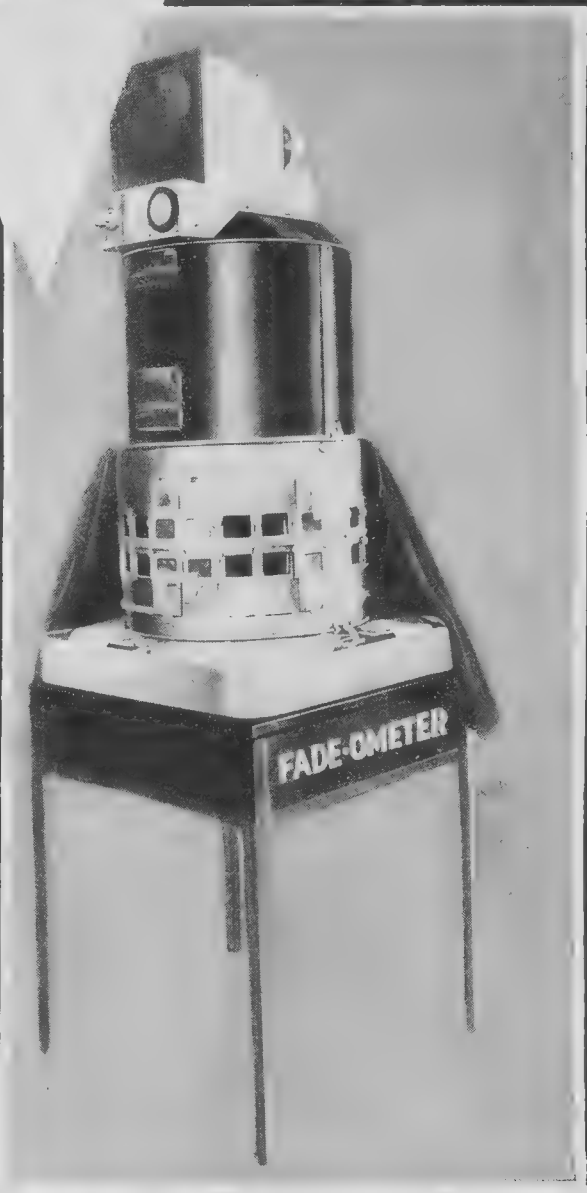
Reputable furriers are not afraid to state the exact name of the furs they are offering for sale; For example, Alaska Sable (skunk), Electric Seal (dyed and sheared hare), Hudson Seal (dyed and plucked muskrat), Mandel (European lamb), and so forth.

From the foregoing it will be seen that it is always a wise course to deal only with the best stores, even if their prices are sometimes apparently higher, because they can be relied upon to come right out and label their goods with their true definitions as revealed by exhaustive investigation and research.

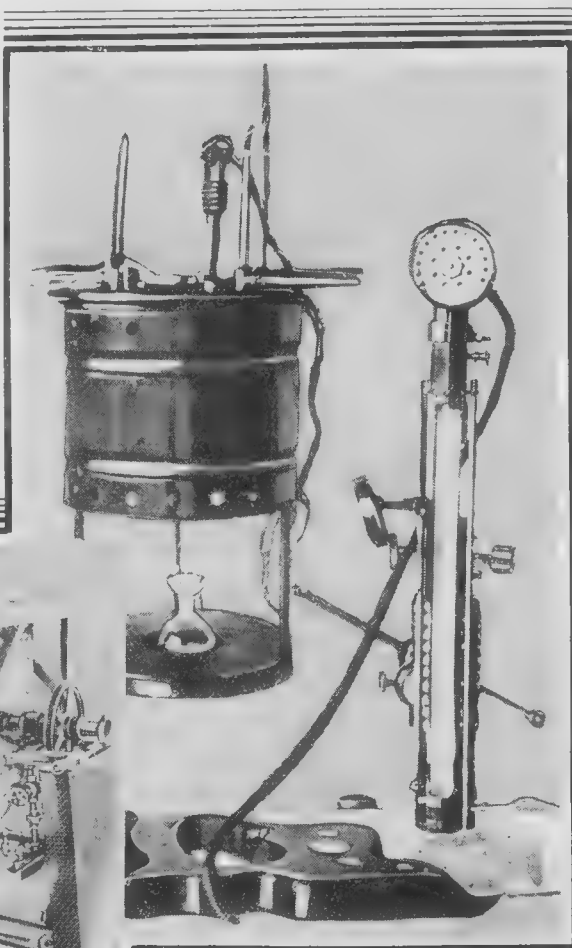
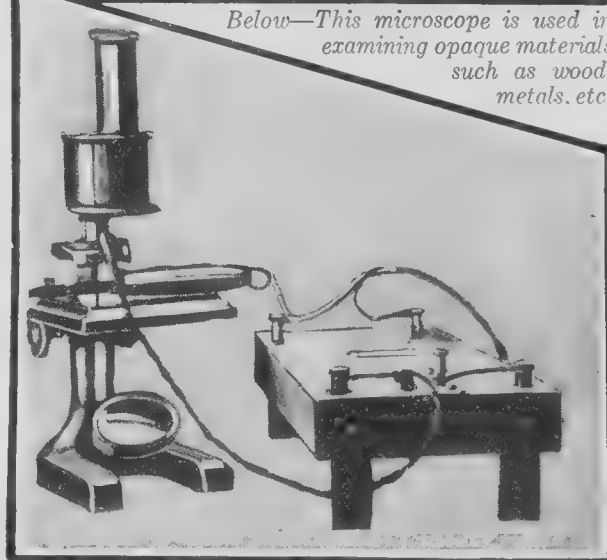


Left—An operator using a high powered binocular microscope, whereby it is possible to determine the composition of any fabric.

Below—The Fade-ometer, which is equipped with a powerful arc light which simulates the action of sunlight.

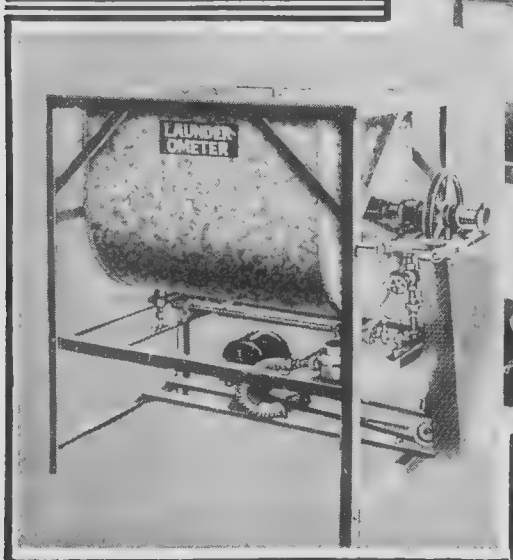


Below—This microscope is used in examining opaque materials such as wood, metals, etc.



Left—A Viscosimeter used for grading oils. Centre—A Scleroscope which verifies if metal goods are the correct hardness. Right—A yarn tester which determines the elasticity and strength of thread.

Below—The Launder-ometer is used for standardized washing tests, which make it possible to determine the fastness of the dyes.



The Cowboy Goes Shopping

By Berton Braley



IT WAS this way. The Little Lady says to me, "Hank," she says, "as long as you're going to Chicago with them cattle, you might as well get my trusso while you're there. And then there's the house furnishings, too—if we're going to set up housekeeping this fall we might as well do it right and I've got a hunch that you can do better, even countin' freight and all, by buyin' there than you could in Butte or Spokane."

"But Annie," I says, reproachful like, "why don't you buy your own trusso? You can come along with me and go through all those big stores and just shop to your heart's content—an' me payin' the bills. That's the right and proper way. Me shoppin' for you, that's a joke." And I laughed.

"No," she says, decisive, "no, we've got a nice roll saved up to start housekeeping and I'm not going to use it up in traveling expenses. You've been a reckless spendthrift all your life and now that I'm goin' to marry you, you're not goin' to make holes in the roll for me. Besides, I've been to Chicago—I came from there, as you know, and it's no treat for me. And the first time you go there you ought to be alone, Henry Stevens, because a big city is no place for a New Married Man. It's your last chance for a fling before I get you roped and tied, Hank."

Which I says that I've had all the flings I wanted and it was domestic life for me hereafter; but she won't go and so I starts for Chicago, with Annie's picture in my watch where I can look at it frequent.

THERE isn't much excitement takin' the cattle through, and I arrives in Chicago safe and sound—and takin' Annie's advice I goes to one of the big uptown hotels instead of stayin' at one of the joints cow punchers usually puts up at near the stock yards. I meets up with a real nice fellow on the way up in the bus, and after we gets to the hotel he introduces me to a friend of his who seems to have some special information on the way the horses runs, being a wiretapper by profession. They gets me to bet ten dollars on one proposition—and sure enough I win twenty dollars. Then they frames up a real profitable deal for me and tells me how I can win twenty thousand dollars with five thousand dollars, which it sounds very good and I thanks 'em and promises to be back soon with the money. Which I guess they are waiting for yet, because I goes over to another hotel and 'phones for my bag to be sent over. I've forgotten how many years ago it is since I first read about that wire-tapping stuff.

There's another nice sort of a fellow at the other hotel who asks me do I care to play poker, which I do—and they plays a very nice game, those boys, too, but awkward, kind of awkward. I see one of 'em slip an ace up his sleeve, so that hand I deals one of 'em a full house an' another four jacks, reserving a small straight flush for myself. After that pot they seems to lose interest in the game, so we closes it. I was a gambler, once, myself.

The Little Lady has a neat list of all the stuff I'm to get and after I'm convinced that there ain't any more profitable hours to be spent among the new acquaintances I meets in the hotel, I starts out on my career as a trusso buyer. I'm in regular effete east clothes, but I still wears my brown sombrero hat, which attracts considerable attention, especially among the news boys who whistles "Idaho" after me as I goes along. Even if I wasn't wearin' that hat I reckon they'd know I wasn't a city man, because I'm kind of street shy. I ain't never been the same since I was in a stampede once. I stands on one corner for fifteen minutes waitin' for the procession to go by, and then, followin' a timid-looking little girl I breathes a short prayer and dives into the mess. It's as bad as jumpin' into the corral with a bunch of angry bronchs, but somehow I escaped death and after several more hairbreadth escapes I reaches the store where Annie tells me to go. But in spite of how she describes it to me, I feels

sure it ain't a store but the courthouse, the post-office and the county jail combined. I asks a policeman on the corner and he says, "Sure, that's the place"—so I goes in. I mean I tries to go in.

You know I've been to Butte and Spokane and Salt Lake, but I was mostly lit up when I gets there—that being in my unregenerate days—so I don't remember ever having been in one of these squirrel cage doors. I stand and watches this one for ten minutes—and then thinks I, "I'll risk it," and I gets in. Just then a fat lady with plenty of muscle gets in the place behind me, and being in a hurry she pushes me around and I comes out the same way I comes in. Which it takes me three trials before I gets into that store—where there is seven million women and about ten men that I sees, looking as scared and bewildered as I am.

But a big tall duck with one of them coats you wears to weddings and politicians puts on when they wants to wave the flag—stalks up to me and asks me if there's anything he can do for me.

"Sure," says I, "tell me where in this corral I'll find trussos."

"Trusses?" says he. "Fourth floor, aisle seventeen, take the elevator."

"Not trusses," says I, "trussos—weddin' outfits."

"I see," he says, "You're from the West, aren't you?"

"Even so," says I, "even so. But admittin' that soft impeachment, frankly, what has my geographical origin to do with the question of trussos?"

"Nothin' whatever," he says, "nothing whatever," just as lordly as me. "I was merely curious. I have a distant cousin by name Brown, John Brown, in Omaha—perhaps you know him?"

"Well, no," says I, "to be perfectly candid with you, I don't. You see I live in Montana, and Omaha is fully sixty miles from where I reside. But I will tell John you asked about him, if I should run across him on one of my little side trips."

"Put her there, bo," says he, with a grin, "I'm from Butte, myself. I was kiddin' you. What can I do to help?"

Then I shows him the list and he gives a low whistle.

"Poor boob," he says, "poor boob, you got a merry, merry life comin' to you for the next few hours. All I can do is to start you right. You go and take that elevator over there and ride to the third floor. Walk six aisles straight from the door of the car—and ask for Miss Harris. She'll start you on your career of crime."

I CAN go straight when I get directions like that and I finds Miss Harris. She's a nice girl with a pretty face—a honest-to-gawd blonde—hair like the Little Lady's. She's a millinery saleswoman, she says, so I reads my directions.

"Get a small hat with simple trimmings, and a sports hat, too. I don't want to pay more than twenty-five dollars for both of them. Don't get anything gaudy."

"Sister," says I to Miss Harris, "you trot out a lot of hats and put 'em on, one after another—none of your expensive stuff, just plain simple girly kind of hats, with maybe a sports hat or two—whatever they are."

So she tries on hats—big hats and little hats and tall hats and round hats, but someway they don't seem to hit just my fancy, till she brings out a pretty little round hat with a little dufangle on it, just a nice homey hat—no fuss and splurge about it—the kind of hat that makes you think of spring and birds singin' and blue eyes and red lips and a white dress and a blue sash and the windows open and lovers swingin' on the gates.

"Ah," says I, "that's the dope—a nice inexpensive quiet hat like that."

Miss Harris laughs. "It's forty dollars," says she.

After Miss Harris brought me to, she says, "I can have that hat copied for you and it'll only cost fifteen dollars, shall I?"

Decorations

by

Kathleen Allen

"You bet," says I, "and sister—you select that sport hat yourself. My Little Lady is about your build and hair and she wants a sport hat. She only wanted to spend twenty-five dollars altogether, but you get one like she ought to have and I'll pay whatever it costs. I'm afraid I'd pick out some orange and yellow and purple thing that would talk about itself as it went along."

The Hat business being settled, I lopes along to the Loungeree counter—but it doesn't take me long there, because I gives the clerk a sealed note Annie hands me—and after that clerk read it she smiles at me and says if I'll leave my address she'll send the things over to me—unless I wish to aid in the selection myself. I'd been looking around and I blushes and says, "No, I guess I'll leave it to you"—but there sure was some awful pretty stuff hangin' around there—soft shimmery things, and lacy things with ribbons in 'em and other things as creamy as foam—and as light. I'm sure glad Annie likes flummery like that, because it's—it's—oh, it kind of goes with a woman to be fluffy anda—nd—well, like a woman ought to be.

"Stockings?" says the girl, pleasant like. "Silk stockings? Yes, there's a sale on down on the second floor, aisle twenty-four. Take the elevator."

Well, I makes the elevator all right and I dismounts at the second floor all right, but I can't find aisle twenty-four—or silk stockings. I wanders about looking worried, but nobody pays any attention to me, and there ain't a floor walker in a million miles. There's four young ladies engaged in a chewin' match at one counter and after waitin' ten minutes for them to look at me I says, "Pardon me, ladies, but I am expecting to go back West week after next and meantime there is a question which I would like to have you answer. Where will I find silk stockings?"

"On the silk stocking counter," snaps one of them, and goes back to her "He says to me, he says—"

"Oh," I says, pleasant-like, "I see why I couldn't find them, I've been looking on the hardware counter. I must have got them mixed up with garden hose."

But perhaps in the next hour and a half you can tell me where this silk counter is. Not wishin' to trouble or disturb you at all, you know, so go right on with the story of your young life and I'll wait until you're through."

"Aisle twenty-four," says she; "go down there three aisles, turn to your left, go over two and turn to your right, whirl around three times, kiss the girl next to you, say your prayers and the declaration of independence, turn four times to your right, twice to your left, walk back three aisles—and then ask a cop,"—well of course, those aren't exactly her instructions, but that'll give you a general idea of their clearness. I was as muddled as a lost calf on a new range. But I thanks her and tries to follow directions.

Well sir, I finds the lisle stocking counter, and the wool stocking counter, and the cotton stocking counter, and the lace stocking counter, and I finds the night gown counter, and the shoes counter, and the false hair counter and the garter counter, but I can't find the silk stocking counter. Just as I was giving up hope, I sees a floor walker and grabs him.

"Where's the silk counter stocking,"



says I, "I mean the stocking counter silk, the counting silk stocker—no, no, the silker stock counting—oh, you know what I mean."

"The silk stocking counter," he says, "is where that mob of women is havin' a fight." And he points to a counter entirely surrounded by a crowd of women who is apparently trying to rush the place and climb up on the shelves.

"Woof!" I exclaims, "have I got to push through that riot to get silk stockings?"

"I guess so," remarks the floor walker, and, "say" he warns me, "when you go into that mess, forget you're a gentleman—imagine you're trying to get to the centre of a dog fight. That western chivalry is all right, but it won't get your silk stockings."

I BEGINS to enter the contest gentle and polite—thinking that I may work it that way, but after one lady had tried to rip off my pocket and another had stuck me in the face with her elbow I changes my tactics—and there was no quarter—no chivalry. I dives into that (Continued on page 56)

Peak O' Pines

By
Samuel Alexander White

DEPUTY-SHERIFF Eviack's energy was at low ebb as he made camp at the Falls on the West Branch of the Montreal River near where it debouched into Matchewan Lake. The strenuous search and exhaustive work up the West Branch, culminating in the raid on the counterfeiters' Peak o' Pines Inn on the shores of Mislinion Lake, had had its effect upon even Drury Eviack's mighty frame. While he upturned his canoe against a tamarack root, he sighed, and that sigh confided to the wilderness in general that this expedition on the trail of counterfeiters was the toughest he had ever undertaken. Such back-breaking portaging, such nerve-fraying awaiting of opportunities and such hound-nosed ferreting out of clues Eviack had never known, although for six years he had been marshal of a backwoods county in the wilds of the State of Maine. That was before he had joined the Canadian force and been sent North on the counterfeit trail.

A New Brunswicker by birth, straight as a pine and tough as the pine's vital roots, Eviack was eminently fitted for the muscular test imposed by the Montreal River District patrol and for the nerve strain impending on his peculiar duties. Moreover he found out that he had need of his high-tension point of courage and of his last ounce of sinew. He was in a wilderness where they played nothing but man-size games and committed only man

size crimes. In this lone country the deputy-sheriff saw that they looked upon life in the strong light of consequence. They drank good fortune or vicissitude at one draught and called it fine. Those who took crime to their bosoms took it in its entirety. Half measures were consigned to the devil as weak traits of character. Commandments were not cracked with mathematical exactitude of design, pieced together with the elastic bands of conscience. Instead, they were smashed with a blow.

Many complaints of a mint in the north at Peak o' Pines Inn had reached the ears of the law, so that flannel-shirted and unstarred sleuths had taken the trail that leads by many a secret way to the North Bay courts. Opio Duchabing, a wealthy French halfbreed, owned and operated Peak o' Pines Inn, a modern, well-appointed log-cabin summer resort on the east shore of Mislinion Lake. It boasted a wholly respectable clientele of tourists in the north, existed apparently for the summer trade alone and was ostensibly closed in winter, although the authorities were convinced that Opio Duchabing literally carried on his money-making operations under cover of the snows as well. It was reached by going up the West Branch of the Montreal or crossing over from the main Montreal by a matter of three lakes and four portages commencing at the foot of Matchewan. Long ago departed guests had spoken to Inspector Caldwell of Peak o' Pines Inn as a place where bad money had been passed on them. The Inspector's men had long ago spotted it as a mint in the north. However, spotting was one thing and conviction was another. They were as far removed from each other as the brinks of a broad canyon, and cleverness was the long trestle that bridged the gulf. The searchlight of perseverance had pierced finally the maze of clues. Inspector Caldwell had sent up an unknown secret-service woman as a guest at Peak o' Pines Inn to handle marked money and secure evidence along with counterfeit change. Drury Eviack himself did not know the name of this operator, so secret did Caldwell keep his plans, but when the word came to raid, Eviack was the man chosen to close the mint.

From the viewpoint of the law the sudden raid on the Inn was successful. Only the proprietor Opio Duchabing had escaped, and there were hopes of his capture. Duchabing's confederates were caught red-handed with their dies, plates, moulds and other paraphernalia. Inspector Caldwell had congratulated Eviack on the part he had played and hinted at promotion, but from Eviack's personal viewpoint the raid was not a success. His whole being was sore from the unexpected probing of an old wound. His pride was trampled on, and his conscience troubled him. He knew he had shirked his full duty the night of the raid, been inexcusably careless at the critical moment or Opio

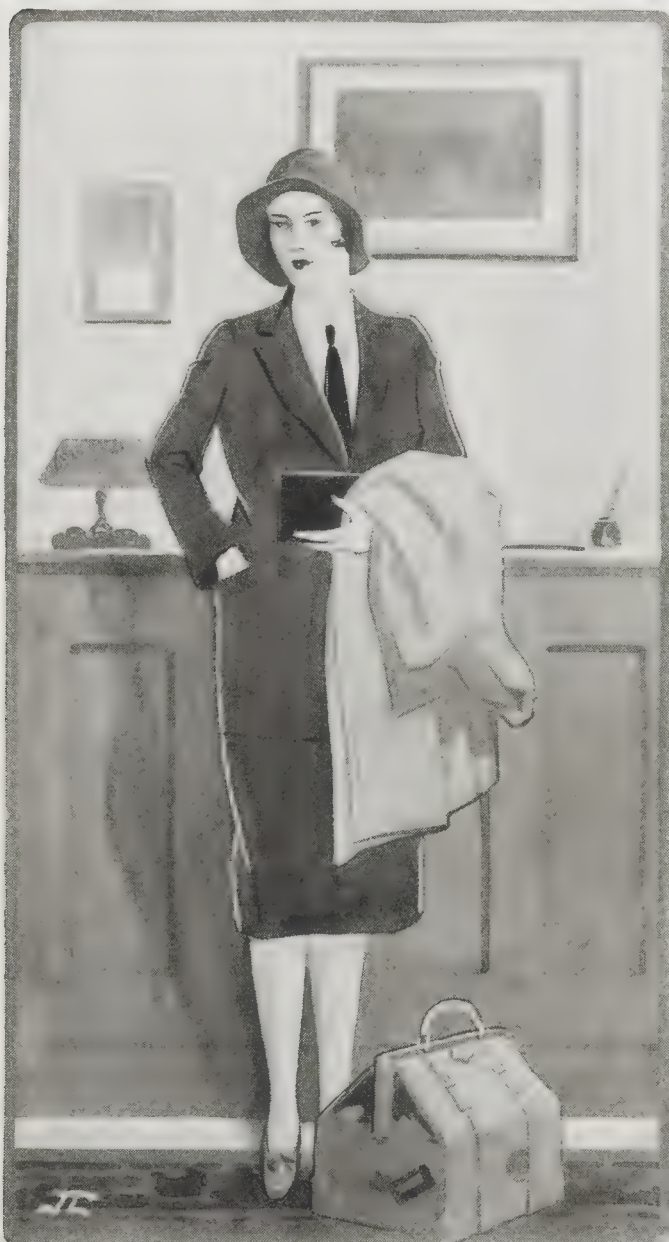


Opio Duchabing was a wealthy halfbreed. If the secret places of the wilderness could have spoken, they would have told dark tales of the vicious breed.

Duchabing would not have escaped. A sudden longing, an overwhelming impulse, had caused him to turn aside from duty for a fraction of a moment, and in that fraction of a moment Duchabing had got by him.

THE raid was made at midnight, just after the summer guests had retired. Inspector Caldwell himself had given orders that these guests were not to be disturbed or detained. Their business was with Duchabing and his staff. So intermittent beams of flashlights had stabbed the gloom of the Inn when Drury Eviack with five men under him landed noiselessly on the beach from canoes and stepped unannounced into the place. The number of raiders, six, allowed one man to guard each window and door, and at Eviack's door his flashlight glared full into the face of a girl guest who, sitting by the birch logs in the fireplace of the Inn, seemed to be the only guest who had not retired. Recognition took place in a flash, recognition that struck the deputy-sheriff like a blow. The face was the face of Necra Nevin whom he had known down on the New Brunswick-Maine border, known too well for his own peace of mind. For Eviack knew that Necra had liked him well before their quarrel the day he arrested old Kale Nevin for border smuggling. That was a bitter thing to do, but Eviack had done it, then promptly resigned and come to the Canadian North.

That Necra Nevin would ever come into his world again he did not permit himself to imagine even in his wildest hopes and visionings, and the sight of her as a summer guest in Peak o' Pines Inn staggered him for a moment. Recognition had been mutual. Necra had sworn she would never speak to him again, but although her lips did not move, her eyes were eloquent as she pushed past Eviack in the doorway. They were friendly eyes, almost pleasing eyes, liquid and wonderful with their light of amazement but at the same time full of softness and tenderness as a fawn's. Reconciliation leaped into Eviack's mind. Moved beyond himself, he reached out to touch her hand and assist her through the doorway out of harm's way. Inspector Caldwell had said that



Inspector Caldwell had sent up an unknown secret-service woman as a guest at Peak o' Pines Inn, to handle marked money and secure evidence.

the summer guests were to be shown every courtesy. Why shouldn't he lend his aid?

But the touch of her hand brought a rush of the old emotion. They were in the dark in the doorway, jostled closely in the shifting movement of raiding men. For one brief second Eviack's arms were round her and he could feel both of Necra's hands on his shoulders. Her lips had found freedom at last and she was whispering something about "getting safely outside" as he pushed her gently out of the melee. Inside the Inn all was uproar. Opio Duchabing and his staff had taken alarm. They made a wild leap for the exits, and before the deputy-sheriff could block the doorway again, after his unguarded moment, Opio Duchabing's figure bolted through.

"Stop," commanded Eviack from the exit he dared not leave a second time.

Then his Colt barked, but Duchabing's mocking yell from the tangled spruce growth told that he was unhit.

Eviack fired again, futilely. With bullets flying, Necra Nevin was nowhere to be seen. Eviack jumped back into the room. A great wrath at Opio Duchabing's escape surged over him. He man-handled Opio's fighting staff with savage strength, his huge form towering over all in the place. In five minutes Duchabing's confederates were handcuffed, but the sight of these beaten into submission did not cure Eviack's wrath. Duchabing was not one of the sullen circle huddled in the chairs about the fireplace, and Duchabing would have been one if Eviack had not stolen that sweet moment with Necra Nevin in the doorway.

OPIO DUCHABING was a vicious breed under his suavity. Indian blood showed in his dark skin and feature casting. He talked English with a French accent and gestured like some ancient French forbear. His record was dubious. If the secret places of the wilderness could have spoken, they would have told dark tales of Duchabing. Opio had the creative brain of a devil. According to trappers and rivermen what villainies he had achieved were inventions of atrocious genius. He had been skillfully keeping just beyond the reaching hand of the law, and the persistent forefinger which annoyed him most was the deputy-sheriff Drury Eviack. Duchabing had boasted that he would do for Eviack. The deputy-sheriff had heard of the boast and he had yearned to get his hands on the wealthy half-breed. Here his chance had come, and he had missed it. It did not soothe Eviack's feelings any to hear the other prisoners sneer insolently about Duchabing's escape, nor to hear Inspector Caldwell lament the one piece of bad luck attendant on the coup.

"Opio can't run loose," Caldwell reminded the men grimly. "I can spare only one constable to bring him in. Who'll volunteer to take his trail?"

"I will," Eviack snapped him up.

Nobody seemed to have noticed his relapse from

duty with the summer guest, nor did the summer guest appear again in the confusion of departure with the prisoners. Caldwell and the other constables went down to North Bay with the captured, while Eviack turned to Duchabing's hot trail. From the Mislinion Lake beach where he had launched off by canoe, the deputy-sheriff traced Duchabing up the West Branch of the Montreal to the forking of Pigeon and Duncan Lakes, but Duchabing was crafty. He went up Duncan Lake to Duncan Creek, took the cut-across to the Montreal again and escaped downriver. Where the fugitive would head from there Eviack could not guess, but by this time he himself was out of supplies, and he was making for Fort Matchewan. The Fort lay some distance below the mouth of the West Branch, and the deputy-sheriff went into camp at the Falls with the intention of indulging in a much-needed sleep and reaching Matchewan next day. On the trail he had not been able to sleep much. Two disturbing elements filled his mind and kept it working overtime; the meeting with Necra Nevin at the Peak o' Pines and the failure to ferret out Duchabing's hiding place in the stretch of forest he had just covered. His failure did not make for mental order. Eviack was wilderness born, and nothing irritates the wilderness born more than to face a problem which seems insoluble.

On the rock wall above the Falls, Eviack wedged two sticks in a tamarack root to keep his canoe

from being upset by the wind which had a disconcerting habit of springing from the river pools at midnight, taking liberties with one's blankets and rolling cooking utensils about the rocks like merry tambourines. When he had spread his blankets underneath his canoe, he stood looking at them with indecision. Finally he kicked them aside with the toe of a worn cruiser and walked off to a balsam clump, returning with an armful of springy bough ends which he proceeded to lay in rows overlapping each other for a couch on the granite. He felt too sore from the shoulders down to essay sleeping as he always did, on the hard rock with a duck jacket under his head. A little of it was muscle soreness, but more of it was something inside, something which ached dully and remorsefully. Would he find Necra Nevin again at some of the other summer places when he was done with his search? Or would she be gone south, once more out of reach?

The blaze of his campfire in a measure relieved his discouragement, so that he began to hum an old river song he had not sung since leaving Maine. Its rhythm had a soothing effect, and he continued to hum the song as he clambered down the rocks to fill his bail-handled coffee pot with river water.

Beneath him the great whirlpool above the Falls writhed and circled with serpentine twists of surge and ripple. Owing to Eviack's nearness to it, the spot which formerly he looked upon as a portagemaker took on a different and more deadly aspect.

It seemed as if an immense mine shaft had been sunk across the river's course by a Titanic hand. The sides of the huge, rocky pot in which the whirlpool boiled rose steep and craggy, creviced and treacherous. Bits of seamed granite fell continually with a plop that held some baleful fascination. A man could easily climb down the knob by projections and ascend again by using the grinning cracks for toe-holds, but the deputy-sheriff knew that time had underbored the rough shelves and knobs and that the torrent's ceaseless battering had honeycombed the walls. Descent and ascent could be accomplished, but he who made them was taking risks. A handhold might crumble unawares beneath the grasp, or a seam might bevel off unexpectedly under the boot sole. So Eviack clambered down slowly and with exceeding care, feeling his steps before he trusted to them, one arm thrust through the bail-handle of his coffee pot in order to leave both hands free. As he descended, he hummed his song, repeating over and over the refrain:

*"Oh! far on the night wind your
low voice calls,
And your heart is as deep as the
river's falls."*

It was a river song of the New Brunswick-Maine border, a carol of the wild, free life of the woodsman, and it fitted peculiarly the atmosphere and surroundings which enveloped Eviack over the face of the whirlpool. Near the base of the rocky pot, the thunder of the Falls increased. The weird, voluminous cadence of the river as it slipped from the pool's embrace down the black-fanged gorge below rose in strident, ear-splitting tones. It tore the song from Eviack's mouth and shrieked throughout the canyon in a thousand echoes, pitching it to demoniacal screamings and lowering it to deep-throated bellowings. Within six feet of the bottom of the wall, the deputy-sheriff's feet slipped upon a spray-slimed ledge. He swung backward but saved himself by gripping a raw-edged cornice with both knees. The action threw the coffee pot from his arm into space. It fell with a light splash near the base of the rock. Eviack swiftly found a lower foothold and grasped at it, but the pot bobbed tantalizingly beyond his reach, [Continued on page 40]



Illustrations by
John Little

The canoe was shooting in a circle through the trampling, snarling inferno of the pool.

Turkeys Are Big Business

As Told by Mrs. W. A. Freeman to

H. B. Smith

A FARM hand's luck in a game of chance, coinciding with a butcher's greediness in putting up prices when he saw that demand exceeded the supply, was what really started me in the turkey business. Winning a turkey in a raffle was just a piece of luck, of course, and in no wise related to my paying the butcher nine dollars for almost as good a bird, but the incident set me thinking, and from thinking to figuring.

At that time I knew nothing about turkeys, in fact, had never raised poultry of any kind. So the figuring was easy. As I progressed in my calculations I soon saw that the only limit to the profits one might figure in the turkey business was the available supply of pencils and paper required for the figuring. It was just as easy as that.

I couldn't help wondering, however, why a gold mine such as I seemed to have stumbled onto had not been discovered long before. If there was so much money to be made in the business, how was it nobody seemed inclined to take it up?

Disinterested outside advice seeming necessary, I consulted my husband. Together we had gone through one Calgary oil boom—we have been through another since—and he had gained some useful experience with paper profits, both in figuring them out in advance and trying afterward to figure where they had gone. He pointed out that figuring profits in the turkey business was the same as counting one's chickens before they were hatched, or buying stock in Turner Valley oil companies whose holdings were off structure. He spoke of disease, parasites, vermin, beasts and birds of prey, the elements, and the well known tendency of young turkeys to die for no reason save their own obstinacy and cussedness. The neighbors too, kindly souls, averred that in turkey raising unavoidable losses would chisel away net profits altogether, that feed, labor and any equipment provided would only add to the loss.

I listened to their well-meant advice, and would probably have followed it, had I not recalled that about the only experience my husband and other counsellors had had raising turkeys was in raising forkfuls of the roast product on festive occasions. So I chose to ignore their well-meant advice and sailed serenely into the turkey business with only ignorance to guide me.

Ignorance isn't a serious handicap in any business



Buildings and yards, here shown, all of cheap construction, represent all the buildings required for operating a 2,500 bird enterprise.

provided one's ignorance is realized and the necessary steps taken to supplant it with accurate information. That is what I now proceeded to do. I procured and studied Provincial and Dominion bulletins on turkey raising, subscribed for special turkey journals, talked with people in the business, and by the spring of 1920 had acquired a lot of useful information. I was then ready to start in a modest way.

I began operations exactly as the experts advised, got my breeding stock, hatched the eggs, cooped and fed the poults, and managed them afterward precisely as set out by the authorities. I didn't deviate a hair's breadth from the printed directions, and I learned a lot that first season. One of the things learned was that, handled properly, turkeys may be as easily raised as hens and, for the money invested,

stepped up the count to 2,500 in the fall of 1927. From the experience that season I learned that 2,500 could be raised with no more worry and little more work than 250. So 2,500 was set up as minimum production for the ranch until such time as conditions would warrant further expansion. I am planning now for a minimum of five thousand per year.

THERE is a great deal of what some call "luck" in the turkey business, but looking back over my own experience, I can honestly say that what commonly passes for luck was with me nothing more than close attention to every detail in hatching, rearing and general management. Bad luck dogging the efforts of the slipshod operator is, to my mind, nothing more than due reward for the sort of attention and management he gives his enterprise.

The first point in good care is absolute cleanliness—clean nests, vermin-free sitters, clean coops, clean range, clean feeding utensils, clean water, clean, dry shelters, and clean, sound feed. A condition approximating absolute cleanliness is not difficult to establish and maintain. You can organize the work so that keeping things clean and safe-guarding against losses become part of the routine, not just a troublesome chore.

So far I have used turkey or domestic hens for hatching and brooding. There is no reason why an incubator and brooder could not be used except that mother hens, while stupid enough, have a little more sense than mechanical brooders, and one can depend on their mothering instinct moving them to keep the young warm at night and as may be required during the day. Besides, incubators and brooders cost money, while a hen when she wants to sit is through laying anyway and will hatch and brood at no expense.

Nests for sitters and coops for hens and poults are always thoroughly saturated with disinfectant—shingle stain preferred—before being used. Sitters, too, are well sprinkled with sulphur at least twice during the incubating period. Thus the poults hatch out free from vermin. So far mine have never become infested afterward.

Immediately they are hatched, poults and mother hens are placed in clean, well disinfected coops, one hen and her brood to a coop. These coops are three feet square on the ground, floorless, water tight as to roof, and set tight to the ground, banked up sometimes, to prevent drafts. One end of the V is fitted with a slatted door, thus permitting the poults to range outside, but confining the mother hen to the coop. The coops are moved to fresh ground every day.

I believe in following a fairly hard and fast rule in feeding newly hatched poults. After a few weeks a ration of wider variety may be fed, but for the first few days I stick pretty closely to the system that has always given me best results. The young poults get their first feed when 48 hours old, none earlier. First feed is sour skimmed milk containing a little fine grit. This is given once only. Following it the ration for the next ten days or so is finely rolled oats, slightly dampened with raw egg, fed three times a day. A little sour milk is usually added. This mixture is fed on clean boards outside the coop, the boards washed and scalded after each feeding.

Ten days is usually long enough to keep the poults in coops. They then go on range—in our case a quarter section fenced with chicken wire and watered by a never-failing creek and irrigation ditches. On range all turkeys old and young have the same ration—a dry mash of one-third wheat and two-thirds oats, both finely ground. Equal parts wheat and oats are fed for hard grain.

A herder is employed to look after the birds on range. His chief duty is to see that the flock is hustled to shelter should rain, hail or high wind threaten. Wet is particularly bad for young turkeys before the stage known as "shooting the red" is past; hail will kill them outright; while high winds result in drifting and piling up at fences and in sheltered spots.

One other peril the experienced raiser learns to guard against is crooked [Continued on page 39]



Mrs. W. A. Freeman holding one of her high grade American Bronze toms.

the equipment required, and the labor and feed involved, pay much better returns.

That year I raised sixty, practically without loss. The year following, the flock in the fall numbered around 350. I raised about that number each year until 1926. Then, feeling that I was ready to go in for quantity production, I



A portion of the flock en masse. The picture was taken in the fall after birds were full grown.

A Chapter from the Lives of Bees and Men

The Part-time Worker Problem and How the Wide-Awake Apiarist is Meeting It

By

George M. Battey, Jr.

HONEY BEES numbering 742,101,133, more or less, including proud Queens and sleek drones living on doles, have recently emerged from their winter quarters in Canada. Anyone disagreeing with these figures of an unofficial estimate is at liberty to conduct his own count.

For six months in this latitude—from September through March—bees doze or sleep, having laid aside their harvesting machinery because the flowers are gone and the weather is too cold. The period may be considered a great somnambular marathon extending well beyond any record of tree-sitting, peanut pushing or antics in the air. Each month represents a leg or stage of the journey, and taken together, the total equals the number of fuzzy legs which normally extend from the satin-jacketed body of the bee.

There will soon be a crop of fresh honey. Meanwhile the sweet tooth may find consolation when inserted into jars, tumblers and tins.

What does this seasonal unemployment mean in the lives of bees, and what parallel is found in the lives of men?

It means economic waste—reduced earning capacity, less honey and a higher price for that which we get, though no one could complain of the golden nectar at ten cents a pound. But by a clever modern system of unemployment insurance the bee is well kept—mark that.

What relationship does this situation bear to the heavy lay-off of men after the wheat harvest is gathered, and to the theory once held that six months of agriculture might by some trick of magic support the prairie population of Canada twelve months in the year?

Listen, gentle reader, and follow the thread, then draw your own conclusions. The agricultural worker migrates from place to place. Part of the time he walks, creating work for the cobbler; most of the time he rides by rail over the C.N.R. or the C.P.R., thus adding to dividends for the Government or the private investors in railway stocks. The Canadian laborer is a well-informed, much-travelled man; as for that, ask Sir Henry Thornton, of the former road, or Mr. E. W. Beatty, of the one last

named. Sometimes he settles snugly into a place without much ado; often he caroms around Canada a distance which in a straight line would take him to the Antipodes. Even at the top wage rate of \$5 a day (cut lately to \$2 and \$2.50) he finds making ends meet without winter work impossible. Some find winter jobs in the cities, others go without. Manufacturing absorbs much of this floating surplus of labor. Prairie Province industries are making good progress, but they do not yet meet the demand. It is an old story with which economists are familiar, but it has a new angle in the movement of branch plants from the United States to Canada to avoid the high tariff duties levied at Ottawa.

As a result of the tremendous upheaval in the World War, political boundaries are not as distinct as before, and commercial boundaries have largely been obliterated. Tariff walls tend to be higher, but the barriers against free competition in certain directions have been swept away. The struggle for world markets has enabled the Orientals to drive new bargains for themselves, with the result that trade routes formerly open have been clogged or closed; and thus the Occidentals have been thrown back to live high off each other if they can. Political acrobatics to the contrary notwithstanding, the fact remains that so-called seasonal unemployment has been made permanent for millions of workers above middle age.

WHAT has this situation got to do with bees, and bees with it? Quite a good deal. Man has taken many helpful precepts from Nature. By watching the beaver and the dirt dauber he learned dam construction, plastering and masonry. By observing the work of the wasp he made paper. By imitating birds he soared through the air. His imitative faculty has gone hand in hand with his power to create, and his struggle upward through the ages represents a most praiseworthy advance.

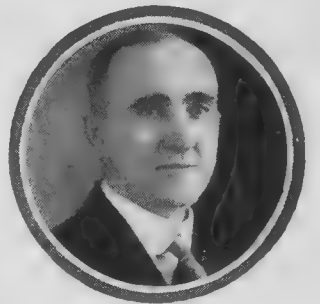
The lesson of the bee may be added. Man learned thrift and foresight from the bee. As he progresses in education and philanthropy, he will learn that human rights come ahead of property rights, that the human entity man (which is himself) is of more value than the material things he transforms or creates, and is at least as well worth conserving as the horse or the cow or the bee. This is a somewhat obscured truism which statesmen and financiers will do well to ponder with other hard winters ahead.

Now, the bee used to expend shoe leather and wing fabric in buzzing hither and yon where the honey was. It ranged hundreds of miles north and south as the weather or food placed opportunities in its way. It wintered in Mexico, Central America or the West Indies; in spring it sharpened its proboscis on the stamens of flowers in the United States; in summer it crossed the Canadian border to revel in clover, which, with orange blossoms in Florida and California, makes honey comparable to the nectar sipped by the Greek gods. As far north as the Arctic Circle this bustling traveller penetrated, carrying its cheerful message of profitable industry; but when cool breezes began to blow, it packed its grip and went South again.

The Canadian ruralist welcomed these visits from the bee because the zooming globe-trotter left more than it took away. The ruralist of that day mused: "The bee's rounds cover fifteen miles of my farm daily, which is three miles more than the average city postman walks delivering mail. The Queen and the entire colony know me and my place. Out of their sight I am out of mind. To insure a dependable bee labor supply I will board them during the winter and set them loose on the flowers, rested and refreshed, in the spring."

Men still living can remember when a scanty hatful of bees wintered in Canada; the human inhabitants themselves were few. Now the number who smuggle themselves and effects across the border going South is inconsiderable. A few gadabouts will go visiting relatives far off; and some of Canadian registry are marked missing as a result of the drought which recently swept through the Middle West. The bee that used to bestow part of its allegiance upon other rulers, therefore, now swears exclusive fealty to King George V, and pays tax tribute by serving the agriculturist well.

How does the beekeeper respond? There—we are coming to the point! Instead of turning the colony adrift to follow its own noses and to be proselyted by chance competitors, he reconstructs the hive, moves it into the basement for six months, affording a temperature of forty to sixty degrees; and provides them not only with thirty-five pounds of food sweetmeats but every attention they might receive from medical



L. T. FLOYD,

Provincial Beekeeper
of Manitoba.

A swarm of bees in a Norwood, Manitoba, apiary.



Left—A Manitoba exhibit of honey at the Western Government Products Show. Right—An apiary at Roland, Manitoba.

The Moreland Complex

By Hapsburg Liebe

Illustrated by R. G. Herbert

SECOND INSTALMENT

BILL WADE entered the lobby of the Blaisdell with Robert McLaurin at his side. Wade had just told him that he meant to go to Cincinnati to borrow money from his friend Harris. Then McLaurin told Wade something that saved him the trip to Cincinnati:

"You haven't heard about Harris, Bill. I'm sorry, old man, but he couldn't accommodate you. He went dead broke a few days ago in the Dixie cotton smash. He was here yesterday, and left last night for Cincy."

Wade did not try to conceal his surprise and disappointment. Harris, for all his youth, had been one of the marvels of the business world. "I can hardly believe it, Bobby. I'll have to try somebody here, I guess. But I won't take it from Father—Mother wouldn't permit it, anyway—and there are several other reasons. I wonder where I could find old Newton Wheatley, of the Luther-Wheatley Iron Company. I know him pretty well."

"You'll find him at home," McLaurin told him; "he's out of business, and here all the time now. He might take a shot at coal. Why not 'phone him from here?"

"I'll do that," Wade decided. "Look up my two friends for me, will you, Bobby?"

He was soon speaking to Newton Wheatley. He stated his wishes briefly. To the question as to why he did not go to his father for money—well, he had his reason, and it was a private matter. Wheatley, of course, remembered the near wedding.

Wheatley was silent for what seemed to Wade a very long time, then his voice came over the wire with almost ominous calm.

"Who beside you has seen that vein—anybody that knows coal?"

"Yes, my father," Wade answered quickly. "He went over this property years ago. Ask him about the vein in David Moreland's Mountain. 'Phone him, and then 'phone me. I'm at the Blaisdell."

Wheatley agreed, but there was some reluctance in his voice.

Young Wade waited patiently for fifteen minutes, then he was called to the 'phone.

"Your father tells me it is a good proposition," said Wheatley, in a cordial voice, "so I'll let you have all the money you need. And if you want a good mining man I know where you can lay hands on one; also I can furnish you, at half the original cost, all the machinery you'll need. Let me see you at three this afternoon—"

Wade was jubilant. He told McLaurin, and was congratulated for the stroke of good fortune.

The clerk of the Blaisdell interrupted suddenly, "Mr. Carlyle Wade is wanted immediately at Braemer's Hospital." He replaced the telephone receiver.

Wade went a trifle pale, shook hands with McLaurin, and rushed to the street. A few minutes later Braemer met Wade in the reception room.

"What's wrong, doctor?"

The surgeon frowned. "Come with me."

He turned and led the way through a long corridor and to a sunny white room where Babe Littleford lay with a bandage about her temple. Ben Littleford was on his knees at his daughter's

Wade drew a chair up close to the white bed and sat down. Babe's eyes lighted immediately, and she held out both hands to him.

"Hello!" he said, softly. "How are you?"

"Better," she smiled up at him. "I sent for you!"

"Is there anything in the universe that you want?" he asked. "Tell me what it is and I'll get it for you!"

"The universe?" she murmured inquiringly.

"What is the universe?"

"The world, the sun, the moon, and the stars."

She smiled at him again. "No," she answered,

"the' ain't nothin' that I want, an' the' ain't nothin' that you can do for me, I reckon."

Babe Littleford's fingers held tightly to his.

"Then why did you send for me?"

"I was so lonesome, Bill," she answered, looking the other way, "I sent for you 'cause I was so lonesome!"

Robert McLaurin's wife, Patricia, the woman so nearly married to Bill Wade, visited Babe twice daily, and the two young women were quick to form a warm and unique friendship. Patricia declared to her husband that she was going to keep Babe, whom she meant to call by her proper name, which was Elizabeth, and educate her. There was room enough in the bungalow, Patricia said; and she really needed company, because Bobby was away so much.

When Bill Wade, the expert mining man, Hayes, and the two mountaineers stepped from a short passenger train at Halfway Switch they were met by the tall moonshiner, Heck, and a man whom Wade had never seen before. He was, plainly, a Southerner of the old school.

"Hi thar, Major Bradley!" the hill men cried, joyously. "Howd' ye come on?"

"I am very well, gentlemen, thank you," said the major, smiling. He shook their hands heartily. "The trainman gave us your message yesterday, and we were delighted to learn that the little girl is out of danger. I trust that you are in good

health, gentlemen."

They assured him that they were. Moreland turned to Wade.

"This here's Major Bradley, Bill, him as spends most of his summers up here with us." Then, to the major, "This here is Bill Wade, an' he's a fighter after m' own heart."

Major Bradley took a step forward. His hand met the hand of Bill Wade, and from that moment they were friends.

"Mighty glad to know you, sir!" exclaimed Bradley. "I've been hearing a great deal about you, my boy, over in the valley."

When they had gone a hundred yards on David Moreland's Mountain, the old Southerner slyly tugged at Wade's sleeve and whispered, "Let's fall behind a little if you please. I want to speak



"Drap it, mister. Drap that funny gun, or I'll give ye more lead than ye can carry."

bedside; he was slowly wringing his big rough hands and begging piteously to be forgiven. Babe interrupted him: "You hush, Pap, an' go away. I'd told you a hundred times about fightin' bein' murder, an' specially to us women folk, but you never paid no 'tention to me. If I die I sure want to die in peace—so hush, Pap, an' go away."

"But you must live, Babe honey," Ben Littleford pleaded. "Ef you'd die what'd I do?"

"I don' know Pap, I don' know," said Babe, weakly.

The doctor saw that she was worried; he strode forward decisively and helped her father to his feet.

"You mustn't worry her, you know," smiled the doctor. "Go out to your friend Moreland, and wait there for a little while."

Littleford walked unsteadily out of the room.

to you privately." They began to lag, and soon there was a distance of several rods between them and the others.

"How are you getting along with your plans for the operation of the coal mine?" Bradley asked.

"Excellently," answered Wade. "We have the necessary finances, a geared locomotive and cars, and light steel rails have already been bargained for; and there is a siding to be put in for us at Halfway Switch immediately."

"Good!" Bradley said, heartily; then he continued and his voice seemed very grave: "There's something, else I want to say, Mr. Wade. You're sure to have a barrel of trouble with a shyster coal man named Henderson Goff. He's a villain, sir, if there ever was one! He's been here for three days now, and has worked no end of devilment. You see, he has been here many times before trying to buy the coal for a song—so he knows all the people. Last night he freed Adam Ball from his tobacco barn prison, and he has gained his friendship for ever."

"Goff's idea," said Wade, "is to get the Balls to scare me into selling instead of developing I presume."

"Exactly," replied the major.

Suddenly John Moreland stopped, turned quickly, and stepped back to Wade.

"The's a man a waitin' on us ahead there. Bill," he drawled, "at ye shore want to watch like a hawk to keep him from a stealin' the eye-teeth out o' yore head. His name is Henderson Goff, an' he wants coal."

A few minutes later Goff met John Moreland with an oily smile and held out his hand. Moreland didn't see it.

"Anything you've got to say," the mountaineer growled, "ye can say to Bill Wade there."

Goff was delighted to meet Mr. Wade. Wade muttered something commonplace. At John Moreland's gate he nudged Wade with an elbow and whispered:

"Meet me at one o'clock down there where the sycamores lies across the river, I've got something to tell you that will interest you."

He didn't wait for a reply, but turned and walked away with By Heck.

Wade told the Major and Moreland what Goff had said to him at the gate. The Major suggested that he go to meet the man; it couldn't possibly do any harm, and there was a chance he would learn something of Goff's intentions.

So Wade went.

Goff was already there, waiting. When he saw Wade approaching he smiled and nodded.

"I want to make you an offer for the coal," he said, at once.

"All right," replied Wade. "If your offer is big enough it will be considered."

Goff frowned uneasily. "You don't know about coal, Mr. Wade—you have it sized up wrong. I'll give you five thousand, spot cash, for that coal."

Wade shook his head. "You'll have to come heavier than that, Mr. Goff, to get the Moreland coal."

"And an extra thousand for yourself!"

"See here," Wade said, icily, "you'd as well understand here and now that I'm not your kind. I'm on the square—get that! You're a low scoundrel, and I have a notion to mow down half an acre of meadow bush with your body."

Goff turned red, then white. Wade's words had lashed him keenly, and he raised a wicked-looking pistol as though he meant to fire. Then there was the sound of breaking twigs behind him, and a voice drawled out:

"Drap it, mister. Drap that funny gun, or I'll give ye more lead than ye can carry."

It was the moonshiner, By Heck, and his rifle was cocked and leveled. Goff dropped his weapon. Heck grinned, advanced slowly, took up the stub-nosed pistol and flung it into the river.

"Now you git—cut the mustard," ordered the hill man, "before I lose my temper an' let Bill Wade loose on ye."

Goff started angrily to say something, thought better of it, then turned and went rapidly away.

"I wonder if you heard him say anything that would make you valuable as a witness," muttered Wade, "in the event we want to have Henderson Goff arrested?"

"I jest heered you tell him 'at he was afeered to fight, and if he'd pocket that thing in his hand you'd mow down a thousand acres o' meadow bush with his lowdown body—that'd be vallyble, wouldn't it?" grinned Heck.

Wade smiled.

THE mining man Hayes, the Major, and John Moreland were waiting at the gate when Wade, accompanied by Heck, returned to the cabin. Wade spoke first. He told briefly of what had taken place at the blown-down sycamore.

Wade turned to Hayes. "We're going to begin the building of the little railroad at the earliest possible moment. And because I don't know anything about the work, I'm going to ask you to take the lead. Now, there may be some fighting. I don't want you to go into this thing blindly, you see. So if you're going to withdraw at any time, do it now."

"I'm not a stranger to fighting," Hayes replied smilingly. "I've been through half a dozen coal strikes. I think you can count on me."

"Then lay out a plan for immediate action."

"I'd suggest," acquiesced Hayes, "that we send down for a supply of picks and shovels, axes and saws, hammers, drills and explosives. In the meantime, you and I can stake out the way for the track."

Within an hour John Moreland and his son Caleb started for Cartersville on foot, and in the older man's pocket was money enough to buy the things that were needed. Wade and Hayes set out for the north end of David Moreland's Mountain, and each of them carried a hand axe for making stakes.

It was not often that Hayes permitted himself to go into raptures over anything; however, he went into raptures over the Moreland coal. He declared that it was one of the best veins that he had ever seen. It was no wonder that Henderson Goff was determined to get possession of it.

By sundown two days later they had chosen the route for the narrow-gauge railroad, and set stakes accordingly. Hayes told his general manager that with a good force of men the last rail could be put down within two months.

During those two days they had several times seen Henderson Goff in company with Black Adam Ball and some of his relatives. Once they had come upon Goff talking earnestly with Saul Littleford, the bigbearded, gaunt brother of the Littleford chief. Hayes reminded Wade of this, and said to him:

"Goff will have the Littlefords on his side the first thing you know. Perhaps some of the Littlefords, as well as some of the Balls, knew about the Moreland coal before David Moreland got his mountain by State's grant at a few cents per acre. If you'll take my advice, Mr. Wade, you'll establish friendship between the Morelands and the Littlefords as soon as you can."

Wade thrust his hand axe inside his belt. "I was just thinking of that," he replied. "And I believe that I can manage it so far as Ben Littleford is concerned; it's John Moreland that's going to be the hard one to see reason. He should be home this evening if he's had good luck, and as soon as he comes I'll tackle him. We'd better be going, Hayes. There's six miles before us, and it will be dark in a blame few minutes, and the trail is as crooked as a snake's track."

Together they started across David Moreland's Mountain walking rapidly, with Wade leading.

Night came down on them before they had covered half the distance. Suddenly Wade drew back, and stood still. In the trail ahead, standing



"Slash 'at rope, or I wisht I may drap dead ef I don't shoot yore backbone in two four thousand times! Slash it!"

as motionless as the trees about him, was the tall figure of a man; it was as though he were there to bar the way.

The two went on slowly. The figure still stood motionless. Wade spoke. The figure quickly came to life. It was By Heck—he was leaning on the muzzle of his rifle.

"It's you, is it, Bill, old Boy?" he called out. "I was a waitin' here fo' you. I reckon I must ha' went to sleep a standin' here on my feet! I've got news, Bill!"

"Out with it."

"I've been a trailin' Henderson Goff all day," Heck said, in guarded tones. "Goff he's shore got the Balls abelievin' 'at they're already millionaires."

"I knew that," Wade said, "that's not news."

"But that hain't all," Heck went on; "Goff's got Saul Littleford too—lock, stock, bar'l, and sights. He owns Saul jest the same as I own my old spotted coon dawg Dime. The Littlefords, says Goff, has got as much right to the coal as anybody else, 'cause Saul he knowed about the queer black stuff long afore David Moreland did. Saul he gits him a job a-bein' mine boss; t' other Littleford's 'at will stick to Goff gits jobs a-diggin' coal at a dollar a day. And all of 'em is to have a big lot o' money when the dividin'-up time comes, said Goff."

"Much obliged to you, By," said Wade. "Let's go. 'Bout face, By—I'm going to tie a hard knot in that little plan of Goff's."

They reached John Moreland's cabin less than an hour later. Moreland and his son had just returned from Cartersville. Wade learned through Hayes that the hill men had shown good judgment and some business sense in making their purchases.

When the evening meal was over, Wade drew John Moreland out to the cabin yard. For a moment Wade stood looking toward the very bright stars; then he told the big man at his side of the plans Goff had made concerning the Littlefords, and strongly urged the making of friendship between the two clans.

The mountaineer appeared to be worried about it. He folded his arms, walked to the gate and back to Wade without uttering a word. It was hard for him to throw down completely the hatred of years and years. Had it been any other person than Bill Wade, a fighter after his own heart, that urged it, he would never have even considered it; he would have said quickly and determinedly:

"We'll whip the Balls and the Littlefords, too!"

The younger man read the other's thoughts. "With the aid of the law we might whip both the Balls and the Littlefords, but it would mean a great deal of bloodshed. All we have to do is enlist the Littlefords on our side in this: You go to old Ben and say to him, 'Let's begin anew; let's be friends, your people and my people; you and me.' He'll be glad to do it. Then it will be easy sailing for us. The Balls won't dare to attack such a force as the Littlefords and the Morelands combined."

The mountaineer didn't answer.

"You won't throttle the cause born in David Moreland's heart purely on account of a little personal pride," Wade continued, earnestly—"I know you won't!"

Moreland replied slowly: "Well, I'll go with ye over thar, but Ben Littleford he'll have to make the first break at bein' friends."

Then the two set out. They crossed the ox-wagon road, the sweet-scented meadow, the river by means of the blown-down sycamore, and entered the cabin yard of the Littleford chief.

"You wait out here," whispered Wade. "I'll go in and see if I can persuade Littleford to make the advance. I'm pretty sure I can."

He started forward, when a hound rose from the stone step and growled warningly. At that Wade halted, and sang out:

"Hello!"

Immediately there was the sound of neavy footsteps on the cabin floor. The front door swung open, creaking on its wooden hinges, and Ben Littleford, bareheaded, with an oil lamp in his hand, appeared in the doorway. He knew the voice that had summoned him.

"Come right in, Mr. Wade," he invited with the utmost cordiality. "And I shore do hope that you've come to spend the night wi' me!"

Then he scolded the dog and Wade entered the primitive home. Its interior, he noted, was much like the interior of the Moreland chief's home. He was shown into the best room where he dropped

easily to a roomy old rocker that was lined with an untanned sheepskin. Ben Littleford put the lamp on the home-made center table, drew up another rocker, and sat down close to his visitor.

"I hope ye ain't jest happened over for a minute or two on business," he drawled; "I hope ye've come to spend the night wi' me, anyhow."

"I have come in the interests of peace," Wade began, looking at the hill man squarely. "I want you Littlefords to be on good terms with your neighbors the Morelands. John Moreland is out there at the gate now; he's waiting for you to ask him in and say to him: 'Let's begin all over again; let's be friends, your people and my people, you and me.' You want that, don't you? Babe did, I am very sure."

Littleford frowned. Now that he was once more at home, with assurance that his daughter would entirely recover, he was no longer weak; he had all his old courage, and all his old, stubborn hill pride back.

"I'll ax John in," he finally decided; "but he'll have to make the fust break at bein' friends. Me axin' him into my house is a purty durned good start towards friendship, ain't it?"

He rose, took up the lamp, walked to the front door and opened it, and called into the night:

"Won't ye come in, John?"

"I reckon I will, Ben," was the slow answer. "For a minute anyhow. But I reckon I cain't stay long."

Moreland followed Littleford into the best room. Littleford put the lamp beside a worn, leather-bound Bible on the table, and they sat down. They looked steadily toward each other, and Wade saw plainly that they were by no means at ease. Surely, thought Moreland, he had done a great deal when he had come into his old enemy's home. Surely thought Littleford, he had done a great deal when he asked Moreland into his house. Each depended on the

Littleford and several of his family staring after them silently. At the gate Wade caught Moreland's sleeve and halted him.

"Why on earth," he demanded, "didn't you make the break?"

"I went into his house," Moreland answered, sullenly.

Then Wade began to blame himself; he was the hope of a benighted people, and he had foolishly lost his temper at a crucial moment. He wondered whether it was yet too late, turned to look at his companion.

The voice of Ben Littleford suddenly came to them plainly, because the night was so very still; Littleford was reading from the Gospel according to Saint Mark, preparatory to his bedtime prayer. The two at the gate listened intently. The way in which the illiterate giant in the cabin stumbled over the simplest words was pitiful. Littleford closed the Bible and placed it on the table beside him. There was a low shuffling of feet as half a dozen persons knelt at their chairs. The prayer that followed was much like John Moreland's own bedtime prayer; it had in it less of supplication than of thanksgiving. And in the tail of it there were words that were like bullets to John Moreland:

"—Bless the good man who was here with us tonight, an' all o' our kinfolks, an' all o' our friends, an' all o' our inemies—an' 'specially the Morelands. Ay-men!"

Wade's hand came down hard on John Moreland's shoulder.

"You told me he wouldn't do it!"

The mountaineer hung his head, then he walked as though half blind across the porch, and entered the cabin without knocking, and went in to Ben Littleford with his right hand outstretched.

"Le's begin anew," he began, huskily.

Littleford rose and groped for his old-time enemy's hand, found it and grasped it in both his own.

"You're a better man 'an I am, John Moreland," he said—"you're a damned sight better man 'an I am."

When Wade left them they were talking over a great bear hunt that they had taken together a score of years before.

The moon, full and as bright as new gold, had risen just under the beacon star when Bill Wade reached the doorstep of the cabin that was home to him. He faced about. The broad green valley lay very serene and very beautiful there in the mellow light. There was no sound save the gentle murmuring of the crystal river.

He stretched out his arms above his head—the signal victory that had been won that night had lightened his heart, had made him happy.

"You wonderful place," he said, softly, then added, "my own country!"

MISS ELIZABETH LITTLEFORD saw an interesting sight when she alighted from a north-bound afternoon train at the Halfway Switch. Just below the long siding a shorter siding had been put in—the railway company had been hastened, no doubt, by the great influence of old Newton Wheatley—and from it had been unloaded a small geared locomotive, a dozen or so of little coal cars opening at the bottom, and miles of light steel rails. Out toward her home a crew of men worked like bees at building a trestle of round timbers that had been cut from the nearby woods; she at once recognized these men as Morelands and Littlefords, and she knew it meant peace! They didn't recognize her, because of the distance and the clothing she wore, and because they were too busy to pay any particular attention to her.

Farther out toward Doe River another crew of men was at work clearing the way for the little narrow-gauge. She heard the sounds of the axe and the saw, the hammer and the steel, and once there came to her ears the great, dull roar of exploding dynamite as a cliff was blown clear of its foundations.

Miss Elizabeth Littleford smiled happily. And she had not been happy for a long time.

She had been staying with Patricia, who was kindness itself, but the mother of Bill Wade, her Bill Wade, had snubbed her, and besides the longing for the hills was in her blood. So she had come back, run away at a moment's notice—as had Bill Wade before her, and how good it seemed to be home. She would have gone to see the men, had it not been that she feared she would be a bother.

There was another interesting sight when she had reached the crest of David Moreland's Mountain.

Summary of First Instalment

Carlyle Wilburton (Bill) Wade hated the artificialities of his life in the city. On the eve of his wedding day he called off the marriage (He didn't love Patricia and he was sure she didn't love him) and left his home and friends to start life over again.

Casting around for some place to go he recalled the fact that in Eastern Tennessee was a rich vein of coal, undeveloped, which had been frequently called to his father's attention, but the latter, although a big coal baron, had for some unaccountable reason never investigated the proposition.

Arriving at David Moreland's Mountain, he is informed by John Moreland, with whom he lodges, that twenty years before, John's brother David, the owner of the mine, had been killed in a drunken fight by John K. Carlyle. Bill suspects that it was his own father who had shot Moreland.

Across the creek from the Morelands lived the Littletons, once friends of the Morelands, but for many years deadly enemies.

Bill Wade meets Babe Littleton and they become friends. As a result Bill has a terrific but successful fight in mid-stream with Black Adam Ball, a regular Goliath, who considers Babe as "his gurl."

Bill prepares to return to his home city to raise money for the development of the mine, when the feud between the two families breaks out again and Babe, in attempting to warn the Morelands of treachery on the part of Black Adam Ball, is accidentally wounded in the head by a shot from her father's rifle.

All enmity forgotten for the time being at least, Babe is carried six miles to the railway and taken to the city, where a successful operation is performed.

Bill finds Patricia happily married to someone else, Bill's particular chum in fact, but Bill's mother refuses to meet her son. His father offers to finance the development of the mine, but Bill, his suspicions regarding David Moreland's death confirmed, refuses the offer.

other to make the advance. There came a silence that was heavy. The two clansmen stared at each other more and more sharply, and soon shadows of bitterness began to creep into their eyes.

Wade became angry with these grown-up children, and he jumped to his feet. John Moreland followed. "We might as well go," Wade said, in a disgusted voice.

"I reckon we had," agreed Moreland.

They walked out of the cabin, leaving Ben-

In the upper end of the broad valley, midway between the "settlement" and the opening of the Moreland coal vein, two large frame buildings were well along in their course of construction. She put down her bundle of clothing, shaded her eyes with her hand, and tried to find Bill Wade among the builders. But the distance was too great; a man down there was a mere speck. Before she went on, she removed her shoes and stockings; it was hard for Babe Littleford to become accustomed to wearing useless shoes and stockings in warm weather!

When she had reached the foot of the mountain, she didn't take the by-path her people had been wont to use in order that they might avoid the Morelands. There was no need of avoiding the Morelands now, thank goodness! Then a voice hailed her from the laurels out at her right, the voice that she loved better than any other—

"Hello, Miss Littleford!"

Babe stopped and faced him, and she blushed when she saw him. He was coming rapidly toward her with his hat in his hand, and his brown hair was rumpled and damp with perspiration. She saw that he was in boots and corduroys, the clothing of a timberjack, and he looked bigger in them; about his waist there was a cartridge belt, from which hung a big and dependable-looking revolver in a leathern holster.

"Hello, Mister Wade!" she mimicked.

He shook her hand, and then he dropped wearily to a moss-covered log that lay near the narrow trail.

"Sit down here beside me," he said; and added, "I've been going hard all day, I'm pretty tired."

She let fall her bundle and her shoes and stockings, and obeyed. He asked as though he were displeased:

"Why did you come back?"

"Acause," she answered—and she corrected herself quickly: "I mean because."

"No reason whatever," smiled Bill Wade.

"Well," and her brown eyes looked at him squarely, "I come back because yore mother she said I would be a burden to Mis' McLaurin, that's why."

"Mrs. McLaurin," said Wade; "not Mis' McLaurin."

"A burden to Mrs. McLaurin—and I hain't a-goin' to be no burden to nobody!" vehemently. In a softer voice: "Mrs. McLaurin and her husband and her pap—I mean her father—has done made up friendly.... Bill Wade, I had a big time! Everybody liked me but yore mother. I come back here, Bill Wade, because I thought they might need me here as well as because I was afeared I would be a burden to Pat. I mean *afraid* I would be a burden to Pat. Seems like I cain't talk proper at all. I've tried and tried. I've spent half o' my time jest a tryin' to talk proper. Pat she'd put down words I mustn't say on a sheet o' paper, and I'd study 'em. Afeared, shore, pap, acause, hain't—and all o' them; and she'd put down the right word along with 'em, so's I'd know."

"Bill Wade, I'm shore they do need me here. I ax you this: are *you* sorry to see me back?"

"Perhaps they do need you here," Wade slowly stripped the leaves from a fern. "But that is not sufficient reason to warrant your staying here. Of course, I'm not sorry to see you, Babe. But you must go back to Patricia very soon. If you had been a burden to Patricia, she would have told you so."

Babe slowly rolled an acorn across the path with one bare big toe.

"But I—I don't think I want to go back," she protested. "I think I'd a sight rather stay here."

"But you must go back," declared Wade. "You really must."

Elizabeth Littleford was silent. For a moment she absently watched the playful antics of a little boomer squirrel on the side of a nearby hickory. Then she rose.

"Look," she urged, "—look at my new dress. Don't you think it looks nice?"

"Yes, it looks nice," agreed Wade. "But any dress looks nice on you. If only you'd go back to Mrs. McLaurin and let her educate you! You shouldn't have cared anything about what my



Littleford rose and groped for his old-time enemy's hand, found it and grasped it in both his own. "You're a better man 'an I am, John Moreland," he said.

mother said; my mother doesn't always see things in the true light. You'll go back, won't you?"

She bent toward him and asked pointedly: "Bill Wade, what makes you so anxious for me to go back?"

"Because I want you to have an education."

"What makes you want me to have an education?"

Wade lifted his gray eyes and answered her frankly: "Because I expect to marry you some day."

Babe Littleford blushed deeply. Her eyes were glad, filled with rejoicing. It made her happier than she had ever been before. She wished wildly that she could hug him with all her might—and she had a big notion to do it. But what would he think of her? Well, some day she would surely hug him with all her might.

"Will you go back to Patricia?" he asked.

She really believed that she ought to go back. But the thought of leaving him was more hateful than ever, now that she knew that he meant to marry her. She strove to change the subject.

"I—I've been a-wonderin'," she murmured, "which is proper, Bill—bust, or burst?"

Wade spoke quickly: "Burst for you, bust for me. Will you go back to Patricia?"

Babe Littleford drew a long breath and smiled.

"Yes, Mister Wade," she said, resignedly, "I'll—go—back—to—Patricia! I'll go anywhar you want me to go, Bill Wade, ef it's to Torment. Now tell me how it comes that I find my people and their enemies as thick as m'lasses in a jug, while we walk on."

WHEN Wade returned to John Moreland's cabin from having seen Babe Littleford safely to her father's door, he found Major Bradley and

By Heck waiting at the gate. Heck had some important bad news, he said.

"Better not tell me about it until after supper," replied Wade. "I'm very hungry."

Heck agreed readily, and they went in to sit down to one of the best meals Addie Moreland had ever prepared. When they had finished eating, John Moreland led the way into the best room, where they took chairs. The major produced cigars. By Heck, swollen with a feeling of greatness, lighted the wrong end of his cigar, faced Wade, and began to unburden his mind of its weight of information:

"Well, Bill, old boy," he began—and then stopped to wonder why his cigar wouldn't smoke as well as the Major's. "Well, Bill, old boy," he went on, finally, "Henderson Goff he's shore been as busy as a one-armed man in a bumblebee's nest. He's went and brung about twenty-five Torreys from two places knowed as Jerus'lem Cove and Patton's Hell, to he'p work his mine. They're all a-puttin' up with them Balls. The Torreys is part Injun, Cherokee Injun, and I've heard it said 'at they was as bad or wass'n rattlesnake broth."

Major Bradley blew a little cloud of smoke upward. "More of the game of bluff, perhaps."

"I'm inclined to think so," thoughtfully said Wade. "Here we've been working like wildfire for two weeks, and we haven't been molested in any way. Well, we'll avoid trouble as long as we can; and when we can no longer avoid it, we'll call in as much of the law as we can get, and meet it half way. Eh, Hayes?"

"Sure," exclaimed the mining expert.

The following morning Wade was on his way to the new siding, when he met Henderson Goff. Again was Wade forcibly reminded of a picture he had seen of a Mississippi River steamboat gambler of the long ago. Goff stepped out of the trail,

smiled and spoke with apparent good humor. Wade merely nodded, and passed on.

Then Goff called out, "Ready to sell yet?"

The Moreland Coal Company's general manager halted and faced about.

"For a decent price, yes."

"Just what would you call a decent price?"

"Oh, somewhere around two hundred thousand," promptly.

"Two hundred thousand!" Goff sniffed, and the corners of his mouth came down. "You don't want much! You won't get it from me."

"I don't want it from you."

Wade frowned, turned, and went on. He was sorry that he had stopped to talk with the fellow.

That afternoon he again met Goff on the trail. The bare sight of the shyster coal man made him very angry now, and his right hand fell upon the butt of the big revolver on his hip. Goff was about to sidestep in the laurels, when Wade caught him roughly by the arm.

"See here," he said, sharply. "You've about cut your little swath. We've had enough of you. You can't get this coal at any price, and the sooner you get yourself out of the neighborhood the better it will be for you. I'm pretty apt to thrash you the very next time I see you. Now move on."

Goff went off, laughing. "Oh, all right, Wade; go ahead and build the little road for me!"

Late that night every sleeper in the valley was awakened by a great, rumbling explosion, which was followed almost immediately by another. Before the reverberations had died away, Wade had dressed himself and was standing on the vine-hung front porch, and he was only a few seconds ahead of John Moreland. Then there [Continued on page 42]



Char Ellen couldn't move; before her senses even prompted the bolting of her door they were at her threshold.

ALL day, while she cleaned the captain's house, she had heard the cook delineating the crimes of drunken Metis. Now, on her homeward way, she shivered to think of it. Her little shack stood alone on the bank of Red River, the last house on Point Douglas.

Lonely, poor, ramshackle, the sight of it none-the-less cheered her. It was coming on to snow. The chill rushed at her as she opened the crazy door. Thank goodness she always filled the stove ready to light before leaving in the morning. And there, as usual, stood her coffee pot ready to set on the fire.

Heat and light restored to the little house, Char Ellen felt better about the gossip of the cook. Nora was such a blatherskite anyway! Humming, she set out bread and treacle, a bit of cottage cheese and a piece of boiled whitefish. Then she stepped to the door and called her cat.

Standing there, her blood suddenly swooped back to her heart in terror-frozen streams. God help her! There was no mistake about it, stalking toward her came three gigantic creatures, Indians or Metis, to judge by their swarthy features. And behind them trailed a yellow hound, shaggy, wicked looking as his masters.

Char Ellen couldn't move; before her senses even prompted the bolting of her door they were at her threshold. The youngest, and lighter of skin, but, if anything, dirtier than the others, said:

"Give us grub, old lady, we're beat up and hungry."

She wanted to shout them away; to say she had nothing fit to eat, but something in their dark faces pleaded against the fear she had of them. They did look awfully hungry.

"Come in," she managed, "come in, and bring the dog. It's coming on to snow."

Feverishly she went about enlarging her supper. Frying potatoes, cutting more bread, brewing tea, for she was persuaded all red men revelled in it; and sacrificed the whole of her fish. In addition, she opened a bottle of raspberry preserve. The whole time their glittering black eyes stared stonily at wall and ceiling. Yet she knew that nothing, no least movement of hers, escaped them. At table it was little better. Except to grunt when offered more food they said nothing. When they were finished she washed her hands of them—she had done her duty; surely she would now be rid of them.

But the elements were against her. It had begun to blow with driving flurries of heavy wet snow. She

FEAR

By L. G. Salverson

Illustrated by J. O'Malley

had not the heart to put a dog out into such weather . . . besides, if she suggested it, would they not make an end of her instantly.

The young man may have sensed her thought. For an instant, as light crosses brown crags, his smile flashed out at her. "We won't rob you, old mother. Let us lie by the stove; the boards are as good bed as we're accustomed to."

She would not hear of that. From a horsehair trunk in the corner she drew out quilted comforters and two pillows. It was all she had. The burnt-wood elder amongst them grunted hoarsely. It constituted praise and gratitude, but Char Ellen trembled.

But fear is less potent than fatigue to the aged. Her formidable guests, rolled in their quilts on the floor, she stripped the cotton coverlet with its ruffled valance off her bed; sat down on the edge and took off her shoes. Her knotted fingers trembled at the business of unhooking her dress. Pshaw, you fool, she rebuked herself, what's an old lady, dressed or undressed, but a sorry bag of bones! Sure, you'll die no harder without your skirts, Char Ellen.

So now, at last, in cotton bathrobe and bed socks, she tiptoed to the stove, filled it generously, drew the dampers, took down the wall lamp, and setting it on her box bed table, climbed into bed and blew out the light.

Instantly she was conscious of a changed atmosphere. Something more than the darkness leaped into terrifying prominence. Under the cold bedclothes her angular old body trembled with an inexplicable nervous chill that spread to her very heart. Yet there was nothing to hear; nothing to see, except the faint red glow of the mica eyes of the

stove . . . And, oh horror! the glowing wolfish eyes of the great hound awakened from sleep!

Char Ellen crossed herself. Sure there was death in those burning twin moons. And then thought froze in her for, with a fearful growl, the big dog sprang straight towards the bed, straight for her throat, she imagined, and by some miracle hurtled under the bed instead.

Blood-curdling howls, atrocious blasphemies, and a whirlwind of charging human demons followed; charging at what? Shuddered poor Char Ellen, clutching her bed clothes and waiting dreadful death.

Dreadful the tossing frenzy under her rickety bed, more dreadful still what she saw when the young Metis lit the lamp. On the floor, pinned down by the two Indians, lay a huge negro, his ebony face dulled to liquid rust with blood, his mackinaw shredded at one shoulder. Held at bay, the yellow hound signified his resentment by rumbles like mountain thunder deep down in his great chest.

Char Ellen must have fainted at the sight. Conscious again, a gentle stillness lay upon the room. Her lamp was still lit, the three bundled human forms stretched by the stove as before, and the dog dozed in a patch of firelight. Char Ellen prayed as simple folk will. Then she slept.

In the morning she awakened to a white world. Snow, like floating feathers sheened the muddy waters of Red River. Snow, like silver dust, lined the sad lanes leading to town. Hurriedly she dressed; saw with thankfulness and a qualm of conscience that the fire was already lighted. Stepping about briskly she prepared the breakfast of bannock and porridge. As before her visitors stared into space; at table said nothing. Fear began to stir in her again, but this time it was the thought of their departure that terrified her. Afraid to speak, she plied them with her pitiful luxuries, a few doughnuts, and a pot of special jelly. She fed the dog, patting his matted coat with unsteady hands.

As before it was the young man who spoke. "You shall have a bearskin for the floor when we pass in the spring . . . a black one, eh, old woman?"

Again Char Ellen stood in the door. In the white morning light the brown faces of the travellers glowed in friendly fashion.

"Oh, but—" she quavered, "I want to ask—I want to thank you . . . Oh, I've got to know—about last night."

The young Metis grinned, spread his hands in a contemptuous gesture toward the river. Then for the first time the burnt-wood elder spoke: "Heap much gone hell," said he, and stalked off into the white landscape.



I THINK I'M A
SHREWD SHOPPER



SHE THINKS
I'M NOT



WHAT DO
YOU THINK?



The other day, while marketing with Alice Cummings, I bought a carton of Fels-Naptha. As I paid the clerk, Alice said—"Why buy that? I get more for my money when I buy soap. And you think you're so thrifty!"

Maybe she does get *more bars* or what-not—I still am sure I bought more wisely. What is your opinion? . . .

Just in case you have never used Fels-Naptha, here are some things you ought to know before you decide.

Fels-Naptha gives you a bargain, not in more bars, but in greater washing value. It gives you more help—*extra help*.

For Fels-Naptha brings to the wash two active cleaners instead of one. Not "just soap" but unusually good soap and *plenty* of grease-dissolving naptha, combined in a big golden bar.

This brisk, busy team reaches every thread of your wash, loosening dirt and washing it away without hard rubbing.

Because of Fels-Naptha's *extra help*, your work is easier. The clothes come from the line sweet and fresh, clean through and through. And this is true whether you use hot, lukewarm or cool water; whether you soak or boil. Thanks, too, to Fels-Naptha's *extra help*, your hands are out of the water sooner. Besides, Fels-Naptha contains soothing glycerine, and everyone knows that glycerine helps keep hands nice.

Now that you have the facts, I know you'll agree that Fels-Naptha is a real bargain in washing value. Its *extra help* will prove to you—in tub, basin, or washing-machine—that I am indeed a shrewd shopper! To confirm this, get some Fels-Naptha Soap from your grocer—today.

Special Offer—Whether you have been using Fels-Naptha for years, or have just now decided to try its *extra help*, we'll be glad to send you a Fels-Naptha Chipper and a sample bar of Fels-Naptha Soap. Many women who prefer to chip Fels-Naptha Soap into their washing machines, tubs, or basins find the chipper handier than using a knife. With it, and a bar of Fels-Naptha, you can make fresh, golden soap chips (that contain plenty of naptha!) just as you need them. Mail coupon, with four cents in stamps enclosed to help cover postage, and we'll send you the chipper and sample bar without further cost. Here's the coupon—mail it now!

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FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa.

W.H.6-31

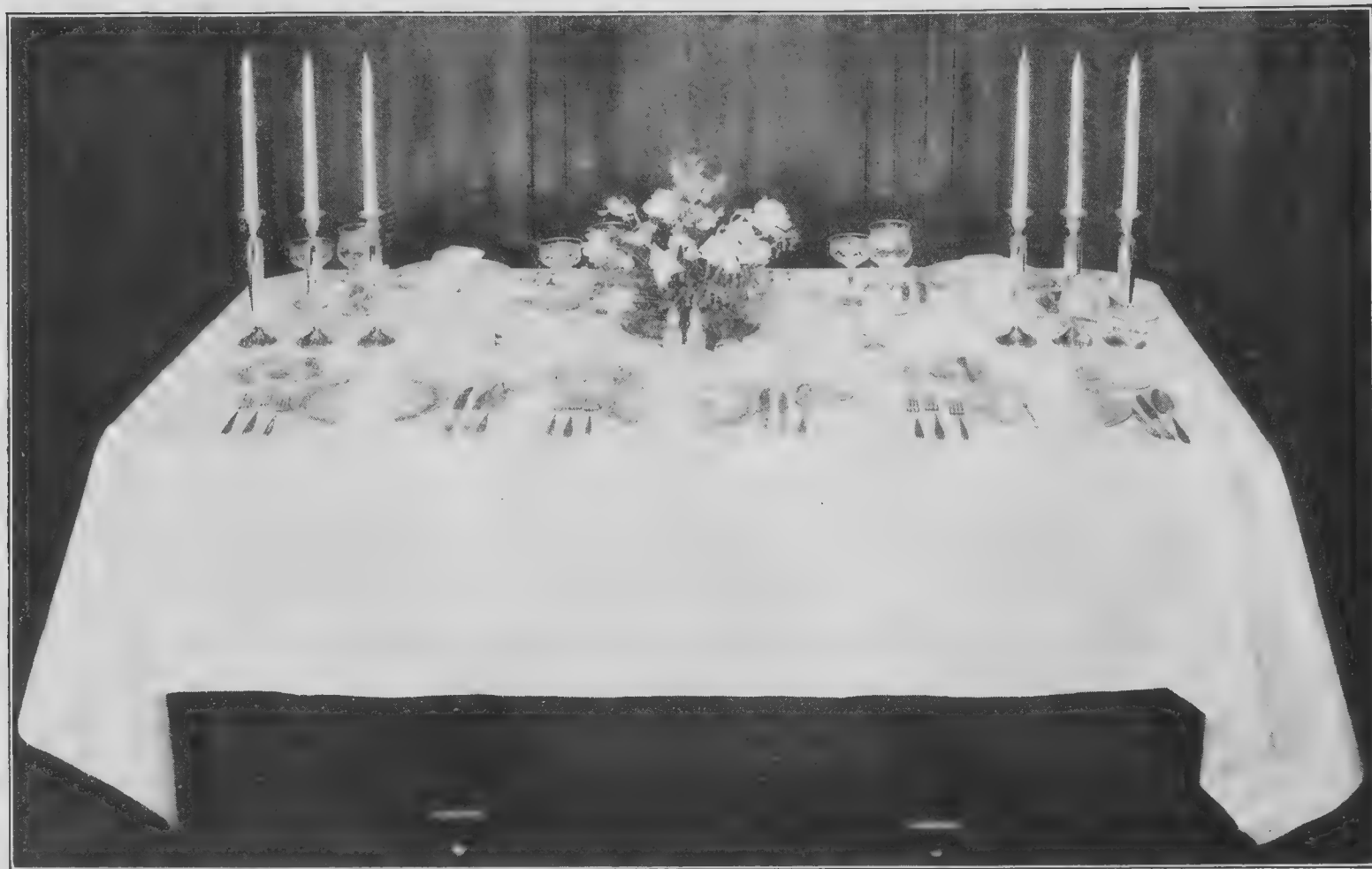
Please send me the handy Fels-Naptha Chipper and the sample bar of Fels-Naptha Soap offered in this advertisement. I enclose four cents in stamps to help cover postage.

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Timely Table Talk

THE simplest table now-a-days has charm as a natural right. Table appointments were never before so complete, so lovely and, withal, so modest as they have become in the past few years.

It is only a comparatively short time since tables that even approached those we have illustrated for you, might be looked for only in the home of real wealth. Gorgeous silver, china of beautiful design, exquisite crystal, lovely linens, were all made—but they were not for the enjoyment of the average home.

How different things are now! The family in moderate circumstances sits down to a table that is as complete, as correct and as charming in its way as the most luxurious table in the land. Good taste, discrimination in purchasing and a modest investment will produce table appointments of very real beauty.

I am not going to deal with linens this month—I have in the offing a special article for Western Home Monthly readers that will go quite extensively into that part of this interesting subject. This month, it is particularly of silverware that I want to speak—and if possible, put in a word on some of the china and glass I have been studying of late.

Standards of correctness have been very widely and very definitely established. The table that is served by the hostess or member of her family, is set with the same attention to detail and to good usage as is the table attended to by a butler and footmen.

New developments in manufacture and merchandising are, of course, largely responsible for this most interesting development in the lives of people generally. Things that were luxuries have now come into general use for two reasons—the higher standard of living that has become general, and the developments in manufacturing that have kept pace with those increasing standards.

THE bride of today starts out with the idea that whilst she may set few places at her table, those places will be perfectly appointed. She would rather, if necessary, provide enough china, silver, etc., for two guests or four (eight is the usual number to aim at—it represents the average limit of comfortable seating capacity and the facilities of the home), and make that provision complete, than to have a dozen of this, that and the other thing, and other pieces lacking.

Silverware, China and the Accessories that Bring Charm to the Modern Table

By Katherine M. Caldwell

Let us study the table that we have pictured, set for luncheon or dinner. The candles would only be used on a luncheon table if the curtains were drawn on a dull day; on the whole, they are to be regarded as a charming perquisite of the evening dinner table.

The use of service plates bespeaks a certain formality. Correct service demands that the diner is never without a plate in front of him. Of course, simple family procedure in the average home, does not follow so formal a rule as this; but we do like to use a service plate under a soup plate or cup.

The use of the bread and butter plate at dinner is always a somewhat disputed matter. Formal service that follows the English fashion frowns upon it completely. There is no butter on the table at dinner and the dry roll or bread is simply placed upon the cloth. American service, speaking generally, condones and often favors the use of the bread and butter plate, although in strictly formal circles English fashions are more closely followed by our neighbors across the border. So on this matter, we pay our penny and take our choice; mine, personally, is to banish the bread and butter plate and its attendant butter spreader from the dinner table but to welcome them on the informal luncheon table and at breakfast. I include them however in order to show just how they should be placed when they are used.

Our photograph is large enough to demonstrate the correct placing of the silverware. The old time confusion from which was born the agonized question "Which fork?" has no need to be asked under modern rules. The most inexperienced diner has only to follow the simple expedient of picking up the outside fork or spoon in every case.

This would mean that the soup spoon required for the first course will lie at the extreme right of the place. When the fish follows, the outside fork and the outside knife will be found to be the correct ones. When this course has disappeared, the large dinner knife and fork will occupy the outside places and so will be the natural ones to pick up when the

meat appears. This will leave nothing but the short and wide-tined salad fork at the place when the salad is brought on.

The dessert spoon and fork will be brought to the table with the dessert plate. In formal service, there will also be on the dessert plate when it is set at each place, a finger bowl on a doiley; each person lifts off the finger bowl and its doiley putting them behind the plate; he likewise places the dessert fork at the left of the plate and the spoon or fruit knife at the right. When the dessert is passed, he is ready to help himself.

I PARTICULARLY like the setting of this table—especially where all the food is to be passed by a maid. You will notice that there are no places set at the end—the six people sit vis-a-vis along the sides of the table. The grouping of six candlesticks instead of the usual four or two flanking the flower bowl, has a freshness that is appealing.

Such a setting is a practical possibility, as I have said, in the quite average home where good taste prevails. Simple glassware in the clear crystal or in delightful colors is not only readily available—but is enticingly cheap. Dinnerware of very real distinction, is well within the limits of a very modest purse. As a matter of fact, in a recent hunt for a new and really charming dinner service, I myself found one that at first glance I claimed as mine. It is an all-cream, semi-porcelain, with a raised design of flowers and fruit in the same rich ivory tone on the rims of the plates and bordering the other pieces. With it, I can use any color glass, flowers and other accessories, making an unlimited change of effect possible. I think I shall become less tired of this service as the years go on, than of any other that I could select (for we do grow tired of such things unless they are truly beautiful—and so few cheap chinaware are that).

And as to price—nearly a hundred pieces for twenty-five dollars. My eye is not inexperienced in such matters, and I had expected to be asked perhaps three times that amount for the dishes. Being an open-stock pattern I did not buy the usually ninety-six piece assortment—I built in eights and added such pieces as bouillon cups, breakfast and after-dinner coffee cups—omitting things I should never use, such as fruit nappies [Continued on page 57]

MISS ANNE MORGAN

Daughter of the late J. Pierpont Morgan

discusses modern women... their success, the importance of attractive appearance, the wise care of the skin

WOMEN'S SUCCESS . . . the very words kindled enthusiasm in Miss Morgan's fine dark eyes, so like her famous father's. "I am deeply interested," she agreed, "in what women have made of themselves—fully developed personalities."

We were sitting in Miss Morgan's charming boudoir, she gracious and very handsome in her favorite chair of crimson brocade before the open fire. Sunlight from wide windows overlooking the East River fell on her lovely Chéruit gown of golden beige lace, her superb pearls, her wise, kind face, her clear skin and fresh wholesome coloring.

Miss Morgan is so famous as president of the American Woman's Association that I had come to ask her opinion about the care of the skin and its importance to women. Unhesitatingly, she answered.

"Modern women desire that their complexions shall be always clear and vigorous," she said. "A high standard of personality demands physical as well as moral and mental development and care.

"I myself have used Pond's for years," she added. I felt a little thrill of pride that these simple, whole-



MISS ANNE MORGAN IN HER BOUDOIR IN HER HOME IN SUTTON PLACE, NEW YORK CITY

some beauty aids had, by sheer merit, won the distinguished approval of one familiar with every luxury wealth can buy.

"Through providing such excellent products so inexpensively, Pond's helps women achieve an attractive appearance . . . I am sure they all are grateful," Miss Morgan concluded, with her unforgettably sincere and charming smile.

Pond's four famous products are all you need to keep your skin enchantingly fresh and clear by the four simple steps of the Pond's Method:

1. To cleanse your skin to the depths of the pores — generously apply Pond's Cold Cream several times during the day, always after exposure. Pat in with upward, outward strokes, waiting to let the fine oils sink deep into the pores and float

to the surface all the clogged dirt, dust, make-up and powder.

2. To wipe away the cream, use Pond's Cleansing Tissues, better because *softer*, more absorbent . . . peach or white.

3. To tone and firm, close and reduce pores, pat cleansed skin briskly with Pond's Skin Freshener. It banishes oiliness, keeps texture smooth as satin, brings fresh roses to your cheeks.

4. For powder base, protection and peach-bloom finish, smooth on a dainty film of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Not only on your face but on your neck and arms, too—wherever you powder. Marvelous, too, to keep your hands soft and white.

Tune in on Pond's Program every Friday evening 9.30 p.m., D.S.T. Reisman's Orchestra. W.E.A.F. and N.B.C. network.

SEND 10¢ FOR POND'S FOUR PREPARATIONS

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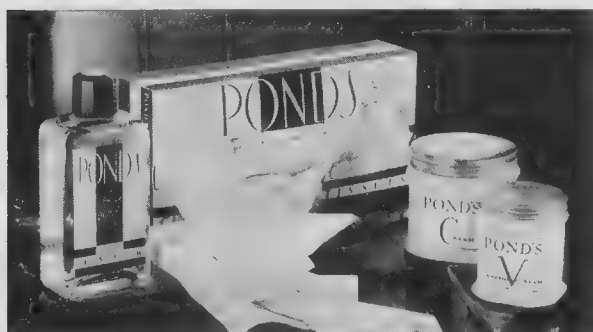
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"Women are grateful," Miss Morgan says, for Pond's four exquisite preparations for the care of the skin.

Shadowland

With All Its Vagaries



Top to Bottom:—

Will Rogers in "Connecticut Yankee"

George Arliss in "The Millionaire"

Jackie Cooper in "Skippy"

June Collyer, Jack Oakie and Mitzi Green in "Dude Ranch"

Kay Strozzi and John Halliday in "Captain Applejack"

"A Connecticut Yankee"

EXCEPT for the title and the original idea, this picture bears little resemblance to Mark Twain's famous comic story of the Connecticut Yankee who went back into the past and paid a visit to the court of King Arthur. There is ample compensation, however, in the inimitable humor of Will Rogers, and I think the most enthusiastic reader of Mark Twain will not object to the changes that have been made in the story. Rogers, a real artist in monologue, naturally chooses and arranges his stories to meet the requirements of his unusual personality. Also the influence of such moderns as Marconi and Einstein has altered the story, bringing it strictly up to date.

The Connecticut Yankee, Hank Martin, is a radio expert who seeks to capture sound waves from past centuries. In the dreams of delirium he leaves Connecticut for Camelot where he consorts with King Arthur and the knights of the Round Table, becomes the court magician, worsts the King's enemies and plays Cupid in the romance of the princess and a page.

Those who saw and remember the silent picture version of this story made several years ago will recall with delight the fantastic farce of the scenes in Camelot. There is the same flavor in this new talking version of the story, with the added pleasure of Rogers' droll characterization. One very comic scene shows Hank making a great impression on the Court when he commands the sun to hide—for he knows an eclipse is due. And the comedy reaches its peak in a battle scene with "Baby Austins"—a whole regiment of them—leading the onslaught.

"A Connecticut Yankee" will provide hearty laughter for young and old.

"The Millionaire"

ANOTHER clean, pleasant picture is "The Millionaire," starring George Arliss. The dialogue is by Booth Tarkington and the story is by Earl Derr Biggers of "Seven Keys to Baldpate" fame.

Mr. Arliss plays the part of an elderly millionaire who is suffering from a nervous breakdown. His doctor orders complete rest, but idleness, accompanied by tonics and pills, is of no avail. Finally, a friend suggests a new interest, a new business, as a cure, and the millionaire follows his advice with excellent results. Incognito, he goes into business with a poor but hardworking young man, makes short work of the wicked schemes of an unscrupulous rival in business, and most satisfactorily rearranges his daughter's love affairs.

Mr. Arliss's acting is, as always, excellent, although one cannot but feel that his really great talent is wasted on such a simple story and role. While it is not a distinguished picture, "The Millionaire" provides very pleasant entertainment.

"Skippy"

RUNNING a very close second to "Tom Sawyer," "Skippy," based on the Percy Crosbie comic strips, offers excellent entertainment for children—and for grown-ups, also. It is charmingly played and directed and its comic qualities are well contrasted with moments of sincere pathos for the story of Skippy's dog is affecting enough to take its place with such classics as "Beautiful Joe" and "Black Beauty."

After an overdose of pictures dealing with gunplay and racketeering, films garish, coarse and sensational, "Skippy" is a healing herb and a delight. See it, by all means!

"Dude Ranch"

COMEDY, with a western setting and a bit of melodrama for good measure. Jack Oakie is the star and he offers plenty of diverting nonsense. Quite amusing.

"Captain Applejack"

IN ITS original form as a stage play, "Captain Applejack" was a delightful comedy made doubly entertaining with the element of mystery in its plot. The talking picture version, however, is only moderately interesting. The burlesque spirit of the pirate ship scenes is not realized either by the director or by John Halliday who gives a colorless interpretation of the amusing role so well played on the stage by the late Wallace Eddinger. The picture stresses mystery and melodrama and loses most of its comedy. Still, it is clean and pleasant.

[Continued on page 49]

There's an **ART**

in Flavouring



THOSE who know say that Keen's Mustard is the greatest known aid to flavouring—it blends the flavours of fresh fruits and vegetables—it intensifies the individual qualities of uncooked greens and roots—adds zest to these healthful foods and comfort to the digestion of all who eat them.

Use Keen's English Mustard for dressings that really make salads tasty, piquant and flavourful—that add the final touch of artistry to your meals.



KEEN'S MUSTARD

COLMAN-KEEN (CANADA) LIMITED

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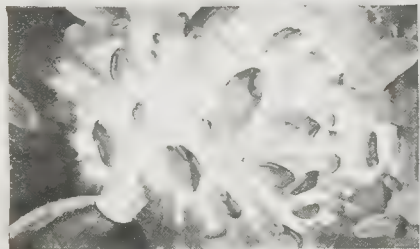
SEND for the new Recipe Booklet—page after page of new, delicious salads, dressings and savouries—ideas that will delight your whole family. Write Colman-Keen Canada Limited, 996 Amherst St., Montreal.



These Gay breakfasts made more Enticing than ever!

Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice now super crisp!

And because they're shot from guns Puffed Grains provide wonderfully rich nourishment... read why



Different Because Shot From Guns

Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice—different from any cereal you know. Rich, nourishing grains—sealed in huge guns—kept under fiery temperatures for hours—then—*shot from guns*. That's what explodes every tiny food cell—makes every particle so easily digestible—so quickly nourishing.



VARIETY! Flavor! Crunchiness! That's what Puffed Grains have always meant to you. But now—they're twice as good, twice as delicious. Twice as crisp!

It's all because of a special new package that seals in every atom of crispness. Keeps the grains just as crunchy as the moment they were shot from guns. You'd think, to taste them, that they'd just left the oven. And they stay that way till you're ready to eat them.

Richly nourishing, too
It's the puffing that makes these wheat and rice

grains so nourishing, makes them easily, quickly digestible down to the last crumb. The panel at the left tells you why. And it's puffing that makes this breakfast so very good to eat. Children love it. They eat it as a between-meal goody, right out of the box. You'll find grown-ups munching handfuls, too. Why not? It's irresistible.

Mothers have discovered that this is an easy way to get children to take more milk. They'll take plenty of it on Puffed Grains because they love this different-tasting cereal.

Buy the new box today. Serve the new super crisp Puffed Grains tomorrow! The Quaker Oats Company, Peterborough and Saskatoon.

Puffed Rice and Puffed Wheat are Made in Canada by The Quaker Oats Company, makers also of Quaker Corn Flakes, Crackels, Muffets and other Highest Quality Cereals.

Quaker Puffed Rice *and* Puffed Wheat



The Shriners' Hospital at Winnipeg.

The Shriners' Hospitals for Crippled Children

By Alfred E. McGinley

"I AM getting better. Soon I will be able to go out."

And a sombre-eyed boy, a mere child, dark of skin, his high cheekbones and straight black hair bespeaking his direct descent from that proud but misunderstood race that first ranged Canada, gazed levelly and fearlessly into my eyes.

The place was the school-room in the Winnipeg unit of the Shriners' Hospitals for Crippled Children, the time a few days before Christmas, the speaker a little Indian lad.

This Indian lad—Tony we shall call him, because that is not his name, was admitted to the Shriners' Hospital two years ago. He was then helpless and crippled. Skilful treatment, competent nursing, unrelenting attention and loving care so benefited him that here he was, counting the days until he could take his place again in a world of boys, could go forth living, healthy and sound, to testify to the wonderful work of this institution, which, free as the air, recognizes neither race, nor color, nor creed in the scope of its ministrations.

Tony had been a cripple for years when the Indian Agent in his district learned of his case, and made application for his admission to the Shriners' Hospital and started him on the way back to health and a sound body. His case may be taken as typical of many other cases, for in its period of usefulness the hospital has treated scores of them. Most have been cured; all have been materially improved.

What is the Shriners' Hospital for Crippled Children?

Who started it?

What does it do?

How is it maintained?

Whence come its patients?

What does it cost?

How does one go about it to participate in its benefits?

These questions I shall try to answer. But in the process I can write only the simple facts, can present nothing but the tangible results.

I can tell of straightened and strengthened limbs, of restored muscles, of helpless little ones assisted, benefited, cured. But I cannot attempt to visualize the intangibles, to picture the new hope, the happiness and contentment that have produced the smiles to chase the tears from brimming eyes, to lovingly wipe the quiver from tiny

lips. Nor can I tell of the prayers of patient mothers for blessings on the agency through which loved ones, crippled, were again made whole.

THE Shriners' Hospital for Crippled Children is just what its name implies; an institution where children, physically crippled but mentally sound and not more than 14 years of age, may receive for their infirmities treatment that is reasonably certain to produce benefit. Naturally, incurables are not admitted. Naturally, too, the ministration of this institution is only for the children of the poor. Well-to-do families have the wherewithal to secure for their crippled children the care and attention available in any one of hundreds of orthodox hospitals, can buy surgical treatment and careful nursing. The Shriners' Hospital for Crippled Children is for those unfortunate ones who, without it, would be doomed to live life out in physical imperfection and pain. It is in very truth a haven of loving succor for tiny human craft who, on life's stormy sea, can find no other harbor where they can put in for "repair." The only requisite is that a child on entrance shall have no contagious disease, or that its crippled state shall not be the result of a hereditary ailment where cure is unlikely. To determine the latter, a careful medical examination is made before the child is finally accepted for treatment. To insure the former, a retention room is provided where the little newcomer is kept under close observation for a period of days. This period varies as prudence dictates.

THIS great humanitarian work was first suggested by W. Freeland Kendrick, a noble of the Ancient Arabic Order of the Nobles of the Mystic Shrine, in Portland, Oregon, in 1921. He recommended that a hospital for the crippled children of the poor should be established and developed on a small annual contribution from each member of the Shrine. The recommendation was referred to a committee for investigation and report. The committee approved it, and at the next meeting of the Imperial Council (the supreme governing body of the Mystic Shrine), held in Des Moines, the following year, a resolution was adopted authorizing a trial of the plan. A contribution of \$2 per member was

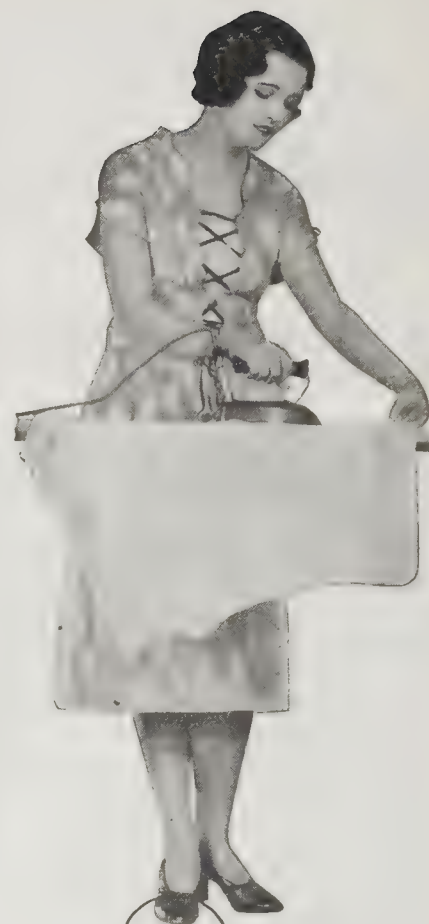
asked for and the money quickly poured into the coffers. Careful consideration was given to all phases of the proposal. The first hospital unit was opened. Hospitals were established later in several cities in the United States. Then the Canadian portion of the jurisdiction took it up. The Winnipeg unit, known as a mobile unit because it is not housed in its own building, but occupies wards in the Winnipeg Children's Hospital, in the north end of the city, was opened on March 16, 1925. At first but one ward in the hospital was used. Then a new wing was opened in 1927 and a school room provided. In a beautiful location, not hemmed in by other buildings, but in a garden that is almost a small park and with ample room for expansion, it is splendidly located in the way of facilities of fresh air and sunlight.

IN THIS hospital every child receives the benefit of individual care, for no two cases are precisely the same. When a child first enters it is examined as to its general health and after the period in the retention room is assigned to a ward and the treatment commences. The hospital has all the advantages of an individual institution. It has distinct quarters, with access by a special corridor the door to which bears on its frosted glass the crescent and scimitar of the Mystic Shrine and the legend: "Shriners' Hospitals for Crippled Children." The hospital layout was approved by surgeons before being decided upon, its equipment is standardized and of the most modern type, its plant complete in every particular. The best doctors and surgeons in Winnipeg are members of the hospital staff with Dr. A. A. Murray as chief surgeon and Miss Kathryn McLearn as superintendent.

When the seriousness of most of the cases admitted is considered, it might be thought that cure would be a long and tedious process. It is, in some cases, as witness Tony, for two years an inmate, and not yet altogether cured. But it was with surprise that I learned the average length of stay per patient has been but 72 days.

THE Winnipeg Unit of the Shriners' Hospitals for Crippled Children is maintained and administered solely by the members of the Mystic Shrine. A

[Continued on page 64]



TREAT THAT CORN SAFELY

Easy feet make easy work

It's a shame to let a miserable corn nag you while you work. It's a pity to let pain spoil your pleasure while you play. Work and play on easy feet. You can, always, thanks to Blue-jay.

With Blue-jay you risk no dangerous cutting or harsh "quick cure." Instead, you *treat* your corn the safe, gentle, painless way. Just a simple Blue-jay corn plaster, surrounding the tingling spot with its velvet-soft circle, cushioning the pressure, instantly quieting the pain, mildly medicating the corn for speedy removal. Relief... comfort!

Blue-jay is the safe, *sensible* treatment for corns. Millions have found it so, for thirty years and more. It is clean, comfortable, bath-proof, hygienic—product of a noted maker of surgical dressings... All druggists, 35c.

BLUE-JAY CORN PLASTERS

BAUER & BLACK LTD.

GENERAL OFFICES AND FACTORY, TORONTO

Do you know Protect-O-Pads, smart new members of the famous Blue-jay family of foot comforts? These trim oval shields, hollow-centered, velvet-soft yet tough, guard tender spots and *prevent* corns, calluses, blisters. Ask your druggist—or send 10c for samples to Bauer & Black, Ltd., Dept. 44—96 Spadina Ave., Toronto.

Jam on Both Sides

By William David Stovel

"AND so — crowds, music, laughter," read the subtitles in the old screen epics as there came into focus a gay scene in which the heroine, to forget her heartache and a wayward lover, danced on a table top, and waved a cocktail glass with utmost abandon.

Crowds, crowds, madding, three-too-many, lovers'-bane crowds or what have you. What is a crowd? The suite above yours at three in the morning with only two people in it, can sound like the Nevski Prospect at its revolutionary worst. When you've lost your last dollar on some nag that for no apparent reason has suddenly developed symptoms of cramps, sciatica and housemaid's knee, and you find yourself without train fare back to good old Blackberry Corners, being among 50,000 people at a strange track can seem like solitary confinement.

Your opinion as to what constitutes a real bang-up concentration of humanity, is, like a taste for olives or miniature golf, just another indication that all things in this merry old world are relative. Just where the line should be drawn in any discussion of crowds would be a question to puzzle dear old Watson, or whoever it was who solved the Cock Robin Murder Case. Considering crowds by and large, and in the forty-six-inch waistline class, is an altogether different proposition from those which fall in the necking party class or even the strawberry social category.

In the open, all-comers class the palm must surely be handed to India for real upstanding, knock-'em-down-and-drag-'em-out crowds. In April, 1930, according to the press dispatches, at least 500,000 people gathered at the seashore in Bombay to witness the casting into the water of an effigy of the Salt Act, which so long in the news columns was taken to symbolize India's efforts towards independence. Half a million people all in one place is quite a gathering, when one considers it, but not by any means unusual for India, for on one Hindu festival day, not long ago, it was estimated that 4,500,000 bathed in the Ganges river at Allahabad. Considering the fact that this was not just an ordinary Saturday night affair, but was probably for the full 15 hours of daylight, it meant an average of about 300,000 persons per hour. Imagine having to hand out rain checks to this struggling mass in the event of them being caught in a monsoon!

We in Canada are likely to forget the Orient and to think only of Europe and the Old Country in connection with massed gatherings until awakened by news of some great stirrings of sentiment or some holocaust which may obliterate its millions. And yet Great Britain would hardly fit into the class of great open spaces in which one may commune with nature undisturbed by the neighbor's radio or the cats on the garden fence. At the last Schneider Cup races, for instance, it was estimated that the crowd, spread over a course of 60 miles, was at least

2,000,000. Think of it! The populations of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, lined up, multi-deep on each side of a highway between Toronto and Brantford! Imagine motoring between the rows at a goodly speed for two solid hours!

With all this discussion, however, comes a certain dissatisfaction to the statistician. He craves definiteness. With irksome insistence he wants to know what is your definition of a crowd. So, we suppose, the only way to satisfy him will be to seat each one in the crowd solidly on a seat or bench, give him a spectacle to howl or laugh at, and charge admission. Money has a nasty way of intruding into all our affairs. Perhaps you've noticed it.

Scottish Football Association Cup. For an event which was not international in character this was not so bad, and three days later the same teams drew 102,479.

At an international match a fortnight previous to this, 93,000 fans, or whatever they call sport maniacs over there, gathered at Wembley Stadium to see England win its first championship since 1913, the Scots invaders being the ones with the foot of John Bull on their necks. The attendance in itself was not so much worthy of note, as was the fact that fully 25,000 people journeyed down from Scotland to see the encounter.

These figures are by no means outstanding, but simply show what the Old Country sport follower can do when he sets his mind to it. Crowds of 120,000 people are by no means unusual over there at soccer matches. Perhaps one of the most largely attended contests was the international game between England and Wales, when 150,000 people "went into a huddle" at Swansea.

Probably the best attendance figure Canada can muster is that of the Canadian National Exhibition, at Toronto. Vancouver, for her ten-day Canadian Pacific Exposition, had a hard time scraping together a total gate of 290,000, and the Calgary Exhibition and Stampede, which lasts six days, has for some years past been trying to reach the same figure. And, if you inconsiderately bar the miniature golf courses, that's about all we have.

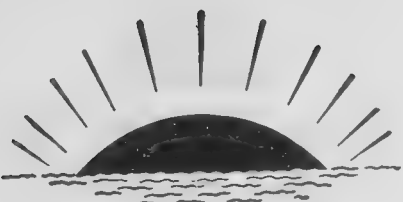
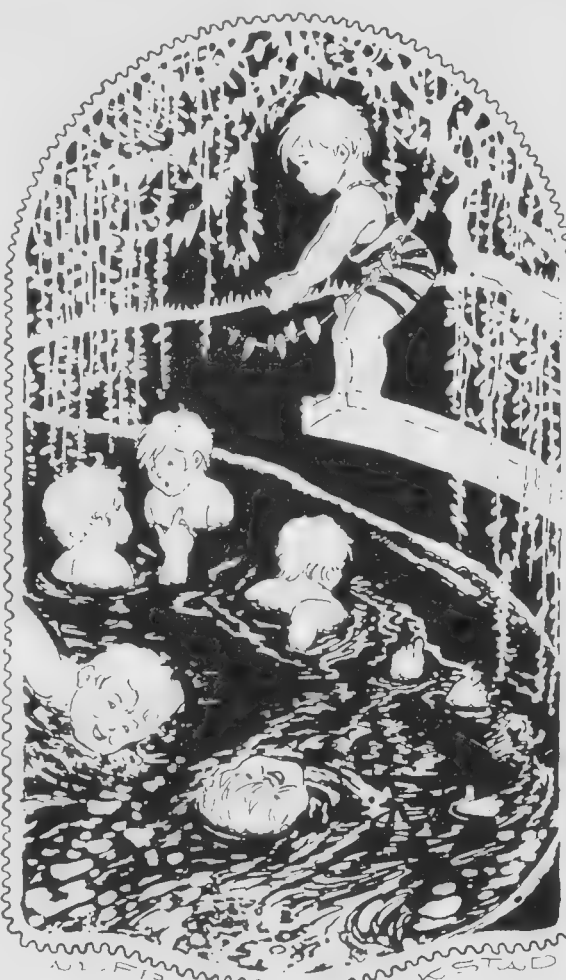
There seems to be something worthy of optimism, however, in the widespread interest in aviation. The comparatively large crowds which have gathered to see the arrival of the R-100, the Edsel Ford Air Reliability Tours and the specially-advertised hops of various commercial companies, while not comparable with the Schneider cup events, are nevertheless indicative of the extent to which Canadians can be massed when aroused.

But there, we have once more got away from the rigid rule of having our crowds seated. Millions of pardons, Mr. Statistician! And so, back to our bull fights and American football—(pardons again, but this time for the unfortunate association of ideas).

Racing should not be omitted as a crowd gatherer. Saratoga Springs and the Kentucky Derby are not the only ones in this constellation. The Grand National Steeplechase in Aintree, England, this year, drew an attendance estimated at 500,000. Buenos Aires has another fine track which daily for a considerable season draws comparatively large crowds. In the South Pacific the mecca of the bookie is a magnificent course at Melbourne, where the attendance often reaches 150,000, and to which people come 3,000 miles to see the races on Melbourne Cup Day.

AND now for the southern side of the Canada-U.S. boundary. The American national game, during the

[Continued on page 66]



Dainty, Fresh COLOUR Makes Lingerie Like New Again

Underthings, scanties, slips, dainty intimate things that have lost brightness and colour are quickly restored to delightfully fresh and dainty colours by the use of DYTINT.

Dytint is amazingly easy to use and is so made that it tints in uniformly even tone and keeps its clear, fresh beauty through several washings.

DYTINT

The same expert chemist who perfected the world famous fast Sunset Soap Dyes created Dytint. And it really does impart a new look to faded and washed out garments. Dytint is



guaranteed by the makers of Sunset to be the equal or superior of any tint on the market. It costs less to make a tint so we give you the benefit. The big box sells for only 10c. Dytint in the yellow box tints cotton, linen, silk and most artificial silks. Dytint in the green box tints silk and leaves cotton lace white.

For garments of either light or heavy material which require fast dyeing, depend on Sunset Soap Dyes. Sunset is the all-purpose fast soap dye for all fabrics. Dyes silk, wool, cotton, linen, and mixed goods the same depth and shade of colour in the same dye bath. Seams and button holes all dyed alike. All 22 colours come in compact, tin foil wrapped cakes, 15c each. No soiled hands or spoiled utensils. Remember—use Sunset for fast dyeing, Dytint for tinting. For removing colour before redyeing, use Dytint Colour Remover, 10c.

If your dealer does not carry a full line of these products, do not accept a substitute because he says that "it is just as good." Write to us for full information and list of colours. And ask for your copy of "Colour News," the little folder which tells you how to obtain special shades by combining standard Sunset colours.

Made in Canada

NORTH AMERICAN DYE CORP. LTD.
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NO GRAY HAIR

The modern woman doesn't permit unsightly, age-telling gray hair. Brownatone imparts youthful brilliance, luster and beauty. Also splendid for toning down unnatural bleached or henna shades. It is quick, sure, safe, harmless. Approved by millions. Any shade from blonde to black. All dealers, 50c. Or send 10c for a test bottle.



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BROWNATONE
TINTS GRAY HAIR ANY SHADE

WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISERS, PLEASE
MENTION THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

Paris . . . knows the way to keep that schoolgirl complexion

Massé tells how Parisian beauties have adopted this olive and palm oil method of cleansing . . . the treatment advised by 23,723 beauty specialists the world over.



Aid your beauty expert by using Palmolive. "I advise all my clients," says Massé, "Never use any soap except Palmolive. And those who follow that advice show the greatest improvement as a result of our own treatments."

E. Massé
16 RUE DAUNOU, PARIS



The exquisite "schoolgirl complexion" of the smart Parisienne is due, in great measure, to daily home treatments with Palmolive.

EMILE MASSÉ, of Paris beauty artist of renown, whose clients number aristocrats from all over Europe.



PEZZA, of Naples says that soap and water cleanliness is essential to beauty.



J. NELSON DAY, of Toronto who recommends 'foundation cleansing' with Palmolive Soap.

JACOBSON, of London warns against soaps not made of olive and palm oils—and therefore approves most heartily of Palmolive.



MASSÉ . . . the famous Massé . . . and all his well-known Parisian colleagues, too, for that matter . . . has helped Paris find the way "to keep that schoolgirl complexion."

Paris, where lovely ladies seem even lovelier because the whole atmosphere is charged with beauty! Paris, where experts like Massé actually receive visits from reigning queens.

Here, of all places, beauty experts are in demand. Experts like Massé, who is invited often to attend royalty; who once journeyed all the way to Cairo to give a beauty treatment to a well-known American lady; who has won prize after prize for his artful beauty treatments.

What Massé advises is an ever-so-easy home treatment. You may know it. All Paris does. Paris says it's the way "to keep that schoolgirl complexion."

First, make a lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water (not hot, that may redden the skin). Second, with your finger tips massage this into face and throat. Third, rinse off the soap with warm water . . . gradually colder and colder. The popularity of this daily home beauty treatment has made Palmolive one of the two largest selling toilet soaps in France.

You know, there are—all told—23,723 experts who advise Palmolive. They prefer Palmolive because of its unique vegetable oil content. So will you. Use it for the bath, as well. It costs but 10 cents a cake.



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Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

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SWEET and flavor and chewiness.
Calmer nerves—better digestion—fresher mouth—whiter teeth.
The best chewing gum that conscientious men and machines in daylight factories can produce.

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Bathe freely with
CUTICURA SOAP
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RELIEF AND HEALING FOLLOW
Soap 25c. Ointment 25c. and 50c. Sample free.
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Mr. Brinkley to the Rescue

Continued from page 9

"I've figured that out," he answered, gravely. "We can spend freely now, while I'm strong enough to earn more."

"But with most of your life given to the search," she insisted, "how can you find time to earn more?"

He met her eyes again; then, dropping his own, caught the adorable effect of her upper lip over her teeth as she smiled. As if drawn by a force beyond his control, he leaned toward her.

"I'll have plenty of time," he said, quietly. "You see, the thing most men spend their lives looking for, I think I've found already."

She raised her eyebrows. "Fame?" she asked.

He shook his head. "No, nor money," he told her.

Miss Hartley mentally retreated. Whatever it was, it was not her affair. She sat up suddenly as one who has been dreaming and is rudely awakened.

"How far is it to the station?" she asked.

Under the rebuke he bit his lip. She should not have to pull him up again, he resolved. The unusually intimate note with which their talk had started at the first instant must be his excuse.

"Only a few blocks," he said. Then, in the same breath, he produced his credentials and his plans. "My name is Brinkley," he said. "Edward Brinkley. I'm an American, from New York, studying architecture in Paris. I've been in Touraine for a month, making notes and sketches." This introduction over, he passed on resolutely to the task before him.

"Would you remember your cabman, if you saw him again?" he asked. "The one you picked up at the station?"

She nodded. "I think so," she said doubtfully.

"If you can it may be very simple," he told her. "Perhaps we'll find him at the station, if that's his stand; and if we do, the chances are that he'll remember the address."

His companion leaned back in the cab in restored peace of mind. Of course the cabman would remember it. That was beautifully simple. She would have thought of it herself, given a little more time. Meantime, from the corner of her eye she studied her companion, and he, as if conscious that such observation might still further reassure her, sat quietly by her side, looking straight before him. It was not going to be easy to find that pension, he reflected, if her cabman could not be discovered. To ask police help was unthinkable. The thing would be all over town the next day, and the girl would be the talk of Tours. It might be necessary to get a list of pensions and visit them all. It would take some time—half the night at least. She wouldn't like that! Unconscious of his forebodings, his charge continued to study him, mentally tabulating her impressions.

He was tall, she observed—possibly almost six feet tall—erect and athletic. His grey-green jacket and knickerbockers were of heavy tweed, and his dark green stockings matched his tie. He looked extremely comfortable, but had evidently dressed with an eye to detail. The soft tweed cap he had replaced on his brown, curly hair was gray-green, like his clothes. His face was smooth, his eyes gray, his young jaw was firm, his smile quick and boyish. Altogether, he was distinctly reassuring. She was sorry she had snubbed him, but he had brought it upon himself. However, he was evidently forgiving. He flashed his

brilliant smile upon her now, as if he had understood her close scrutiny.

"Will I do?" he asked, teasingly.

"Or would you prefer a *gendarme*?" She shuddered. "You'll do," she said emphatically.

"Keep an eye out," he advised her, restraining the response on the end of his tongue. "If your man isn't at the station, he's driving somewhere in these streets, and you may catch a glimpse of him at any minute. Was there anything noticeable about him? Anything distinctive, I mean?"

She thought there wasn't, but she described him as well as she could. The description fitted perfectly the man who was driving them at the moment, as well as a dozen other cabmen they passed. She was equally vague in her memories of the house. It was white, and behind a wall. As she brought out these banalities she was conscious of a tingling sense of humiliation. What an idiot she must seem to him! Even to her it seemed incredible that she or any other girl could have been at once so absent-minded and so blind. But he appeared to think it all the most natural episode in the world, and, comforted, she began to accept his view. Certainly, it seemed oddly natural to be riding about with him now.

AT the station they both looked around eagerly. There were several cabmen lounging on the boxes of their *fiacres*; none of them stirred the chords of memory. Nevertheless, Miss Hartley's escort alighted and made numerous inquiries. The minds of the cabmen, stimulated by the swift passage of coin from hand to hand, grappled eagerly with the problem presented to them. But after a great deal of talk nothing had been discovered beyond the fact that none of these was the right man, and that none knew who the right man was. Their combined mental effort finally evolved the theory that the lady's cabman might be Marcel Frechette, a newcomer among them, who had gone home sick an hour ago. He had mentioned having had a good day, and had boasted that he could afford rest when he required it. He lived, they said, in the suburbs of Tours, five miles from the station, and they gave minute directions for reaching the spot.

"We'll go and look him up," said Mr. Brinkley, blithely. "Meantime we can watch the streets and the other cabmen, and see if you recognize yours. Go slowly through the town," he added to the driver.

Hope again whispered her welcome message in Maud's ear. Frechette must be the man. The generous payment he had exacted for handling eight pieces of luggage, combined with the usual fares and her handsome tip, had made him feel like a capitalist, and he had gone home to the delights

of well-earned repose. Brinkley, to whom she confided this theory, was as confident as she. It was hard to be pessimistic, or even practical, when her mere presence beside him was making his heart sing in his breast. She was here. He had found her, and almost at the first glance he had known her for his own. What did anything else matter? He remembered how often he had scoffed at the notion of love at first sight. Well, he knew better now. For twenty-five years he had been wholly indifferent to girls; now, in an instant, his whole life seemed hanging on this girl whose very name he did not know.

He wondered what she was thinking of. Was she worrying, or was she trusting him? Was there any echo of his feeling in her heart, or was she wholly indifferent? He stole a glance at her. She was sitting with absent yet happy eyes fixed on the far horizon line, relaxed, content. He knew how quickly an unwise word of his would change that attitude of perfect trustfulness—for she did trust him, he realized that now. And, though she was not yet conscious of it, there must be some response in her to the depths she had stirred in him. Silently he studied the lines of her face, the arch of her black eyebrows, the soft curve of her lips. He knew how cold a look those brown eyes could hold; he had seen it only half an hour before. He wished never to see it again. Was it possible that he had known her only half an hour? He felt as if he had known her for centuries. It was hard not to be able to tell her so. But he must be careful—very careful. Only—how could a fellow be careful when the *only one* had come at last, and when he was wholly alone with her in a world of almond blossoms, and when she smiled like that?

She had, he decided, the most charming smile he had ever seen. It came often—whenever he spoke to her. To keep it in play, he chatted of his work, his life in Paris. He told her about his family. Also he drew her out about herself. She talked of America, and of her travels. They discovered that they liked the same countries, the same pictures. At the end of an hour they both felt an extraordinary sense of long acquaintanceship, even of intimacy. The pleased cabman, grasping his opportunity, also, drove them on and on, reaching his destination by long detours, each detour representing at least fifty centimes added to his account. Occasionally, as in duty bound, Brinkley directed Miss Hartley's attention to some object of interest while they were passing.

"That is the church of St. Martin," he remarked, when that venerable shrine of pilgrims loomed before them. She cast a half-hearted glance at the sacred spot. There were moments, she had just decided, when his eyes looked almost brown, instead of either blue or gray. She liked his nose, too, and his way of throwing back his head when he laughed, and his little trick of compressing his lips occasionally, as if he had started to say something and had suddenly checked himself. She did not know what eager words were trying to make their way past that firm barrier.

THE cabman's expedition had frankly resolved itself into a drive about Tours, and Brinkley, suddenly realizing this, quieted his conscience by reflecting that his charge might recognize her street or her own cabman at any moment. He added to

(Continued on page 34)



The "Standard" Pembroke "Neo Classic" Bath Makes the Loveliest Bathroom *More* Beautiful



UNINTERESTING PLAINNESS IS SIMPLY RELIEVED

THE most beautiful and the most harmoniously modern of "Standard" built-in Bath creations is the Pembroke "Neo Classic" design.

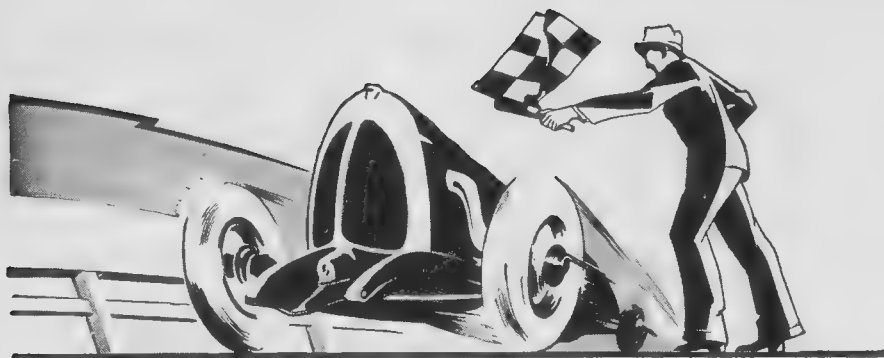
By the use of relieving lines on front and sides the erstwhile plainness has been subtly supplanted by a charming grace that adds strikingly to the architectural beauty of the entire Bathroom. Your Plumber can *show* you Pembroke "Neo Classic" Baths.

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CHAMPIONS BY RIGHT OF PERFORMANCE



For the past two decades, only the best of automotive engineering has survived. During this period, the preference for Champion Spark Plugs has constantly grown. They have been the choice, as original equipment, on the majority of motor cars of the world. They have likewise enjoyed the preference of the majority of individual motor car owners . . . Today, the new and improved Champions carry on, and are the ready means of making every engine a better performing engine. Install a set in your car now. Let their better performance and dependability demonstrate more clearly than words the reason why Champions excel and outsell throughout the world. Champion Spark Plug Company of Canada, Limited, Windsor, Ontario.

NEW AND IMPROVED

CHAMPION

Spark plugs



Change spark plugs every 10,000 miles for better engine performance

A CANADIAN-MADE PRODUCT

Mr. Brinkley to the Rescue

Continued from page 32

his companion's knowledge by discoursing learnedly on the Maison de Tristan l'Hermite, pointing out its picturesque facade, and by showing her the remnants of Plessis-les-Tours, at which she hardly looked, and the cathedral, and the birthplace of Balzac, all of which left her cold. Historic ruins, she felt, paled before the charm of the new world in which she was driving with this stranger who fitted so wonderfully into it. It was a very beautiful world, a world wholly without care or convention. It seemed to be a world without memories, too, or she might have recalled some reason why she should not be wandering through it in this detached and happy way.

Neither of the two realized how late it had grown; but darkness was falling when they reached the rural home of Marcel Frechette and summoned that unattractive person to its forbidding exterior. He had been asleep and apparently intoxicated, but his manners were better than his appearance.

Alas, no. He had not had the pleasure of driving Mademoiselle from the station. Indeed, he had never had the extreme felicity of seeing Mademoiselle before. He could not have forgotten her if he had. If he might be permitted to say so, the face of Mademoiselle was one that must be engraved forever on the memory of one fortunate enough to behold it—

Brinkley checked his flow of Gallic eloquence, gave him a franc, and ordered his driver to depart. As he lashed his weary horse into a jog, both his passengers were startled by a sudden realization of the swift coming of the night and the nearness of an approaching storm. The fields around them lay dim and silent; lights winked meaningfully at them from the windows of scattered cottages, the wind began to sweep the dust in a small whirlwind before it, and the sky, which had seemed so near and friendly an hour ago, was obscured by ominous clouds. Even as they stared up as it the first heavy drops of rain began to fall.

"By Jove!" said Brinkley, with deep contrition, "I'm making an awful mess of this. I ought to have had you home long ago. Did you realize it was so late?"

"No," she said, gently, "I didn't." He stopped the cab and asked the driver a question or two, and that personage responded with a flow of rapid and urgent French, of which she caught only occasional words. Brinkley turned to her with a worried look.

"The *cocher* says," he explained, "that he thinks it's only a passing storm, over, probably, in an hour. There's a good inn half a mile farther on. He suggests that we go there and wait till the worst is past. Incidentally, we can get something to eat."

With a sigh Maud Hartley awoke from her dream. They had made a mess of things—there seemed no doubt about that. They should never have come out into the country on this wild-goose chase. But they were here, and so was the storm, and two hungry men and a starved and weary horse were dependent upon her common sense. Very well, she decided. They should rest and eat—for an hour. If at the end of that time the storm was not over, they would start for Tours if the old horse had to swim. Once in Tours—but now her imagination refused to pass the point of their arrival in Tours. She communicated her decision to Brinkley,

and he, seeing her pallor, gave his orders to the *cocher* between set teeth, and swore to himself that in some way, *any* way, he would have her with her mother before ten o'clock.

It was raining hard when they reached the inn, and the wind was shrieking around the corners of the old stone building. But the dining-room to which the landlord led them had a fire on the hearth, and the glow of candles on table and mantel was reflected in the polished wood of the paneled walls. The meal he brought them was of the perfect kind found in France alone, but neither did it justice. They ate absently and almost in silence, listening to the gusts of wind that seemed to shake the building, and to the rain that dashed itself against the windows. Both had the odd sense that sometimes comes in life, of having been in the same situation before, and together. There was no self-consciousness in their long silences. They had reached the point where words were not necessary.

When they went out into the dripping court of the inn the storm was at its worst. But their cabman was awaiting them, enveloped in a huge waterproof cape, and the old horse, cheered by his rest and meal, and protected by a blanket, seemed ready for the road. The driver helped them into the rickety cab, and fastened its curtains securely around them. Sitting close together, on the back seat, they were protected from the storm, enveloped in the darkness, and drawn together by an extraordinary sense of interdependence and intimacy. Yet, secure in this safe retreat, started toward Tours, and with arrival there in an hour fairly certain, Maud suddenly buried her face in her hands and burst into tears. A full realization of her situation had rolled over her, as clearly as it had done in the first moments on the street of Tours. And now, as then, she found herself in the clutches of an incipient panic.

When they reached Tours, where should she go? She was as far from knowing as she had been five hours ago—and during those impossible, incredible five hours she had been blithely, happily, driving around the countryside with a strange young man. What must he think of her? What could she think of herself? What must her mother be thinking now?—her distracted mother, whom she had almost forgotten. A childish gulp broke from her, and at the sound the wretched young man beside her grew desperate. Seizing his handkerchief, he drew her hands from her face and wiped her eyes. Then, resolutely, he held the hands that tried to draw away, and bent toward her, his eyes shining into hers in the dark. Frightened, she shrank from him.

"Don't!" she cried.

He held her hands tightly in his. "Why not?" he asked, gently.

She wrenched her hands away and faced him with sudden decision.

"I don't know what I've been thinking of," she cried. "It's night, and I'm lost, and I'd forgotten all about it, and I'm miles from home—wherever home is. Oh, how could I have acted this way! And you didn't care. It was all a lark to you!"

"You know better than that," he said, quietly. "You know perfectly well that the reason we both forgot your little predicament was because we were facing something bigger—the biggest thing in life. You know that, don't you?" [Continued on page 35]

Mr. Brinkley to the Rescue

Continued from page 34

She shook her head.

"You do," he insisted. "Do you think anything else would have made you forget? Do you think I don't understand that? I loved you the minute I saw you, and something in you answered. I knew it when we got into the cab and drove away. Home is any place where we two are together. That's why you weren't afraid. You know it. Say you know it! Say you love me!"

The old horse stumbled, and was jerked up by the impatient cabman, with winged words of protest. The storm was growing wilder, but neither of them noticed it.

"Say it," he whispered.

She drew her hands away, but very gently.

"Wait," she murmured.

"But there's so much I want to tell you," he urged. "We've got our whole future to plan!"

She smiled in the darkness. "Wait," she said again. Her voice held both a promise and a command. He exulted in the one and obeyed the other.

For a long time they sat in silence, while the horse made its weary way toward Tours. Impassive against the stormy sky, the huge back of the cabman rose above them. He did not know where they wanted to go next, and he thought it did not matter. The rain beat upon him, but he did not feel it. His reins slack on the back of his aged animal, his chin on his breast, he almost dozed. Behind him, Brinkley looked at the white oval of her face in the darkness, and told himself that he and she had been together, just like that, for a thousand years, and would be together, just like that, for a thousand years to come. He could not picture life without her. With an exultant thrill he told himself he need not try.

"We're very near town," he said, suddenly. "Can you remember anything else about the house—anything you haven't told me?"

"There was a garden," she murmured dreamily, "with a straight path from the gate to the house, fringed with almond trees. There was a little fountain at the left, but it wasn't working; the basin was held up by cherubs. I think the iron lamp over the wooden gate was held by cherubs, too. And—"

The old *fiacre* creaked under his sudden start. He gave the driver a quick order. "Why didn't you remember that before?" he asked, smiling at her.

"I don't know," she said. "I suppose it was because at first I was so

nervous and frightened. I couldn't think of anything except that I didn't know the address or the woman's name."

"And then," he explained, "when you stopped being afraid it began to come back. Your memory developed the photograph it had unconsciously taken. Doesn't it sound impressive?"

The cab stopped before a large, white house set in a walled garden. Brinkley paid the driver and followed her through a wooden gate, under an iron lamp supported by cherubs.

"This must be it!" she cried. "And here's a number on the gate-post—thirty-seven. I remember now," she said, proudly, "that there was a number—thirty-seven, I think."

"Of course it's thirty-seven," agreed Brinkley, placidly, and accompanied her into the house.

"But how did you know?" she demanded. "And how did you happen to recognize the fountain when I described it?"

"By the luckiest of chances," he laughed. "You see, I happen to be boarding here myself!"

"Hello, Mr. Brinkley!" shrieked a shrill-voiced American boy from an upper window. "You're dreadfully late for dinner. And everybody's worried about Miss Hartley!"

Brinkley waved his hand to him and pursued Maud along the hall to the foot of the wide stairs.

"Mayn't I come up for a moment and meet your mother?" he begged. "I don't want to wait till morning."

Mrs. Hartley, wide-eyed and excited, heard her daughter's voice and opened an upper door as he spoke. Her torrent of questions was checked by the wanderer, who accounted for her adventure in one pregnant sentence, and introduced Mr. Brinkley, of New York.

"But what I can't understand," said Mrs. Hartley, after she had shaken hands and thanked him, "is why it should have taken you so long to find the place."

"There's a reason," admitted Mr. Brinkley, gaily. "Our minds weren't on it!" Then, as she stared at him uncomprehendingly, his manner changed. "We were a little slow in that," he explained, gently, "but we made record time in another matter. It took us five hours to get here—but it didn't take us half as long to find each other!" And to Maud he added, urgently, "Now that you're safely home, admit it!"

She admitted it.

A Prairie Dust Storm

By Patrick Kirk

"Ashes to ashes! Dust to dust!"
The end of all power, and love, and lust.
I wonder oft, as the wind goes by,
Whose dust is mixed with that wailing cry.

And when from the West, where the Rockies stand
Like the bleaching bones of a buried land,
A dust storm comes with its pall of gloom,
I wonder what host has left its tomb.

Have the red men taken their old war-path
To vent on us some age-long wrath?

What cosmic urge, or wild unrest
Has driven the dead from their home in the West?

Do the Titans battle again with time?
Is this the end of some Force sublime?
Hear ye the Valkyr's battle cry
As the pulsing wings of the storm rush by?

From oblivion's immensity
Whose dust is fighting to be free,
As the ineffectual ghost of man
Has fought for freedom since time began?

Sentinel

By Mary R. Funk

They say my life is but a shadowland—
I miss the lesser joys the days might bring.
How can I ever make them understand
The glorious pain of just remembering?

The human heart is frail. Your image might
By some small cheap excitement be undone;
Some feeble little flare of candle-light
Might cloud my memory of the living sun.

THIS TOOTHPASTE

KEEPS MORE
PEOPLE'S TEETH CLEAN THAN
ANY OTHER DENTIFRICE IN THE
WORLD—AND HAS FOR OVER

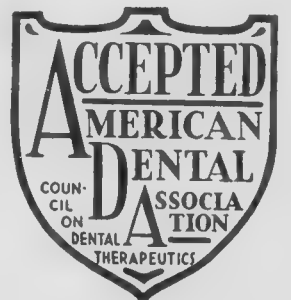
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and completely cleansed
more people's teeth than any
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ever known.

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And now—climaxing 30
years of leadership—Colgate's
has been accepted by the
American Dental Association, Council on Dental
Therapeutics. The seal signifies that the composition
of the product has been submitted to the Council
and that the claims have been found acceptable to
the Council.

Colgate's sells for 25 cents because more people
use it than any other make. The price is important—
but the quality, not the price, has held Colgate
leadership for 30 years.

COLGATE'S RIBBON DENTAL CREAM



CANADIAN PACIFIC TODAY

The Canadian Pacific Railway runs from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. Its liners sail from Vancouver and Victoria to Japan and China, and from Montreal, Quebec and Saint John to Great Britain and the Continent. It operates winter cruises to the Mediterranean, the West Indies and Round the World; summer cruises to Norway and a winter service to Bermuda. Its chateaux and hotels represent the latest word in comfort and luxury. Its telegraph service employs 225,000 miles of wire. Its express travellers' cheques are current all over the world. Canadian Pacific offices and agents are to be found everywhere.



CANADIAN PACIFIC

A Morale
is
Built up

THE third generation now joins the ranks of those who serve the road. Fifty years of character building becomes a guarantee of service. This the traveller feels and appreciates.

The struggle to build and maintain the road has welded together the men who make it. Canadian Pacific is not just a company but is a part of the life-blood of its members and of Canada. Trackwalker, engineer, trainman, are blood brothers to the President, and the humblest employee feels this.

"Serve our country and you will serve the road," one of its Presidents has said. Canada and the road are one.

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY

1881



1931

Shave this way free for 7 days

... see coupon



We make this offer to win new customers
to Palmolive Shaving Cream. Today,
it outsells all other kinds.

GENTLEMEN: We never have believed in exaggerated claims and promises in advertising. So, in introducing Palmolive Shaving Cream, we have an iron-bound policy. Our product must stand or fall by its own merit and not on high-powered selling claims.

We say: "Accept a supply of our shaving cream to try. You be the judge." If you are disappointed, then we lose. Because 86 out of every 100 who make this test remain our steady customers, we venture the belief you'll be quick to change from other ways to this.

We asked 1,000 men

We were asked many times to make a shaving cream before we did. Finally we had 1,000 men write down where other kinds had failed. Then, one by one, in 12 months' time, we overcame each fault—met each demand.



PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 8.30 to 9.30 p.m., Eastern Standard time; 7.30 to 8.30 p.m., Central Standard time; 6.30 to 7.30 p.m., Mountain Standard time; 5.30 to 6.30 p.m., Pacific Coast Standard time; over WEAF, CKGW and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

Through the olive oil principle we know so well, the finished formula possessed five unique advantages:

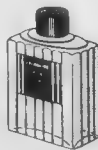
1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
4. Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for shaving.
5. Fine after-effects due to olive and palm oil content.

Please write

Palmolive is the world's largest selling shaving cream. It wins men by sheer merit. That's why you owe it to your face to send the coupon now. Do not delay.

NEW! Palmolive Shaving Lotion.

Here's a new way to leave the face tingling, fresh and clean. Try it! Also Palmolive After Shaving Talc.



7 SHAVES FREE

And a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc

Simply insert your name and address and mail to Palmolive, Dept. WHM-6 64 Natalie St., Toronto 8.

(Please print your name and address)

A Chapter from the Lives of Bees and Men

Continued from page 17

director or nurse. Does the farmer do this for his other part-time workers? By no means. Saying he could afford it if the city man paid more for agricultural products, he reasons thus:

"Wheat brings the farmer from one cent (present price) to three cents, gross, per pound. Lumping the total poundage from the average farm, it will not average five cents. But when the farmer buys at the town or city store, he pays from twenty cents to \$3 per pound. For a pair of \$5 shoes he gives the price of five to eight bushels or three hundred to four hundred and eighty pounds of wheat. For a \$1 work shirt he pays the price of six pounds of butter. For a stock of groceries he gives the value of a cow or a steer. The farmer's wife needs many things. She can make a very good mucilage out of wheat flour, but if she buys at the ten-cent store she pays a dime for an ounce and a half, or at the rate of ninety-six cents a pound, allowing one cent off for the bottle. Then sons and daughters have to be fed, clothed and sent to school. Show me the city man who is willing to turn the table and sell farm products for an average of five cents a pound. Show me a dude who gambles in wheat who would farm at \$1 a pound! The city fellow forgets that the farmer can use a car, enjoys the radio, and likes a little sugar on his buttered bread. When this subject is mentioned, he goes fishing. No, sir, the farmer will not get his reward this side of Heaven!"

WE have spoken about the King; what of the Queen? Well, the Queen bee is a marvel to behold. Twice as large as the worker bee, she lays the eggs which become fresh young bees; she reigns with becoming dignity and grace over the hive, and her rule is absolute. If her following is somewhat blind, it is no less devoted. Where the Queen resorts, the bees go in their best bibs and tuckers. A grand pageant it is when a halt is made from honey sipping, to swarm on a haystack or a low-hanging limb. In open rank formation the courtiers march round and round, converging upon the centre, where sits the proud Queen fanning herself with a rose-petal fan. Then such a commingling; it is worse than an inaugural ball!

Ah! there comes the alert beekeeper, who must keep open his lines of communication in trade. With puffing smoker he scatters the Queen's suitors, sends them hunting honey, rescues Her Majesty, takes her to the hive and brazenly clips one wing. Now she will be good and stay at home.

This wing-clipping trick is perfectly legitimate and of mutual benefit, although it reminds one of the enterprising Chicago woman who turned on electric lights at night in the henhouse to induce her hens to lay twice a day. Here is why it is done. The colony is stimulated by the presence of the Queen. Bees will work their heads off for her approval. When she is absent they throw down tools and conduct a search. Fortunately, however, work does not cease until their pouches are full of the golden sweet. Then they fly to the hive to pay their respects and unload. The Queen manages to conceal her clipped wing beneath her cloak, so everything passes off pleasantly. Under the impression the Queen is going to the

fields with them, the bees fly out. By the time they have filled their honey bags again they miss her, and fly back. Psycho-analyzers assert that this seeming absent-mindedness on the part of the bees can be traced to the fact that the active minds of the bees are burdened with the business of gathering and hauling freight, while their secondary or subconscious minds are taxed with the sentiments they entertain for the Queen. Business, as with modern humans, comes first.

More than that, the bee is highly temperamental, as well as a keen Rotarian when it comes to putting the honey across. Let an apiary expert explain from his vantage point at Winnipeg:

"Normally the bodily motions and vital processes of the bee are slow, quiet and contented. If for any reason the bee becomes excited, unduly active and fussy, however, its vitality is quickly used up. Have the colony strong in bees. There should be seven or eight frames of bees when clustered, otherwise there will be much eating, moving around and wastage of energy, resulting in early death. Let the bees have plenty of the right kind of food in the right place at the right time. Experts have shown that plenty means at least thirty-five pounds of food to last until dandelion bloom. Feeding syrup should be avoided if possible by removing all supers at the end of the white honey flow. This will force the bees to store in the brood chamber fall honey from asters, golden-rod and remnants of clover. If, on the other hand, the presence of honey dew or other unwholesome stores is suspected, it is wise to feed heavily with sugar syrup to bring the stores up to the required thirty-five pounds. In extreme cases it is advised that all the honey be removed before feeding the syrup, that is, if a large quantity of honey dew is present, for it is honey dew which kills bees.

"For many years the wintering of bees presented a real and difficult problem to beekeepers. The vitality of the bees was too often dissipated during hibernation, and by spring the bees were dead."

The Bee Man offers this left-handed compliment to the Queen who is no longer young:

"Have a young Queen. Old Queens are crabby and consumers of vitality, and they stop laying early in September. Re-queen late in July or early in August."

THE Industrial Development Board of Manitoba completed a recent survey of Provincial industries, in which it was revealed that Manitoba has over two thousand eight hundred apiaries, fifteen of which are on a carload commercial basis and paying their owners well. Honey from the others goes into home or local uses. One of the large department stores in the West sees an increased demand for pure comb and strained honey, and in a supplemental bulletin issued through its Farm News Service this information appears:

"The fact that honey is a satisfactory and wholesome foodstuff has long been known. Honey is the nectar of flowers, modified in the honey sac of the bee and concentrated by evaporation in the hive. Chemically, it consists of sugar and water, with

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A Chapter from the Lives of Bees and Men

Continued from page 38

small quantities of mineral matter, pollen and other substances.

"Only a very small part of the sugar in honey is cane or ordinary white sugar. The rest belongs to a class of sugars known as invert sugars. The invert sugars—dextrose and levulose—are present in honey in about equal proportions. Since honey consists principally of sugar, it belongs to the class of foods that produce heat and energy. Its heat-giving value has been estimated at one thousand four hundred and eighty-five calories (or heat units) to the pound. Honey also contains a small amount of vitamin B, the vitamin which helps build and repair body tissue.

"In commerce, honey is divided according to color into white honey and dark honey. A grade between the two, known as amber honey, is often recognized. These color distinctions are for convenience only. A better way to classify honey is by the plants from which it is gathered, each of which gives to the honey a distinct color and flavor. Most light-colored varieties of honey are mild flavored; the dark varieties are usually strong flavored. There is a greater demand for the mild-flavored honeys than for the dark, strong-flavored kinds.

"Most of the white honey produced and sold in Western Canada is gathered from sweet clover, alfalfa, white Dutch clover and alsike. Clover honey in its fresh liquid condition has a light straw tint, and it granulates in a few weeks to a creamy white. It has a delicate flavor and is regarded by judges as the standard of fine honey. Another kind of white honey that deserves mention is that gathered from the fireweed—a tall plant with large magenta flowers, common in burnt-over bush lands. Pure fireweed honey is nearly water-white and has a very delicate flavor.

"The color and flavor of most samples of honey are influenced by a variety of honey-secreting flowers such as golden-rods, asters, dandelion, fruit bloom, milkweed, mints, wild thyme, etc. Each of these plants contributes a distinct flavor, similar in most cases to the perfume of the flower.

"Honey is marketed in two forms—extracted honey and comb honey. Extracted honey is produced more cheaply than comb honey and is more easily shipped. It is obtained by throwing the honey out of the combs by centrifugal force in a honey extractor. Extracted honey is put up in

glasses usually containing about one pound, and in tins holding two and a half, five, ten, thirty and sixty pounds.

"The principal honeys of Canada granulate within a few weeks after extraction. The feeling that some people have that granulated honey is not perfectly good is unfounded. Granulated honey is not one bit inferior to the liquified article, and it has certain advantages. It is not liable to leak out of the container, it is easier to handle, and children are less likely to get it on their fingers and clothes. Granulated honey may be liquified by warming the vessel containing it in water not much hotter than the hand can bear.

"Comb honey, sold in square sections, is a fancy article which is particularly attractive to many people on account of its flavor and natural appearance.

"Honey is an excellent supplementary food for children and for adults. As a spread on bread, honey may be substituted for preserves, jelly or jam. It is a concentrated food, ready for use at all times, and there is no waste, for well-ripened honey keeps in good condition for any reasonable length of time, provided it is stored in a dry place.

"Honey enters into the composition of several remedies for sore throats and coughs. A strong, hot lemonade with a generous portion of honey added, taken on retiring at night, is a most effective means of breaking up the early stages of a cold."

A Bible admonition runs thus: "Go to the ant, thou sluggard. Consider her ways and be wise." The same lesson may be learned from the honey bee, as any small boy has discovered either by watching the worker work or sitting upon it in the grass on the lawn. When the bee settles its tail surfaces upon an object and pushes, its message carries conviction with it, even though it expires soon after parting with its stinger or chief munition of war. It has formed the subject of close study by men like Charles Darwin, John Burroughs and John Ruskin, and has been hymned through the ages as the symbol of duty well done. Taking it fore as well as aft, it is an unfailing friend of man. But it must be handled with diplomacy. Its character is admirably summed up by one who knows it in the sentence, "Eliminate what it dislikes and give it what it likes. It will then deliver the goods."

Turkeys Are Big Business

Continued from page 16

breast bones. This condition results from letting the young turkeys roost on narrow perches too early in life. I never let poults roost until they are at least 6 weeks old and then only on wide perches.

Summer shelter on our farm is provided by the hay loft of a basement barn. One side of this barn is built into a side hill, the doors in this side being at ground level. The floor is covered with straw for the birds to squat on. First roosts usually are arranged in this loft. Later, with more age, the birds roost in outside closed yard. Turkeys will not thrive when confined. They should run outside and roost outside summer and winter.

Feeding and management in winter offer few difficulties. Two open sheds are available shelter if the birds require it, but my experience is that turkeys prefer to feed and roost out-

side. The birds have large sheltered outside yards to run in. Some straw is scattered about the yards to protect feet from direct contact with snow. The winter mash ration is similar to the one used in summer and the same hard grains are fed. The grain feed is given on the bare ground and the mash in troughs.

Finally, if you are a beginner in the business, find out all you can about turkeys before risking your money. The Dominion Department of Agriculture, the Provincial Departments, and colleges of agriculture, have valuable bulletins for free distribution. I saved myself thousands of dollars by studying this literature and following the directions given by authorities. Starting without such back-ground, I might have made a go of the business, but feel sure I would have paid dearly for the experience.



"Say Bill, that's a wonderful new powder mother's 'scovered. I noticed the difference right away, didn't you? It's so cool and soft—no more chafing and soreness for us. I guess we WERE pretty awful at times, Bill. But what could you expect of babies as uncomfortable as we were. I imagine they won't have to complain any more the way I feel. We ought to be happy all the time."

BABY POWDERS ARE DIFFERENT—largely because of the difference in talcs. The costly Italian talc used in Johnson's Baby Powder is made up of soft, tiny flakes—but the cheaper, talc used for some baby powders contains sharp, needle-like particles! The trained observer readily sees this difference under a microscope, and you can feel it yourself by rubbing a little Johnson's Baby Powder between your thumb and finger and then trying another powder. You'll know, soon enough, if it's made with inferior talc!

For your baby's sake decide wisely! Use Johnson's Baby Powder. As Baby should have the best of soap, too, there is the specially made Johnson's Baby Soap—and Johnson's Baby Cream for extra comfort. Your dealer has all three.

Johnson's Baby Powder



SOAP

CREAM

FREE SAMPLES! In order that you may test Johnson's Baby Powder, Soap and Cream, without expense, we will be glad to send you a generous sample of each—free of charge. Write to Johnson & Johnson, Limited, Montreal.

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Peak O' Pines

Continued from page 15

sailed by and began to circle with the
foam-marked curves of the whirlpool.

Fascinated, Eviack watched it, but
its movement on the outer rim of the
swirling waters was so slow that he
climbed up to the top of the wall
again and sat there, oddly interested
in the fate of his coffee pot. As he
sat there, he glanced idly at his watch.
It showed a minute after seven. It
must have been exactly seven when
the pot fell. He wondered how long
it would circle before shooting over
the Falls. Its progress was laggard,
for the outmost swirls of the pool had
an upward, jumping motion more
marked than the onward draught.
The tin pot rocked like a buoy on
the ebb tide, while its circular motion
was deliberate and scarcely noticeable
from above. Seven minutes elapsed
before the pot completed the first
circuit of the pool. Then Eviack
began whimsically to time the next.
Suction set the second course some
yards nearer the jaws of the champing
Falls, and its speed was greater. It
swung past the deputy-sheriff's obser-
vation point in less than four minutes.
The time was practically cut in half.
Then began the giddy death race.
The tremendous force of the under-
swell came to the whirlpool's surface
some distance below the water's
center of rotation, and it rose, geyser-
like, to arch over into the dizzy chaos
of the Falls. In thirty seconds the
coffee pot whisked round its third
circuit near the middle of the pool,
gyrating madly upon the peak of the
waterspout with the horrible sugges-
tion of a helpless person, and disap-
peared with a lightning plunge.

Eviack drew breath with a sharp
exclamation. Some strange and pain-
ful trend of thought had personified
the tin atom in the whirlpool. Slowly
he turned back to his fire and began
the delayed preparation of his supper.

IT might have been the new form of
ennui which had overtaken him.
It might have been the novel springi-
ness of his bed or the steady, drowsy
booming of the Falls, but in an hour
the deputy-sheriff's propped elbow
lost its muscle tension and his head
slid down upon his arm in sleep.
Unheard and unnoticed, the pipe fell
to the rocks, and the mosquito
smudge burned out. Then that
anomaly of psychic impression by
which trivial incidents of the day
flash their repetitions through the
brain in distorted and intensely mag-
nified fancies pounced upon Eviack.
He dreamed that he and Necra Nevin
were caught in the swing of the
whirlpool. Their canoe turned sud-
denly to a coffee pot, and, their souls
wrenched in horror, they were spin-
ning upon the geyser spout at the
edge of the Falls.

The deputy-sheriff's waking reality
was as hideous as his dream. His
first belief was that the nightmare still
oppressed him, but a pang of fear
destroyed that belief. He came to
himself loosely bound and half lying
in his own canoe at the bottom of
the whirlpool's wall. The outer eddies
drew sluggishly at the craft, but
something restrained it. Eviack
twisted his body and looked up to
discover the something. The same
rope which bound him ran up the
rocks into the hands of Opio Duchabing.
In the yellow light of the risen
moon the breed's swarthy face peered
down.

“You're a fine deputy,” grinned
Opio. “A fine one indeed, to let a
man walk up and tap you on the head
while you're dreaming and rolling and
shouting ladies' names in your sleep.”

Eviack did not answer. The invol-
untary leap of fear within him was
spent. He curbed himself to stubborn
steadiness, for he knew Duchabing's
animal scorn was ready if he lost his
nerve. The breed expected him to
lose it and lose it quickly. That was
what the black, coal-lusted eyes
awaited.

“Aren't you going to beg for your
life?” Opio demanded.

“I wouldn't beg a spit from Opio
Duchabing,” Eviack sneered, his voice
coming up the steep of the wall with
odd distinctness. “If you're sending
me down, go ahead and send. Some
of the other boys will get you just
the same. Don't waste time trying to
throw a scare into me. The cur's
on the rocks, but the real dog's here.”

Opio chuckled fiendishly.

“Say,” he called, “I'd sooner be
the cur sitting on these rocks than the
real dog swimming the Falls.”

“Throw off the rope, you mongrel.”

Eviack felt the strain beginning to
tell on him. He wanted the thing over.

“Just wait till I'm good and ready,
Mister Deputy,” advised Duchabing.
“I want to give you directions for
shooting the eddies. I've hung round
this whirlpool quite a bit. Fact is,
I've taken a good many fishing parties
here. Just for fun I got the habit of
flinging sticks into the pool and timing
them round. See? I can tell you how
many times you'll go round. Just
three and the drop.”

The breed's cool speech was a
surprise. It did more than anything
else to shake Eviack's nerve. The
evidence of design and not random
chance in the time and place of
Duchabing's attack was enough to
shatter his control. He rubbed the
aching lump on the top of his head
against the thwart. The flood was
hammering there and in the veins of
his neck and temples as if the pressure
would burst something.

“Let that rope go,” he commanded
furiously.

“What do you take me for?”
growled Duchabing. “The rope has
a dunnage hitch onto the loops on
your wrists and ankles. Notice it's
doubled? I pull up mine. Your
bonds come loose. See? I don't do
any casting off. Not an inch of rope
left on you when you skim down. If
there was, the ones who find your
body would know you didn't tie your-
self to go canoeing. With you looking
natural and all your dunnage chucked
up along the river banks, they'll just
think you were too nearby, got too
near the pool before you saw the
portage.”

Opio chuckled again at his
ingenuity.

“Say,” he added, his eyes searching
Eviack's upturned face for any tremor
of fear, “I forgot to tell you how
long you'd be going over the Falls.
First round takes about seven min-
utes. Next round, half of that. And
the next—you go like blazes.”

The deputy-sheriff felt one ply of
the doubled rope being drawn up
through the loops which encircled his
limbs. The friction of the strands
communicated itself to his nerves till
they quivered and rasped and seemed
about to snap. The binding loops
pulled away. His arms and legs were
freed simultaneously. Before he could
snatch at the rope snaking up the
cliff-like wall, the released canoe
lurched forward on the eddies.

“Maybe a heavy canoe will go
faster than a stick,” shouted Opio.
“I don't know about that.”

Eviack gripped the gunwale as if
the power of his will would hold back
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Peak O' Pines

Continued from page 40

the craft from its course. Once away from the rocky walls of the pot, the boom of the Falls reverberated like cannon. The undercurrent caught the weighted canoe and whirled it swiftly round.

"Time'll be about half," Duchabing jeered through the thunder of waters.

Eviack was sitting with his thighs on the middle thwart, but instantly he changed his position, squatting on the canoe bottom for better balance. The canoe was shooting in a circle through the trampling, snarling inferno of the pool, now rearing up on its stern or dipping its nose under till the forward deck was buried. Up on top of the wall Opio lay face down, watching the issue with gloating eyes. The silver radiance of the full moon intensified the black horror of crag and pool, and the gauzy mists which floated above the boiling cauldron of the Falls shimmered in the mellow light like ghastly witch-garments. The huge, round disc of the rising moon was the one single object that Eviack did not loose as the canoe neared the completion of its first shuddering circuit. All things on shore shifted their places and changed their aspects, but the swollen moon remained the same till the canoe swung to the starting point of its next circuit. Then Eviack saw the moon change. A shadow blurred it, the movement of someone crossing the wall behind the breed. He stared with startled eyes, and the movement ceased. Fairly within the silver ring was the silhouette of a girl.

In the deputy-sheriff's veins hope ran riot. His hands clenched and worked upon the gunwales of the canoe. He twisted his head and leaned back to look, forgetting in the tenseness of the moment the monstrous eddies sucking him onward.

"First round over," shrieked Duchabing, intent only on his vengeance. "Gong's sounding for the second."

"Give me that rope."

The voice was behind, a girl's voice, and Opio sprang into the air like a cat. The girl had Eviack's Winchester in her hands, and its muzzle poked the breed in the face.

"Give me that rope."

The determined eyes sighting along the barrel meant business, and yet Opio Duchabing laughed in scorn.

"Ha! Ha!" he roared. "That's Mr. Deputy's gun. Won't shoot. I emptied it before I hit him with the stock."

Unbelieving, the girl frantically worked the lever. There was nothing in the magazine.

The breed laughed again, but his laugh changed to a snarl as he leaned forward and scanned the girl's features in the moonlight.

"Blazes," he yelled. "I know you. Summer guest at Peak o' Pines, eh? You're the cursed secret-service woman that sent down the word to Caldwell. By thunder, you'll go with Mr. Deputy."

Eviack, halfway round his shortening circle of life, listened, electrified. He saw Opio Duchabing spring at Necra. He saw Necra grasp the Winchester by the barrel and dash the butt into the breed's face. Duchabing toppled backward off the wall and plunged outward into space over the center of the whirlpool. There was no circling for Opio. He fell where the undertow burst to the surface, and he spun, even as the coffee pot had spun, upon the geyser spout of the torrent. Eviack could not take his eyes away from the awful spinning thing till without warning it dropped like lead over the Falls.

As it dropped, a rope whipped his

cheek. With feverish fingers he tied it to the thwarts.

"Ready?" came Necra's voice.

The deputy-sheriff waved his hand, and with the baffled eddies clutching tenaciously at it, the canoe was drawn slowly back against the cliff.

"Keep back from the edge," Eviack called. "Don't you take chances of slipping. I can climb it. Never mind the rope."

"Yes, you will mind the rope," Necra commanded. "Hold the canoe against the wall with one hand and put the rope round your waist with the other. I have it lapped on the tamarack root. You'll not pull it down even if you do slip."

There was logic in her command, and Eviack obeyed it. He made the rope fast to his body and climbed up cautiously. Necra was sitting upon the rocky wall, the turn of the rope about the tamarack, and her feet braced against the tree. She loosed her grip suddenly as Eviack raised himself over the wall. Then she lay back, shivering, as if from nervous reaction.

Eviack went straight to her and lifted her up.

"Necra, you're all shaken to pieces," he murmured. "Tight spot, wasn't it? Only for you I'd be where Opio is now. Oh! girl, I can't put it in words, but you know how I feel. I was a fool to go away and wander from you all this time. But where'd you come from? Out of the moon? That's where I saw you first."

"No, from Peak o' Pines," she answered with a queer little, hysterical laugh. "You know dad got two years for that bit of smuggling—"

"Yes, all on account of my pig-headedness," Eviack cut in in self-denunciation. "It didn't amount to much, that household stuff, and I might have winked at it, the same as lots of marshals do."

"No, you mightn't," contradicted Necra. "You did your duty. You had to do it. I was wild over it at the time, but I've learned something about duty since I joined the secret service. You understand, the two years came hard on dad, and I had to earn a living till he got out. This case worked out smoothly enough for me. The only thing that might be called a blunder was when we met at the door. Opio was after me that moment. He recognized me as a secret-service agent at the last, and swore he would kill me. If I hadn't got out of his sight, he would have shot me down."

"Caldwell never mentioned who was on the job. You staggered me for a minute because you took me so by surprise. Still—why did you follow me on Opio's trail, Necra?"

Necra gazed tremulously up into Eviack's eyes and threw out her hands in a gesture of confession.

"I knew he had sworn to kill you too, Drury. I couldn't stand still with you facing that danger. So I got two Indian paddlers from Peak o' Pines and trailed you this far. They were scouting all the way, and finally located a winter cabin Duchabing had once used on his trap lines. It showed signs of recent occupancy, so I came on to warn you as soon as we sighted your camp-smoke. Drury—don't you—you think it's your good fortune that I came?"

Eviack's arms went out and tightened about her.

"All the fortune in the north," he whispered. "But, Necra, you're leaving the secret service. There's no need to have two such agents in the one house."

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SQUIBB DENTAL CREAM

GUARDS THE DANGER LINE

The Moreland Complex

Continued from page 21

came the sound of a heavy explosion miles to the eastward.

"Do ye know what it is?" inquired the mountaineer.

"They've stolen our dynamite from the tobacco-barn, and blown up the office and supplies building and the commissary building; also they've blown up the big trestle near the siding," answered Wade.

"At's my guess, too," said Moreland.

Within the next half-hour Wade and Hayes, Major Bradley and the men-folk of the Morelands and the Littlefords had gathered around the wreck of the two big unfinished frame buildings that Babe had seen from the crest of David Moreland's Mountain. Wade blamed himself much for having left the explosives unguarded in the tobacco-barn—but nobody else blamed him for it.

"It's time to let the law in," he said, when he had viewed the jumbled and broken mass of planks and timbers by the light of lanterns. He turned to stalwart Luke Moreland. "You get on my horse and ride to Cartersville for the sheriff. Tell him he can get a magnificent posse right here, if he needs one. It's the proper thing, isn't it, Major?"

"Yes," said Major Bradley. "It's the proper thing. You've got a real grievance now. But I fancy Goff had nothing to do with this; he is shrewd enough to know that a thing like this might cook his goose. Goff has been playing a bluff game all along, you know. Some Balls or some Torreys, perhaps a mixture of both, have done this without Goff's knowing anything about it beforehand. I'd have Sheriff Tom Flowers arrest several of the Balls and several of the Torreys, and try to scare them into turning State's evidence to save themselves." He finished in a low tone, because of the possibility of eavesdroppers; and in this he was wise.

"We'll do that," Wade decided.

He faced Hayes, his right-hand man, and began to give orders like a veteran general manager. The men were to take their rifles with them to work in the morning; but they were to fire no shots unless it was in the defense of life or property. In the morning every available wagon in the valley was to be sent to the little sawmill that was in operation ten miles toward the lowland for more building material.

By Heck joined them then. He knew just what had happened. He plucked at Wade's sleeve and whispered:

"S'posen I takes a sneak or two towards them lowdown walnut-eyed, knock-kneed, dad-blamed Balls and Torreys and finds out what I can find out, hey, Bill?"

The answer came readily: "Sure, you be detective. But be careful that you don't lose anything for us, if you don't gain anything."

By Heck and his rifle disappeared in the darkness.

A LITTLE after work time that day, Wade started along the way of the narrow-gauge railroad for the siding. He wanted to see for himself just what the damage had been to the trestle, and he hoped to meet Goff, or a Ball, or a Torrey, and learn something to his advantage.

Before he had covered two miles, he had seen several of the enemy skulking through the woods. They were mostly Torreys from Jerusalem Cove and Hatton's Hell; he knew it by their very swarthy skin, their

high cheek-bones, and their coarse black hair—the outcroppings of the Cherokee Indian blood in them. They looked cunning and wicked. Wade loosened in its holster the big revolver that Major Bradley had given to him and persuaded him to carry for his own protection. John Moreland had taught him how to use firearms.

At a point near where the little stream that flowed past the Halfway Switch joined Doe River, where Doe River turned almost squarely to the left, Wade halted abruptly. He had seen a man dart behind a scrubby oak some thirty yards ahead of him; quite naturally, he concluded that the fellow meant to waylay him, and he too stepped behind a tree, a big hemlock. A silent minute went by. Then Wade put his hat out on one side of the tree, and peeped from the other side; it was an old trick that Grandpap Moreland had told him about.

A rifle cracked sharply and promptly, and a bullet hole appeared in the rim of his hat. Following it there came the coarse bass voice of Black Adam Ball, the mountaineer Goliath:

"You cain't fool me. I jest shot to put a hole in yore new hat, and to show ye 'at I hain't no bad shot. You cain't hit my hat!"

Wade's temper, the temper that had always been so hard to control, rose quickly. He tried to reason with himself and couldn't; his temper was master. He snatched his revolver from its holster, and cocked it. With as steady a hand as ever held a weapon trained, he began to take aim at Ball's black slouch hat, the half of which was in plain view at one side of the scrubby oak.

"I fooled you once, back there in the middle of the river," he cried, tensely, hotly, "and now I'm going to fool you again!"

There was in his voice that old, old primitive rage, which frightened him, and puzzled him too, in his better moments.

He let down the bead until it was barely visible in the notch, and eased off the trigger. The revolver roared and spat forth a tiny tongue of red smoke. Ball sprang erect, wheeled, and fell crashing to the leaves.

Wade dropped his weapon. He went as white as death, and his two hands clutched uncertainly at his throat. He was a murderer! No, he wasn't—his bullet had gone wild; it had struck Ball's head on the other side of the tree, by accident. But how could he prove that it had been an accident? Would any jury believe him? It was far from probable. He stepped from behind the hemlock, and went toward the writhing Goliath, whose legs only were visible now.

Then a third shot rang out on the morning stillness. It had been fired from a point some little distance away, and Wade's condition of mind at the moment was such that he didn't even note the direction from which the sound had come. He was unhurt, and he had not heard the whine of a bullet nor the pattering of shot on the leaves. When he did look about him, he saw no one; neither did he see any tell-tale smoke. Perhaps it had been a squirrel-hunter that had fired that third shot. He forgot about it very quickly for the time being, and went on toward Ball, who now was lying perfectly still. There was a bullet hole through and through the great, shaggy head. The face behind the short, curly black beard was of the colorless hue of soapstone. The giant hillman was dead. [Continued on page 43]

The Moreland Complex

Continued from page 42

Bill Wade knelt there beside Black Adam. Again he clutched at his throat with his two shaking hands, and this time he tore his blue flannel shirt. All the agony and all the remorse in the universe seemed to be gathering there in his heart. Never before had he seen death in such guise; its grim presence terrified him. That the deplorable thing had been an accident, due to his faulty marksmanship, mattered little; he had killed a man, and the blood-red brand of Cain was burning on his brow; he was lost, body and soul, eternally lost; he was a man in a hell of his own making. And kneeling there Bill Wade sobbed a great sob that shook his broad shoulders as a violent ague would have shaken them.

He tried to look at the blue-edged hole in the shaggy head, at the cruel, brutish face that was of the colorless hue of soapstone. Merciful tears blinded him, and he could not see. It was a compensation, a pitifully beautiful compensation.

Five minutes passed, five minutes that were as five years to this man who had never before been in the presence of violent death. Then he was surrounded by kinsmen of the dead mountaineer. He looked up into their ashen, angry faces, and they cursed him. Big and gripping brown hands were placed upon him; rifles were pointed at him. He rose, and spread out his arms, and offered his breast to the frowning muzzles. For they could give him, at least, oblivion.

"Shoot, if you want to," he said, bitterly. "It was an accident; but shoot, if you want to."

"No," commanded Adam Ball's father, a slender and angular old man with a straggling iron-gray beard, "no, don't shoot. Shootin's too quick, by gonnies. And 'en it hain't accordin' to law." (Queer how suddenly he respected the majesty of the law!) "We'd a durned sight ruther see him hung by the neck ontel dead in the jailyard at Cartersville. Ye'uns put down them thar guns. All o' ye'uns put down them thar guns."

He turned back to Wade and answered, "Ye say it was an accident?"

"Yes, it was an accident."

"Like the old devil!" roared Black Adam's father.

He stooped and picked up his son's black slouch hat and examined it. There were two bullet-holes close together in the rim—and one of them had been there for a long time.

"John Moreland he's been a l'arnin' ye how to shoot," muttered old Ball, "and he's shore l'arned ye purty damned well. It was yore third shot 'at got Adam."

"I fired only once," disagreed Wade.

"Your son fired first; I fired second; and somebody else, I don't know who, fired the other shot."

"Aw, shet up! Ye can tell it at the trial!" growled Ball. Then to his kinsmen:

"We'll hold him right here, boys, ontel the shuriff he's sent atter comes. And we'll not move Adam, which is accordin' to law. I reckon Shuriff Tom Flowers 'll find a different job from what he was expectin' to find; won't he boys? Say, I wisht one o' you fellers 'd gi' me a good big chaw o' tobacker. Be durned ef I don't. Adam's death it has made me feel sort o' bad, by gonnies, and tobacker's allus a consolation. Bill Wade, you hain't got a chaw o' tobacker on ye, have ye—no bought tobacker, store tobacker? It's a durned sight better'n homemade. Ye say ye don't chaw, Bill Wade? I allus knowed ye

wasn't no 'count, nohow. Nobody 'at don't chaw tobacker hain't no 'count."

To his nephew: "All right, Jim Ike; I'll take a chaw o'yore's then. And I'll take a tol'ably big chaw, acause Adam's death it has made me feel sort o' bad, and tobacker's a consolation."

The sounds of the shooting had carried far, and it was not long until the scene of the tragedy was crowded with Balls, Torreys, Littlefords, and Morelands. Major Bradley and Hayes, too, were there. Every man of them was armed; a very little thing might easily turn the place into a battlefield and a shambles. The Major saw this, and he was afraid. He drew the leaders of the Littlefords and the Morelands aside, and finally prevailed upon them to do their utmost toward keeping peace until the coming of the sheriff. At first John Moreland and Ben Littleford were for taking Bill Wade from the Balls and the Torreys who guarded him, if they had to depopulate the whole of the Ball settlement, Jerusalem Cove, and Hatton's Hell to accomplish it. But the Major's counsel prevailed.

Sheriff Tom Flowers was a very tall and lithe, middle-aged man, smooth-faced and firm-lipped; he arrived with Luke Moreland at noon, after hours of hard riding. He sensed the high tension, and he immediately steeled himself to handle the situation. After riding straight to the center of the gathering and there halting his horse, he said, evenly:

"In order that I may know who to arrest, I must know something of the circumstances. But one man must speak at a time. No playing bad with me; remember that, gentlemen. I'll certainly drop the fellow who starts a hose game, if it's the last thing I do on earth. Now somebody use his powers of speech."

Major Bradley, seeming more soldier-like than ever, went forward. He hadn't had the opportunity of speaking privately with Wade, and he feared that Wade would say something damaging to his interests.

"As the attorney of Mr. Wade, who stands accused of killing Adam Ball," he said to the officer, "I beg leave to state that my client will do no talking at present."

Wade understood, and he did not open his mouth.

But old Ball had something to say, and he proceeded to say it:

"He killed my son Adam," pointing to Wade, "in cold blood. Me and about a dozen of my kin was on our way over to Long Ridge to look at a bee tree, when we heard three pistol shots. We was right over thar," pointing to the northward, "and we come a runnin' over here to see what was the matter, by gonnies. Well, we found Bill Wade thar down on his bended knees aside o' my son Adam, who was as dead as hell or deader; and Bill Wade he was a sobbin' and a sobbin' about it. And if he never killed my son Adam, what was he a sobbin' and a sobbin' about, I ax you that? And my son Adam he had a rifle, by gonnies, but he never shot none at all. He was with us up to a few minutes afore, and he hadn't shot none all mornin'. Shuriff Flowers, I wisht ye'd gi' me a good big chaw o' tobacker, by gonnies, acause my son Adam his death it has made me feel bad."

Major Bradley calmly walked over to the dead man's rifle, picked it up, and put the muzzle of it to his nose.

[Continued on page 50]



HIS ONLY EXERCISE IS AT HIS MEALS . . . YET HE HAS "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

LIKE a lot of us who enjoy the good things of life, he's not as active as he used to be. And, while his feet are great weight-carriers, you could hardly call him athletic.

Nevertheless, this easy-going epicure has an annoying case of "Athlete's Foot." It hardly seems the correct thing for a man of his standing to be bothered with that rash-like eruption,* that moist white skin, between his toes. He'd forget it if he could, but it intrudes. There's itching—and twinges—which can effectively spoil a business day. And he doesn't even know what to call it, or how to get rid of it.

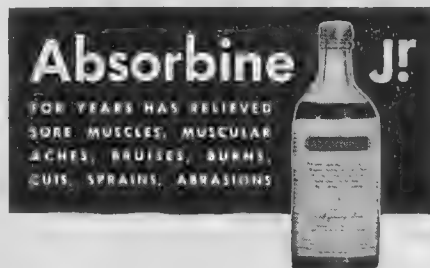
Are YOU guarding against this stealthy infection, so easily tracked into homes?

"Athlete's Foot" may attack any of us,* no matter how immaculate, because it persists in the cleanest places. A tiny vegetable parasite, *tinea trichophyton*, generally causes this ringworm infection and it thrives in the very places where we go for cleanliness—on the edges of showers and swimming pools; on locker- and dressing-room floors; in gymnasiums. And it is continually tracked into countless homes.

It may live and thrive for months

***WATCH FOR THESE DISTRESS SIGNALS THAT WARN OF "ATHLETE'S FOOT"**

Though "Athlete's Foot" is caused by the germ—*tinea trichophyton*—its early stages manifest themselves in several different ways, usually between the toes—sometimes by redness, sometimes by skin-cracks, often by tiny itching blisters. The skin may turn white, thick and moist or it may develop dryness with little scales. Any one of these calls for immediate treatment! If the case appears aggravated and does not readily yield to Absorbine Jr., consult your doctor without delay.



in your own spick-and-span bathroom; in the mat; on any damp floors. And it causes infection and re-infection with great persistence. That is why so many people have "Athlete's Foot" that you see mention of it in the papers everywhere. New facts about the spread of "Athlete's Foot," says one great daily paper, show that among 3,100 freshmen at one of the large universities, 53% suffered from the disease. And a scientific publication reports that "Athlete's Foot" has come to be a commonly known condition. Again, official reports state that "at least half of all adults suffer from it at some time." There is small doubt that today this ringworm germ is a menace to everyone.

It has been found that Absorbine Jr. KILLS this ringworm germ

"Athlete's Foot" may start in a number of different ways.* All of them, it is agreed, are generally caused by the ringworm germ. And exhaustive laboratory tests have shown that Absorbine Jr. penetrates fleshlike tissues deeply and, wherever it penetrates, it kills the ringworm germ. Results in clinics have confirmed these laboratory tests.

Examine YOUR feet tonight

It might not be a bad idea to examine your feet tonight for symptoms* of "Athlete's Foot." At the first sign of any one symptom, begin the free use of Absorbine Jr.—douse it on morning and night and after every exposure of your bare feet on damp floors.

Absorbine Jr. has been so effective that substitutes are sometimes offered. Don't expect relief from a "just as good." There is nothing else like Absorbine Jr. You can get it at all drug stores—\$1.25 a bottle. For a free sample, write W. F. Young, Inc., Lyman Building, Montreal.

Better Cookery

Keeping Food Cool Electrically

By Gertrude Dutton

ELECTRIC refrigerators have passed the experimental stage. We know now that they will give complete satisfaction, and no home maker who can afford to buy one need hesitate a moment for fear that her money is spent unwisely. There is a style and a size to suit every need—from the tiny apartment where space is at a premium, to the home where a large one is essential.

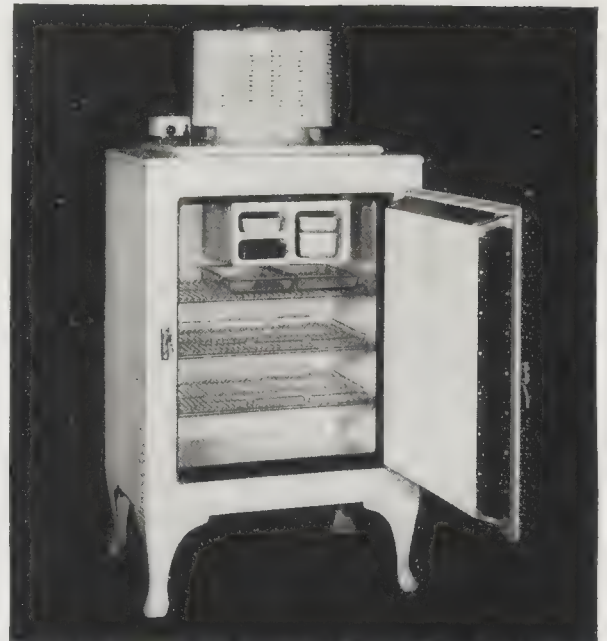
The new refrigerators offer many advantages. The cold control with which they are now equipped makes it easy to keep the temperature below 50° F., which is essential to prevent spoiling of foods. We can keep foods now for a much longer time than with the old methods. This is an important economy, as it

means eliminating the waste from spoiled foods. There is no danger of harmful bacteria developing in the baby's milk. As foods keep so much longer, marketing may be done less frequently, which will save considerable time, and money too, in many cases, as foods bought in larger quantities are usually cheaper. Left-overs may be utilized to much better advantage as they will keep so well, it is not necessary to use them the next day, thus preventing tiresome monotony. Foods which are supposed to be cold will be deliciously cool and crisp.

Electrolux, the Gas Automatic Refrigerator. A tiny gas flame takes the place of all moving parts. Where there are no city mains, compressed, or tank, gases may be used.

The new construction of acid-resisting porcelain on steel, without seams, and usually with rounded edges and corners is very easy to keep clean. Only those who for years have been obliged to remember about emptying the drip pan under ice-box know the relief of no longer having one. The electric refrigerator is merely plugged into the nearest electric outlet, making it possible to put it in the most convenient place. Noise has to a very large extent been eliminated.

We may have, in the same refrigerator, several different degrees of cold, for different purposes. In part of it are a number of shelves on which to place all the foods which require a dry, constant cold, below 50°, such as butter, eggs, bacon, cheese, cooked foods of many kinds, fruits, etc. It is well to place those which give off odors, on the top shelf. Those which readily absorb flavors are placed at the bottom, in covered dishes if possible. There is the freezing space in which are trays for freezing cubes of ice, and desserts. In the same compartment is



One of the outstanding features of General Electric Refrigerators is the all-steel cabinet.

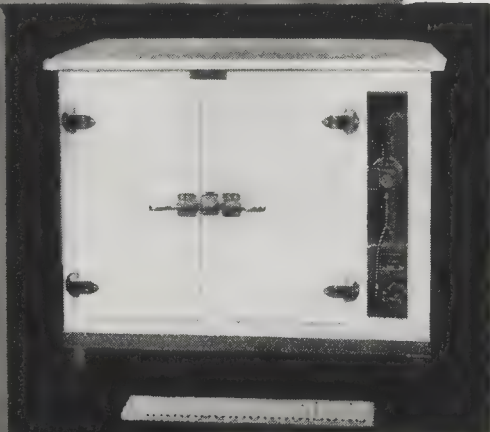
sometimes found a container for storing frozen foods at a temperature below freezing, where they will remain frozen till wanted. Many of our foods come in frozen packages today—meats, fish, fruits, etc. In some modern refrigerators is a hydrator, where vegetables may be kept in a moist cold, which will make them crisp and tender. There may also be a cold space just above freezing, where beverages may be chilled.

The cost of operation is very low. In many cases, where electricity is cheap, it is but a few cents a day.

ONE of the joys of having an electric refrigerator is the possibility of having frozen desserts as often as one wishes, with so little labor, and the cubes of ice to put in beverages. The woman who enjoys experimenting with foods can have all kinds of fun, trying things in her freezing tray. Many of her favorite gelatin desserts are excellent when frozen, especially those which have whipped cream folded in. "Marlow" is a [Continued on page 47]



Kelvinator offers to the housewife a most modern note in kitchen equipment.



Top—One of the many roomy, good-looking Frigidaire models.

Bottom—The simplified mechanism of the Norge Refrigerator has only three moving parts—the entire chassis is removable and replaceable, quickly and simply.



ADVANCED REFRIGERATION

To the Father



of a young woman about to go
in for housekeeping

Doubtless your daughter will receive a bountiful abundance of asparagus tongs, book ends and backgammon sets . . . and doubtless, too, there will be quite a nice check tucked away in an envelope marked "From Father" . . .

But, if you will ask your wife, she will tell you that a thoroughly modern electric refrigerator is about the best "surprise present" that can be bestowed upon a brand new home-maker . . . it's such a perpetual sort of gift . . .

Now, of course, the Bride (especially this particular Bride!) desires the Best . . . and there are *many* good electric refrigerators to choose from . . .

Did you know that Frigidaire, always in the forefront of its field, is responsible for developments in the past fifteen years that have made household refrigeration so healthful, convenient and economical?

The Frigidaire shown in the adjoining photograph, for instance, offers advantages you would possibly not expect to find in any refrigerator.

And we believe that every Frigidaire Dealer has enough facts and figures and thermometers and hygrometers to *prove* it to the satisfaction of any open-minded man. Why not take an hour off, one of these days, visit our display room and see for yourself?



Incased in pure white porcelain *Frigidaire offers* *a new standard of Advanced Refrigeration*

This new Frigidaire stands for all that is modern in refrigeration. It provides a service so complete, so far beyond the ordinary, that once you investigate you will never be satisfied with less.

You will be delighted with the outstanding beauty of the pure white cabinet in Porcelain-on-steel . . . with the desserts you can freeze so quickly by turning the "Cold Control" . . . with the ice cubes that tumble so easily from the Quickube Ice Tray . . . with the crisp, fresh vegetables you take from the Hydrator.

And your enthusiasm will continue to grow as you

use Frigidaire. For time and use will bring out the advantages of the seamless, acid-resisting interior . . . the service-shelf top . . . the elevated food shelves . . . the quiet, concealed, surplus-powered unit that uses current only a few hours a day.

Best of all, the very improvements and refinements that make Frigidaire the *advanced* refrigerator, make possible many important savings in the home. Frigidaire is the truly economical refrigerator for you to own. Frigidaire Corporation, Subsidiary of General Motors Corporation, Toronto, Ont.

FRIGIDAIRE

»»»»»»»»»» THE NEW ALL WHITE PORCELAIN-ON-STEEL FRIGIDAIRE'S
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You should use much more
Canned Salmon



CANNED SALMON...the utmost in convenience...without waste...at astonishingly low cost...abundant with Vitamine D, Iodine, Calcium, ever so many body-building and health-guarding ingredients...Canned Salmon should find a place on every table.

Telephone your Grocer now for three or four cans...and tonight...now...send the coupon below for the new tested recipe booklet showing many Salmon dishes in full color...free, of course. For instance, the salad here is made this way...

B.C. SOCKEYE SALAD

Chill one pound can of salmon. Flake, then add one-half cup chopped celery (tomatoes may be added, if desired). Mix lightly with mayonnaise or French dressing. Arrange on nests of crisp lettuce leaves. Garnish with hard boiled eggs, slices of lemon, pickles or olives.

Nature Sets The Price—Your merchant will show you five varieties of Salmon from the cold, clear ocean waters...Red Sockeye, Red Spring, Cohoe, Pink and Chum Salmon...Buy three or four cans at a time...they're always handy.

Canadian Canned Salmon

MORE RECIPES—FREE!

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25
Recipes for

Canned
Salmon





new word which has been coined to apply to frozen desserts which contain marshmallows. Any cold dessert, which is not frozen, is much better when well chilled in a refrigerator. Plenty of time should be allowed for the freezing—usually six hours at least. It is not advisable to use raw fruits without bringing them first to the boiling point, as they are apt to form unpleasant little lumps of ice, and to fall into mushy fragments. Canned fruits are excellent in frozen desserts. When adding whipped cream, it is often desirable to partly freeze the rest of the mixture, then fold in the whipped cream and return to the freezing compartment. Sometimes the dessert is firmly frozen, then remove to a chilled bowl, and a few table-spoons of coffee cream folded into it until the mixture is quite smooth, when it is returned to the tray and the freezing finished. Paper cups are useful for making individual molds—a better texture is secured if the mixture is carefully stirred at least once during the freezing.

Frozen desserts are of several kinds. The simplest are plain Water Ices. They are made of water, sweetened, and flavored with one or more fruit juices. Lemon juice is usually used in all of them. Bits of fruit may be used as a garnish, or stirred in before the freezing is completed. Frappés are water ices, or those made with milk or cream, which are merely frozen to a soft mush. Sherbet or sorbet is a water ice to which either gelatin or egg white has been added to improve the texture. Richer sherbets are made with milk, or thin cream. Granites are given a rough texture by omitting the egg white or gelatin and adding bits of fruit pulp. Philadelphia ice creams are made of scalded cream, sweetened and flavored, then frozen. French ice creams have a custard foundation. A parfait contains whipped cream, and is frozen without stirring. A Mousse is also frozen without stirring, usually has gelatin in it for body, and is less rich than a parfait.

Evaporated milk is an excellent substitute for cream in many ice creams. It may be whipped by scalding in a double boiler, then chilling, and whipping.

Vanilla Ice Cream I

Cream 1½ c. Flavoring vanilla
Granulated sugar ½ c. 1½ to 2 t.
Whipping cream 1 c.

Whip the heavy cream, fold in the sugar and vanilla, and fold into the thin cream. Pour into tray, and freeze. Several times during the freezing, stir the cream with a spoon.

Vanilla Ice Cream II

Milk 1 c. Egg whites 2
Sugar ¾ c. Thin cream ½ c.
Cornstarch 2 tb. Salt ¼ t.
or flour 3 tb. Whipping cream 1½ c.
Egg yolks 2 Vanilla 2 t.

Make a custard of the milk, sugar, cornstarch or flour, and egg yolks, and cool, after adding the thin cream. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites, to which the salt has been added—chill, fold in the vanilla and whipped cream, and freeze. Stir with a spoon two or three times during the freezing.

The flavor may be varied by using part vanilla and part lemon extract or almond.

Maple Nut Ice Cream

Maple syrup 1 c. Thin cream ½ c.
Water 2/3 c. Whipping cream 1½ c.
Flour 1½ tb. Gelatin 1 t.
Egg yolks 2 Walnuts ½ c.
Salt ¼ t.

Dissolve the gelatin in a little of the water. Mix the flour with the remaining water, add to the maple syrup, and cook for 15 minutes in the double boiler—add the salt and egg yolks, beaten, and cook a few minutes longer. Add the soaked gelatin. Cool. Fold in the nuts and whipped cream, and freeze. When partly frozen, stir in the half cup of thin cream. The nuts may be added then instead of with the whipped cream, if wished. If too sweet to suit one's taste, 2 to 3 t. of lemon juice may be added before the whipped cream.

Pineapple Parfait

Finely chopped Heavy cream 1 1/3 c.
pineapple 1 c. Pineapple syrup ¼ c.
Lemon, juice of ¼ Sugar ¾ c.

Heat the pineapple, the juice and sugar till the sugar is dissolved. Add the lemon juice, fold in the cream, whipped, and freeze. Stir once or twice while freezing. Garnish with chopped pistachio nuts, if wished, when putting in the serving glasses.

Strawberry Ice Cream

Strawberries 1 qt. Whipping cream 2 c.
Sugar ¾ c. Pinch of salt

Wash and stem the berries, add the sugar, and heat to the boiling point. Press through a sieve. Add the salt and cool. Fold in the whipped cream, and freeze. Add a little more sugar if needed. Stir once or twice during the freezing process.

Frozen Rice Pudding

Cook ½ c. rice in salted water till tender. Put in the double boiler with ½ c. hot milk, 1/3 c. sugar, ½ c. raisins or dates, cook 15 minutes, adding at the last, if wished, 2 egg yolks. Cool, add 1 t. vanilla, and fold in 1 c. cream, whipped. Freeze. The pudding will have a more attractive appearance if the dates or raisins are stewed separately and added when the pudding is removed from the heat.

Mixed Fruit Frappé

Pour a can of mixed fruits into a tray of the refrigerator and let stand till the juices are frozen to a mush. Pile into sherbet glasses, and if used as a dessert, put a spoonful of whipped cream on top.

Almond Cream

Thin cream 2 c. Almonds ¼ lb.
Whipping cream 2 c. Sugar 1¼ c.
Vanilla 2 t. Salt ½ t.

Caramelize the sugar. Blanch the almonds and chop them. Scald with the thin cream. Add the caramelized sugar, and stir till dissolved. Add the salt, and cool. Add the vanilla and partially freeze. Fold in the whipped cream and continue to freeze.

Plain Marlow

Milk 1½ c. Marshmallow 2 doz.
Whipping cream 1½ c.

Put the marshmallows, cut in pieces, in a shallow bowl with the milk. Melt over hot water, and stir till well blended. Cool till the mixture begins to stiffen. Fold in the whipped cream. More flavoring may be required than is given by the marshmallows.

[Continued on page 48]

Of all Canadian housewives who bake at home 3 out of every 4* use Magic Baking Powder

Now we know the reason for Magic's outstanding popularity in every community in Canada.

In a recent Dominion-wide investigation, we asked hundreds of representative Canadian women why they always use Magic Baking Powder for all their baking.

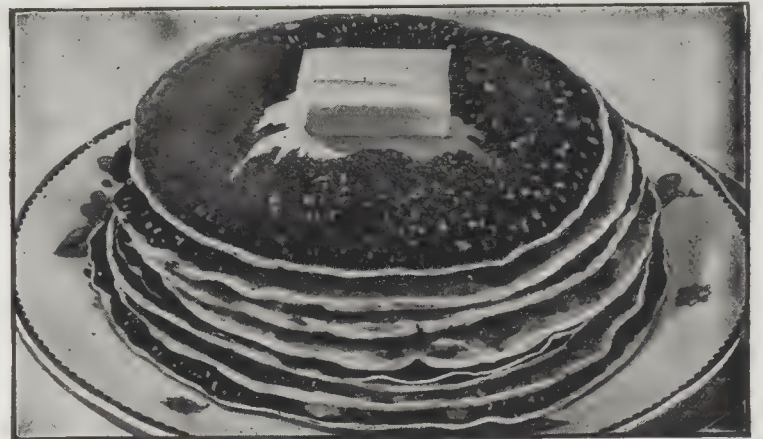
In their own way, everyone of them answered in substance: "Be-

cause Magic Baking Powder always gives better baking results."

You, too, will find that Magic Baking Powder will help you with all your baking. It is absolutely dependable. No matter where or when you buy it, every spoonful in every tin offers identically the same full leavening qualities.

Magic Baking Powder never varies.

**This fact was revealed in a recent Dominion-wide investigation.*



Try this Recipe for Griddle Cakes

1 quart flour
3 teaspoons Magic Baking Powder
1 teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons sugar
2 tablespoons shortening
1 egg
2 tablespoons molasses
1 pint milk

Mix and sift dry ingredients; beat egg, add milk and molasses, pour slowly on first mixture; beat well. Add melted shortening. Cook at

once on hot, well-greased griddle. Served with Maple, Caramel, or Brown Sugar Syrup, they make a tasty, wholesome dish for any meal.

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enrich the dish with the flavour of
this fine old Sauce—but it brings
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themselves. Wonderful served on the
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The hurry-up dish for luncheon—add a dash of Lea & Perrins'.

Distinguished sandwiches—a simple minced filling with a drop of Lea & Perrins'.

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The busy dinner hour, attention needed in half a dozen directions at once—the seasoning, perfectly, amazingly, accomplished in a few seconds with Lea & Perrins'.

LEA & PERRINS SAUCE

M8

This is the time for all good women to come to the aid of their wardrobe. With the assistance of The Western Home Monthly new Summer Catalogue you will find this is a pleasure. Send 20c. to The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, without delay, as the supply is limited.

Robin Hood FLOUR

Makes Better
Bread, Cakes & Pastry



Fruit juices, or mashed fruit and its juice, may be used in place of milk. Canned peaches are particularly good, so are canned strawberries.

Berry Sherbet

Raspberry or Strawberry 2 c. Gelatin 1½ t.
Sugar 2/3 c. Lemon juice 1 tb.
Water 1½ c.

Crush the berries, add the sugar, and scald. Add the gelatin soaked in ¼ c. of the cold water. Stir well, then strain. Cool, add the remaining water and lemon juice, and freeze. When firm, beat till light, then return to the freezing cabinet.

Fruit Ices

Make like the Berry sherbet using:
(1) Equal amounts of currant, raspberry and orange juice to make a pint.
(2) 2 cups of stewed apple and blackberry.
(3) 2 cups of strawberry, cherry and pineapple juice.
(4) 1½ cups of grape juice, ½ cup of orange juice.

To each of the above, add lemon juice to taste, with the water, gelatin and sugar.

Lemon Ice

Lemons 2 Sugar 1 c.
Water Boiling 2 c. Gelatin 1½ t.

Cut thin yellow parings from one lemon and steep 15 minutes in the boiling water in a covered bowl. Add the lemon juice, sugar, and gelatin soaked in 2 tb. cold water, cool, and strain. Add more sugar if needed. Freeze.

Variations

1. Flavor with maraschino juice, and add bits of cherries cut up, and tiny pieces of angelica.
2. Add crème-de-menthe or oil of peppermint.
3. Use cider in place of all or part of the water, and add 2 tb. of ginger syrup.

Cherry Ice

Heat ripe cherries, and squeeze out the juice. To 2 cups of juice allow 2 c. of syrup, made by boiling 1 c. sugar and 1 c. water 5 minutes. Add 1½ t. gelatin soaked in 2 tb. cold water, and when cold, ¼ c. lemon juice. Freeze, stirring once or twice while freezing.

Stewed Fruit Sherbets

Use stewed apples, stewed dried apricots, canned grapes, pineapple, stewed rhubarb, etc. Mash, sift (all except the pineapple), sweeten to taste, add lemon juice to taste, dilute with water if necessary, add 1 t. soaked gelatin dissolved in the hot fruit juice, or if the fruit juice is cold, in hot syrup made of the sugar and water. Freeze and when partly frozen, fold in 1 beaten egg white to each pint of mixture.

Fruit Pulp Sherbet

Make a syrup of 1½ c. water and 1½ c. sugar by boiling together for 5 minutes. Pour hot over the beaten whites of 2 eggs. Add 1½ c. of fruit juice, orange and lemon, or any preferred mixture. Cool and freeze to a mush. Fold in mashed banana, or any other desired mashed pulp of fruit, and continue to freeze.

Orange Sherbet

Orange, juice 1½ c. Gelatin 1½ t.
Grated rind of 1 orange Lemon juice 1 tb.
Water ½ c. Sugar ¾ c.
Heavy cream ½ c.

Make a syrup of the water, sugar and orange rind. Add the gelatin soaked in 2 tb. cold water. Cool, add the orange and lemon juice and freeze. Beat, fold in the whipped cream, and freeze again, stirring once or twice.

Lemon Sherbet I

Lemon juice ½ c. Sugar ¾ c.
Water 1½ c. Gelatin 1½ t.
Rind of 1 lemon Cream ½ c.

Make a syrup of 1½ c. water, the sugar and lemon rind. Remove from the fire and add the gelatin, soaked in ¼ c. cold water, strain and cool, then freeze. Put in a very cold bowl, add the cream and beat with the egg beater till very light. Return to the freezing tray and finish freezing.

Lemon Sherbet II

Sugar 1 c. Milk 2 c.
Lemon 1 large

Scald the sugar and milk, cool and partially freeze. Beat in the strained lemon juice, and finish freezing.

Pineapple Sherbet

Crushed pineapple Water 1 c.
and juice 2 c. Lemon juice 2 tb.
Sugar to taste Heavy cream 1 c.
Gelatin 2 t. Salt ½ t.

Make a syrup of the water and 4 tb. sugar. Add the pineapple and juice (equal quantities of each) and beat. Stir in the gelatin soaked in 2 tb. water, and more sugar if needed. Cool, add the lemon juice, and freeze. Remove to a cold bowl, beat with the egg beater, fold in the cream, whipped, and finish freezing, stirring once or twice if necessary.

Coffee Ice Cream

Steep ¼ c. ground coffee in 1 c. hot milk for 10 minutes. Strain and add to either of the recipes for Vanilla Ice Cream.

Chocolate Ice Cream

Mix ½ t. cinnamon, 2 tb. sugar, 2 oz. baking chocolate, 2 tb. water, and beat till blended and smooth. Add according to taste, to either the plain or custard Vanilla Ice Cream.

Frozen Pudding

Make a custard ice cream, flavored with chocolate, freeze. Add steamed and cooled raisins and currants, sliced citron, sliced candied fruits, soaked for a few hours in syrup. Return to the tray or to molds, and continue freezing. The chocolate may be omitted.

Marshmallow Fruit Parfait

Melt 1 pound of marshmallows in 2 c. hot fruit juice (pineapple, strawberry, cherry, etc.) or juice and pulp. Boil 1 c. water and 2 c. sugar till it threads, then pour over 2 well beaten egg whites. Add the marshmallows, and 1 tb. of lemon juice, and beat till cold. Fold in 1 c. of thick cream, whipped, and freeze.

Maple Mousse

Soak ½ c. sultanas in maple syrup to cover, for several hours. Drain, and strain the syrup into 1 pint of heavy cream. Whip till stiff. Add the raisins and a little lemon juice. Put in the tray, and freeze.



Fruit Mousse

Use 2 c. of sifted fruit pulp, such as peaches, bananas, apricots, prunes, etc. Add the juice of $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon, and sugar to taste. Stiffen with 1 t. gelatin, softened and dissolved in hot fruit pulp, or over hot water. Chill, and fold in 1 pint of cream, whipped. Freeze without stirring.

Caramel Mousse

Soak 1 lb. gelatin in cold water, dissolve in hot caramel $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Cool. Add 1 pint thick cream, $\frac{1}{8}$ t. salt, and if needed, more sugar. Whip the mixture till stiff, put in the tray, and freeze.

Cherry Mousse

To 1 pint of thick cream, add 1 c. of cherry juice, a few drops of almond extract, and powdered sugar to taste. Chill, and whip till stiff. Put in the tray and freeze. A teaspoon of gelatin may be dissolved in the juice.

Make grape, strawberry or raspberry mousse in the same way. Heat the berries to start the juice and let

stand with the sugar, for an hour or so, then sift.

Frozen Fruit Salad

Use any combination of canned fruits, cut in small pieces. Add about $\frac{3}{4}$ c. of any suitable salad dressing, and fold in the same amount of heavy cream, whipped. Freeze in the tray. To serve, cut in squares and put on lettuce leaves.

Ice Box Cookies

Butter $\frac{3}{4}$ c.	Baking powder 2 t.
Brown sugar 1 c.	Salt $\frac{1}{4}$ t.
Egg 1	Vanilla 1 t.
Flour 2 c.	Walnuts $\frac{1}{2}$ c.

Cream the butter and sugar, add the beaten egg, then the sifted dry ingredients, vanilla and broken walnut meats. Shape with the hands into a roll, wrap in waxed paper, and put in the refrigerator till needed. Cut off as many thin slices as wanted, and bake on a cooking sheet in a hot oven.

Cocoanut, chopped dates, raisins, peel, etc., may be used in place of nut meats.

Shadowland With All Its Vagaries

Continued from page 26

"Strangers May Kiss"

A GOOD cast, attractive settings and expensive costumes fail to redeem the dull, cheap story of "Strangers May Kiss." The picture is adapted from the novel of the same name by Ursula Parrott, and the story has been almost completely transformed. It would seem that any change made in the story could only have been for the better, but changes and all, the plot of "Strangers May Kiss" remains cheaply sentimental and very long drawn out.

Norma Shearer plays the leading role. Marjorie Rambeau and Irene Rich are good in minor parts.

"City Streets"

"CITY STREETS" is rather a pretentious picture. It is like an ordinary mutton chop glorified and decorated with a fluted paper frill. Rouben Mamoulian, who has directed several of the New York Theatre Guild productions and Helen Morgan's picture "Applause," has done some clever directing in "City Streets," though, very often, his extremely highbrow treatment of an ordinary, lowbrow gangster story is incongruous. The settings and camera angles are interesting, but Mr. Mamoulian tried far too hard to make everything symbolic. This passion for symbolism contrasts oddly with the sequence showing a pursuit, fraught with perils of every sort, done in the tradition of the good old melodramas.

Gary Cooper has more opportunity in this picture than he has had in some time. Sylvia Sydney, an actress from the living stage, is charming in her first screen work.

"Quick Millions"

WELL, well! The moving picture boys had a great time concocting this picture. They did not put in any of Mr. Mamoulian's symbolism,

but they did use parts of every gangster story that has ever been written. There are so many rackets and incidents included in the plot that a simple mind like my own is all befogged. My chief reaction to the picture was to make up a long string of verses beginning with:—

*"I'm bored to tears with racketeers,
Their leers and jeers, their victims' fears,*

Their rides that end in gory smears—"
That's enough of that. It may not be poetry, but, folks, it's a cry straight from the heart.

"The Iron Man"

HERE is a story of the prize ring that men may enjoy. The acting is quite good, although the picture seems a little slow. Lew Ayres, as the scrapper, and Robert Armstrong, as his manager, carry the picture. Jean Harlow is merely blondely decorative.

"The Perfect Alibi"

ALTHOUGH I am far from being an ardent admirer of any of Mr. A. A. Milne's works, I do not think that the picture version of "The Perfect Alibi" holds the interest as did the original stage play. It is a murder play, a story of detection with a fairly clever plot, but it is slow getting under way. Done in England, by an English cast, there is some good acting in the picture, the men being particularly good.

"God's Gift to Women"

THIS facetiously titled picture seemed an unwelcome gift to me. It is the story of a modern Don Juan and is dull, coarse and crudely handled. See "Skippy" instead.

Jerome Carver



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Then, too, Kotex absorbs scientifically, giving more secure protection

WHEN you realize how individual is your problem of sanitary protection, you appreciate the fact that Kotex is made so that you can adjust it to your changing needs.

That, of course, is only one of the advantages of Kotex. It is shaped to fit inconspicuously under any frock, no matter how close fitting. It is treated to deodorize ... it keeps one feeling secure and dainty at times when that is more necessary than usual. It is soft—not only at first, but all the time you wear it.

Kotex filler—Cellucotton (not cotton) absorbent wadding—takes up five times its weight in moisture.

The comfort and safety of a sanitary pad are dependent not only upon the quantity of absorption but also—and this to a great degree—upon the method of absorption.

The soft, delicate fibres of which Kotex is made carry moisture rapidly away from the surface, leaving the pad soft and delicate despite

Worn on Either Side

1. Can be worn on either side with equal comfort. No embarrassment.
2. Inconspicuous, even when you wear your closest fitting gown.
3. Disposable, instantly, completely.
4. Kotex is soft. Not merely an apparent softness, that soon packs into chafing hardness, but a delicate, lasting softness.

its amazing efficiency ... leaving the sides unpenetrated, which prevents chafing and irritation. Kotex gauze is specially treated for greater softness.

Kotex can be worn on either side. It will serve with equal comfort, with no possibility of embarrassment. Adjust it (you can, you see, because of the layer construction) to meet changing requirements. Dispose of it quickly, easily. Buy it at any drug, dry goods or department store. Kotex Company of Canada, Limited, Toronto.

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You may send 3 Samples of Kotex and book, "Preparing for Womanhood," in plain envelope.

Name

Address

City.....Prov.....



The Moreland Complex

Continued from page 43

He scented fresh powder smoke. Then he faced old Ball and said with a strange politeness:

"You are a liar, sir."

A stir ran over the Balls and the Torreys. Sheriff Flowers called out:

"Quiet, there!" The stir subsided, and he continued, "Where is Mr. Wade's revolver?"

The Balls had it. They produced it. It had three empty chambers, when it should have had but one!

"Please give it to me butt first!" growled the law's representative. He knew that many a man had been shot while taking a revolver barrel first, and he believed that Adam Ball's father was capable of anything.

Old Ball obediently turned the weapon around. "Say, shuriff," he chattered, "have ye plumb forgot about me axin' ye for a chaw o' store-bought? By gonnies, Adam's death—"

Flowers raised a protesting hand, and turned to Wade.

"I have heard, through Luke Moreland," he said, with more or less of feeling in his voice, "a good many things in your favor. I want you to know that I am sorry to have to take you and place you in the Cartersville jail. To show you that I mean it, I will spare you the irons and allow you to ride your own horse along beside mine, as though you were not under arrest at all."

Wade had by this time worn the keen edge from his anguish by the exercise of his will power. He bowed slightly to the officer, and said with grave courtesy:

"Believe me, sir," with a faint trace of a smile, "I am greatly obliged to you."

Luke Moreland led up the sleek young bay that Wade had named Fox, and Wade swung himself easily into the saddle. He faced the sheriff.

"If you're ready to go, sir," he said, "I am."

Together they rode through the woodland toward the broad, green valley, with the Littlefords, the Morelands, Major Bradley, and Hayes following closely behind them.

Up on the side of David Moreland's Mountain there had been a silent and unseen witness to the arrest of Bill Wade. She was hidden behind a gnarled and twisted clump of sheep laurel, sitting on a patch of tiny, dainty, pure blue day-flowers, crushing in her hands the tiny purple blossoms that are known as Job's Tears.

"Lord, what'll I do now?" she murmured. It was a great and unanswerable question, and it was a prayer, too.

"Lord, what'll I do now?" she repeated.

When Bill Wade had ridden out of her sight, she threw down the crushed flowers and flung herself prostrate, with her face close to the hemlock needles and the earth, and wept low and bitterly, and wept and wept.

"Lord, what'll I do now?"

WHEN Sheriff Tom Flowers and the others had gone for half an hour, Elizabeth Littleford sat up in the silence. It was a great and a heavy silence that hovered there over the northern end of David Moreland's Mountain. There was not even the drumming of a yellow-hammer, not even the saucy chattering of a boomer squirrel, not even the twittering of a bird. Not a leaf stirred anywhere. Everything seemed lifeless. It was almost as though she were the sole inhabitant of the world.

Then she had a thought: It was noontime, and the officer and his prisoner would doubtless halt at John Moreland's cabin for the noonday meal; and if she hastened she would get to see Bill Wade again. So she ran like a doe through the green woodland, through the tangle of laurel and ivy and over the moss-covered stones, across a shoulder of David Moreland's Mountain. She was barefooted, and her dress was a simple garment of white-dotted blue calico, and her long brown hair flowed behind her like the hair of a young witch.

As she drew near to the Moreland leader's home, she saw Bill Wade and the sheriff walk out at the gateway and mount their horses. Major Bradley came out, and he too mounted his horse; and she was glad that he was going along. There was a great crowd; all the Littlefords were there, and all the Morelands, and old Granny Heck the fortune-teller. On every face Babe saw signs of sympathy and sorrow. Her eyes filled. She was so glad that they too loved him. It was worth going to jail to know that one was loved like that! Not that it didn't hurt to see him go to jail, of course. Jail and horror are words that mean the same to the mountain dweller.

Babe went on to tell him good-bye, for she felt that she had to speak to him. She knew it would be hard, and she steeled herself; she would be a Littleford, and strong.

Then he saw her coming toward him, and he turned his bay horse and rode to meet her. She stopped and clasped her hands, with her arms down full length, and tried to smile at him.

"You promised me," he said, gently, "that you'd go back to Patricia and finish your education."

"I keep my promises," was the quick reply, "jest like every Littleford that ever lived kept their promises. I would ha' went back this mornin', ef it hadn't ha' been—" and there she broke off abruptly. After a silent moment, she continued sadly, half tearfully: "And yet—and yet—the's not a bit o' use in me a-goin' back now!"

"Why?" Wade was smiling, and she was glad to note that he didn't appear to be grieving over his misfortune.

"Acause," simply.

"But you will go?"

"Yes," she said, "in the mornin' I'll go."

He bent toward her and held down his hand. "Good-bye, little girl. I hope it will come out all right. And I believe it will."

She slowly lifted her hand to his. Her eyes were downcast.

"Good-bye," she told him, brokenly. "And I hope it'll come out all right too—God knows I do, Bill Wade."

Thus they parted. Wade rode back to Sheriff Flowers and Major Bradley, and a minute later the three of them started for the lowland and Cartersville jail.

When a bend in the dusty ox-wagon road had hidden them from her view, Elizabeth Littleford turned homeward. Her mother followed her.

The younger woman dropped to the stone step at the vine-hung front porch with the air of one who is very tired, plucked a full-blown marigold, and began absently to tear its petals slowly apart. Mrs. Littleford looked out across the meadows, sighed, smoothed back her gray hair with both hands, and sat down beside her daughter. [Continued on page 51]

The Moreland Complex

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"I wouldn't worry about it, Babe honey," she finally said; and she too plucked a marigold and began to tear its petals slowly apart. "Ef he killed Adam Ball, it was to save hisself. He's a good man, honey. He's about the best man ever I seen, Babe."

"He never killed Adam Ball to save hisself," replied Babe. "It might ha' been this away, mother"

"He is ahind of a tree, and Adam is ahind of another tree. Adam shoots at his hat, and he shoots at Adam's hat—which is the reg'lar way of a two-man fight, as you know. Suddenly Adam he jumps up like he's been shot, and falls a groanin' and a twistin'. Bill Wade, a thinkin' he's killed Adam, comes out from ahind of his tree. Havin' drawed Bill Wade out into the open by his trick, Adam gits ready to shoot and kill him. Jest as Adam is about to shoot, somebody else shoots and kills Adam and saves Bill Wade—the' hain't time for anythin' else. Don't ye see? Don't that sound natchel, Mother?"

"Maybe," the old woman answered. "But who was it 'at shot Black Adam?"

"Somebody who is a friend o' Bill Wade," said Babe. "Somebody who was a foll'rin' Bill with the idee o' pertectin' him ef he needed it; somebody who knewed it was dangerous for him to go off by hisself in the woods that away. I've got it reasoned out jest like this . . . And whoever it was 'at was friend enough to Bill Wade to kill a man for him, will be friend enough to own up when the proper time comes and keep Bill Wade from a-bein' hung. Whoever it was 'at done it is skeered bad now; but later on he'll shore tell it, ef it'll save Bill. You jest wait and see, Mother . . ."

"I hain't never forgot," Babe went on, after a moment, "about Black Adam Ball atellin' me about workin' that same lowdown trick on a man over in Nawth Ca'liner—and he killed the man. The law never found it out. And ye see what Black Adam got. 'Who lives by the sword shall perish by the sword.' It's the Good Book, Mother, honey; and everything in the Good Book is God A'mighty's truth, as you know."

"Ef I was a-guessin' who it was 'at done it," said Mrs. Littleford, "I'd guess it was By Heck. He was a plumb fool about Bill Wade. His maw she says he talks in his sleep about Bill Wade. He was allus a follerin' him around like a dawg."

Babe pointed toward the meadow. An aged and stooped and witch-like woman was limping slowly through the clover, coming toward them.

"Granny Heck," muttered Babe.

The neighborhood's newsbearer and fortune-teller limped on up to the cabin and dropped to the step beside Ben Littleford's wife and daughter.

"La, la, la!" she panted, for the day was warm. "And hain't it jest turrible! I wisht I may die this minute ef I wouldn't might' nigh as soon see my own son go to jail! But 'en it'll all come out all right yit, Babe. I seen it in the cyards, and I seen it in the cup. Babe, honey-dumplin', he never no more killed Adam 'an I killed him myself! I tell ye, the's been some awful ungodly work done, somehow. I know Bill Wade, and the' shore hain't nary drap o' murder blood in him. Now thar was my Uncle Bill, him 'at could jump a nine-rail fence—"

Babe spoke to her mother, interrupting the garrulous old fortune-teller:

"I've got to go and wash and iron my new white dress. Acause—because I'm a-goin' back to Mrs. McLaurin, like I promised I'd go. I'm a-goin' in the mornin', on the fust train. Ye might as well inform Pap to hatch up my railroad money, Mother."

She promptly forgot all about the dress, broke off another full-blown marigold, and began to tear it to pieces, which fluttered unnoticed to her bare feet.

Just then By Heck stopped before the gate. "Do ye want to go home along as I go, Maw?" he asked.

The three women turned their eyes toward the lanky moonshiner. He was standing straighter than they had ever seen him stand before, and he held his repeater across his thin shoulder in a manner that was almost soldierly. There was a queer look in his black eyes and on his lean face, a look that seemed much at variance with his former easy-going air. It was as though he had just discovered a hitherto unknown depth to himself.

The truth was that he was carrying a secret that was great, and almost too much for him.

His aged mother rose with a rheumatic groan. "Looky here, By," she demanded, "what on earth's the matter of you? Have ye done went and swallowed a rifle's ramrod, that ye walk so cussed straight and look like a plumb dad-blamed fool?"

"No, Maw," grinned her son. "I'm jest hungry, that's all. My gosh, ef I don't feel like I could eat a whole raw dawg! And top it off with a couple o' baked housecats. Durn my eyes! I wisht ye'd come and go home along as I go, Maw, and git me some dinner, ef ye hain't too tired."

"All right, By, all right," then, to Mrs. Littleford: "Come down and bring yore knittin', and spend the day wi' me. Good luck to ye, Babe, honey, when ye go back to the city!"

When they were within a hundred yards of their old cabin home beside the river, Granny Heck said to her son, whose mind seemed busy:

"Who d'ye reckon killed Black Adam, the hound dawg o' Tarment?"

"I'm a lookin' for rain today," very quietly said By Heck.

"I axed you, sonny boy," the old woman went on, "who did ye reckon killed Black Adam?"

"The's rain in the air, ef it don't rain today, it'll shore rain tonight."

"Now you looky here!" snapped Granny Heck. "I said who did you think killed Adam Ball?"

By Heck did not smile, nor did he frown. "Ef it don't rain today nor tonight," he drawled, "it'll shore rain to-morr'. I tell ye, Mother, the's rain in the air."

"By! By!" the weazened old woman protested vehemently. "Now you answer me what I axed you!"

Said By Heck, unperturbed: "Grandpap Moreland still has to take his old gray cat down off o' the front po'ch roof every mornin' of his life. Jim Littleford's wife's son's grandpap's son-in-law is named Jim Littleford. Abner Moreland's got a old speckled ox 'at haint got but one good eye. Isaac Littleford talks through his nose. Little Tom Moreland's pap's old coon dawg ketched a big, pore 'possum last night with one foot gone. The best place to fish is in the water. Babe Littleford's the dangedest, hell-roarin'est purtiest gyrl in the world. Bill Wade he said 'at a man who'd say 'eyther' and 'neyther' for 'either' and 'neither' would wear a bow on the back of his hat—or put pizen in a pore dyin' orphan's last

[Continued on page 52]

Pyorrhea has no respect for you

PYORRHEA, dread disease of the gums, comes to four people out of five past the age of forty. It is an insidious foe that may infect the mouth of youth and lurk in the gums for years before beginning its real work of havoc.

It starts with tender gums that bleed easily when brushed. As it progresses it spreads dangerous poisons throughout the system, often loosening teeth in their sockets until they fall out or extraction is necessary.

False teeth at best are only a substitute for your own and so often they are only the penalty of thoughtlessness and neglect.

A dentist perfected Forhan's to fight pyorrhea

At the first sign of pyorrhea go right to your dentist for a careful oral diagnosis. Modern dentistry can work wonders and save you untold trouble if you rely on it in time.

Between visits to your dentist your teeth are your own responsibility. Therefore choose your dentifrice with utmost care.

Forhan's is the discovery of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S., who for 26 years specialized successfully in the treatment of pyorrhea. It is unique in that it contains the benefits of an ethical preparation developed by Dr. Forhan, which thousands of dentists use in the treatment of pyorrhea.

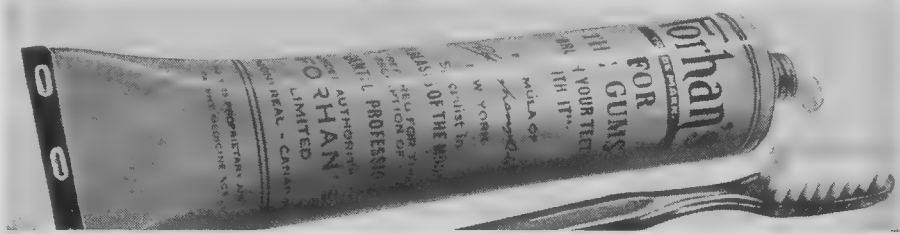
Don't gamble with pyorrhea

It is really folly to take a chance. Decide now not to gamble any longer. Visit your dentist regularly and brush your teeth with Forhan's twice a day. You can make no finer investment in the health of your mouth and the safety of your teeth. Forhan's Ltd., Montreal.

FALSE TEETH ARE A
GREAT INVENTION
BUT KEEP YOUR OWN
AS LONG AS YOU CAN



False teeth often follow pyorrhea,
which comes to four people out of five
past the age of 40



Forhan's

FOR THE GUMS

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● Ordinary refining *can't* remove it. But Quaker State refining gets it out with special equipment found in every one of Quaker State's modern refineries. Gets it out by an extra process that is one of the greatest achievements in modern refining. A process that took years of refining experience to think out and work out. A process which has enabled Quaker State to produce a motor oil of such high quality that to-day it is the largest-selling pure Pennsylvania oil in the world!

● And remember, this process that

throws out "water-thin" is the reason why there's an extra quart of lubrication in every gallon of Quaker State Motor Oil. For the quart of waste is replaced with a quart of finest lubricant. You get four full quarts of lubricant to the gallon—not three quarts and one of waste. So you really get an *extra quart*. No wonder the demand for this great oil has grown until one dealer in every four sells it!

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● Get Quaker State at the nearest green and white sign. It won't take you long to discover that it is by far the biggest bargain in oil. For you get an extra quart of heat-battling, friction-fighting lubrication in every gallon!

THERE'S AN EXTRA QUART OF LUBRICATION IN EVERY GALLON

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MOTOR OIL



The Moreland Complex

Continued from page 51

drink o' water, or set a pore widder's house afire, or 'most anything else. Maw?"

"Whut!"

"Don't ax me no questions."

Granny Heck was so angry that she was trembling. To her, baffled curiosity was little better than torture. She caught her son by an arm and shook him as hard as her poor strength would allow.

"I wisht I may drap dead in my old tracks," she declared shrilly, "ef I git you a bite to eat ontel you gi' me a sensible answer! Who, I said, did you think killed Black Adam Ball, the lowdown hound o' puggatory?"

"Don't talk so danged loud, Mother," and By Heck smiled a pale smile. "I don't *think* who killed Black Adam; I *know* who killed Black Adam. But it needn't to worry Bill Wade none, acause whoever it was done it shore hain't a goin' to let Bill Wade suffer for it."

One of Granny Heck's bony fingers shot toward her son like a weapon.

"It was you, By!" she said, accusingly. "It was you killed Black Adam Ball! But you know blamed well 'at I won't never say nothin' about it. Not a durn do I keer for a lowdown Ball. Now open up to me, son, and I'll bake ye some cawn bread. Wasn't it you 'at done it?"

By Heck looked toward some fleecy white clouds that were sailing slowly over the rugged crest of the majestic Big Pine.

"The's rain in the air," he drawled. "Ef it won't rain tonight, it'll rain tomorrer. The's rain in the air, Mother, as shore as dammit."

CARTERSVILLE nestles close between the points of two outlying foothills, and it is a delightfully lazy and old-fashioned town. For the most part, it is made up of gabled old brick houses, which have pretty settings of green lawn, roses, honeysuckles, and trees. Even in the little business district the streets are lined with trees. They have electric lights there, and water mains, a common school, and a high school, a courthouse, a jail, and a theatre.

It was after nightfall when Wade and the other two men rode through the shaded streets. Wade noted that the people they met under the swinging lights spoke cordially and with marked courtesy to his companions. It was plain that Major Bradley and the officer were in high standing in their home town.

Sheriff Flowers drew in before a hitching-rack that stood in front of the courthouse, a great old wooden building with a clock in its tower.

"We'll dismount here," he said.

The Major took the rein of Wade's horse. "I'll see that the animal is well cared for, sir. And as soon as I can see to our horses, I'll be with you. I want to talk matters over with you. Suppose I bring supper for both of us, eh?"

Wade thanked Bradley, and turned away with the officer. They walked a short block and entered a low, square building of brick and stone, of which the windows were small and high and barred with iron. Wade knew that it was the Cartersville jail, and his heart sank. Just as death by violence had been entirely new to him, so also was this a new and ghastly experience.

Flowers took a ring of heavy keys from the hand of the jailer, and let the way down a white-washed corridor. It was not yet bedtime, and the other prisoners were still up; some of them were reading newspapers, others were

mending their clothing, still others were doing nothing. A few of them called out boldly and bade the new prisoner welcome—and each of these received a gruff order from the Sheriff to keep quiet. Wade paid no attention whatever to his would-be-tormentors.

At an iron door at the end of the white - washed corridor, the officer halted and faced about.

"If there could be such a thing as a comfortable cell here," he said, in a low and kindly tone, "it's this one." He went on earnestly, "Now I want you to believe me when I tell you that it is with real regret that I put you behind a door of iron. But if I didn't do it, somebody else would; and it is possible that I can be a little more decent about it than another officer might be."

"I am much obliged to you, Sheriff," replied Wade.

Flowers unlocked the door, and Wade walked in. Flowers locked the door and went away.

Wade began to inspect his quarters. To all appearances they were clean, at least. Besides a narrow bed covered with a pair of gray blankets, there was a stool and a soap box and nothing else. A light in the corridor behind him made snaky black lines of bar-shadows on the brick partition walls and the outer wall of stones. Wade shuddered in spite of himself. He put up one hand and turned on a small light, which dissipated the uncanny shadows—and at the same time showed him a miserable line from Dante's "Inferno;" some former occupant of that cell had written it with charcoal on the whitewashed outer wall.

Then Wade sat down wearily on his bed, leaned his head upon his hands, and began to think.

He had always wanted difficulties to overcome, barriers to surmount, a work to do, a fight to fight for himself. In full measure he had found them, every one. He did not doubt his ability to overcome the difficulties, surmount the barriers, do his work well, and fight his fight as a good man fights, and win—if it were not for the charge of having killed Black Adam Ball! It seemed to him now that *that* must end it all for him. For that was more than a difficulty, more than a barrier.

He firmly believed that it had been his bullet that had finished the earthly existence of the giant hill man. True, it had been an accident. But how was he to convince a jury that it had been an accident? Would a jury take his word for it? The mysterious third shot, that had come from a little distance—but he could not reasonably expect deliverance from that source. If only he had held down his abominable, savage temper, if only he had—

Major Bradley interrupted his unpleasant train of thought: "No brooding, there, my boy!"

Wade looked up. The old attorney was standing just beyond the hateful door of bars, and he was smiling broadly. Beside him stood a white-clad negro with a big tray of steaming food in one hand and a pot of steaming coffee in the other. The jailer came and unlocked the door; also he very considerably brought another stool and fresh water. The major entered the cell, and the negro followed him.

An amused twinkle appeared in Wade's eyes as the Major put the tray down on the soap box. There was enough food for four! The negro was sent out to the front door to wait.

[Continued on page 58]

Young Man and His Problem

By H. J. Russell, F.C.I.

Meeting Employers' Requirements

IN THIS age of large companies it is probably true that the majority of our young men eventually find themselves in the ranks of the employees of some great business or industrial organization. Many such organizations have special employment forms which must be completed by all applicants for positions. An examination of these questions shows that many of them have to do with matters of character. With a view to giving young men an opportunity to study these questions, we have collected from a number of sources a large number of questions which we have combined in two lists, one relating to questions asked by companies that are required to guarantee the honesty of employees, and one that is typical of questions asked by an average corporation.

Employment Standards

IN ADDITION to the questions asked applicants for a position, the surety companies will ask you for information that is decidedly personal, before they will guarantee your honesty.

1. Give your name, age, residence and a full personal description of yourself.
2. What is the nature of the business carried on by your employer?
3. How long have you been in the service of your present employer?
4. How long have you been in the position for which the bond is required?
5. Who will pay the premium for this bond?
6. If you have ever furnished any other bond, why was it discontinued?
7. Has a loss ever been paid on your bond?
8. What salary will you receive?
9. Are you responsible for any losses occasioned by bad credits?
10. If you own any real estate, where is it located and what is its value?
11. If you own any personal property, of what does it consist?
12. Is there any incumbrance on your property? If so, how much?
13. What other indebtedness have you?
14. How much property do your parents own?
15. How many persons are dependent upon you for support?
16. If your life is insured, to whom is the policy payable?
17. Were you ever in business on your own account?
18. What were your reasons for discontinuing your business?
19. Did you ever make an assignment for the benefit of your creditors?
20. Do you occasionally invest in stocks, grain, oil, or real estate?
21. When and by whom were your accounts last examined?
22. If you have ever been discharged from any position, state why.
23. Where and when were you born?
24. If you were foreign-born, how long have you been a resident of this country?
25. If you have been naturalized, give the date, the place, and the court.
26. Of what country are you a citizen if you are not naturalized?
27. Do you ever use alcoholic liquors? Did you ever use them to excess? If so, when?
28. Give the names and addresses of your employers for the last two years.

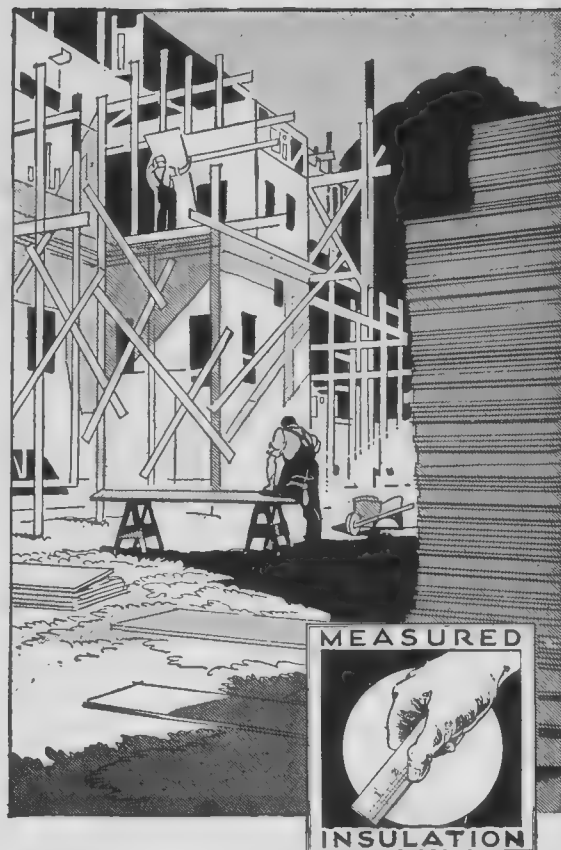
29. Give the names and addresses of three of your school teachers to whom we can refer.

30. Give names and addresses of three persons, not relatives, to whom we can refer.

Getting A Job

HERE are some of the questions that must be answered by applicants for a position. They were taken from the application blanks of several different firms. Why do you suppose that any company would care to know the answer to each of these questions? Do you think you could answer them satisfactorily?

1. Give your name, age, height, weight, the color of your hair and eyes, your complexion and nationality?
2. What schooling have you had?
3. What school did you last attend?
4. How long has it been since you left school?
5. Why did you stop school when you did?
6. Why did you leave your last position?
7. If you are now employed why do you wish to change?
8. Do you live with your parents?
9. Have you anyone dependent on you?
10. Do you attend church?
11. Are you addicted to the use of tobacco, liquor, or opiates?
12. Is your health good?
13. Do you have any defect of sight, hearing, speech, or limb?
14. What are your favorite forms of recreation?
15. To what club, union, or society do you belong?
16. Have you done any studying since leaving school? If so, what?
17. Have you ever been discharged? Give full particulars.
18. Have you ever been charged with being in arrears in any position?
19. Did you ever give a surety bond?
20. Would you be willing to do so, if required?
21. Are you financially interested in any business?
22. Have you any income aside from your salary?
23. To what extent have you engaged in speculation?
24. To what extent are you in debt?
25. Do you carry any life insurance?
26. Do you carry any accident insurance?
27. Have you ever been involved in any lawsuits?
28. Do you own any real estate?
29. Have you a savings bank account?
30. If married, give the name and address of your wife or husband.
31. Give the name and address of your parents, if living.
32. If you are married and your parents are not living, give the names and addresses of your nearest relatives.
33. Are you subject to dizziness or fainting spells?
34. What long or serious sickness have you had?
35. Have you ever been injured? If so, to what extent?
36. Were you ever operated on? If so, what for?
37. What languages do you speak or write?
38. Are you good at figures?
39. What kind of work do you like best?



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THE Royal Bank of Canada in its Review of Canadian Business Conditions, deals in particular with the agricultural situation. It points out that while heavy stocks of last year's wheat crop await final disposition, interest is now becoming general in the prospects for the coming season. Weather and soil conditions have been unfavorable over the whole North American continent, the drought has affected considerable proportions and reductions are expected in the areas sown with spring wheat. It is also anticipated that, owing to the unsatisfactory returns received by producers, Argentine and Australian wheat farmers are also planting a smaller acreage. Land in Western Canada under summer fallow or plowed last fall in preparation for this year's crop is estimated to exceed nineteen million acres. The article points out however that while the prepared acreage is greater than in any previous year except 1930, it is doubtful if any considerable area will be stubbled in. The total area under wheat in Canada this year it is estimated will be reduced accordingly. Conditions have been more favorable in other parts of Canada but April precipitation was small. Rains late in the month had a beneficial effect. Practically all of the wheat is seeded in Manitoba, 75 per cent in Saskatchewan and over 50 per cent in Alberta.

This year witnesses the Golden Jubilee of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Construction of the transcontinental line began on May 2, 1881, when the company took over 162 miles of line built by the government from Selkirk to Pembina and from Selkirk to Cross Lake. By December of the same year the main line was located as far as Moose Jaw Creek and trains were running on the main line between Winnipeg and Brandon. The prairie section was finished in August, 1883; lake section in May, 1884; first Winnipeg to Montreal train ran on November 1, 1885; the last spike was driven on November 7, 1885; and on June 28, 1886, there was the first Montreal to Pacific train.

From that time the progress of this great company has been in keeping with the development of Canada and the interests of the Dominion and of the company are indissolubly linked up. At the end of 1926 the company owned and controlled over 20,000 miles of lines and had over 100,000 locomotives and other rolling stock. It owned and operated more sleeping, dining, and parlor cars than any other railway in the world. In Montreal terminals contain 247 miles of track, in Winnipeg 314 miles and Vancouver 52 miles. All of the rolling stock has been built or purchased in Canada. The Angus shops situated at the east end of Montreal cover 200 acres with a shop floor space of 38 acres, track mileage within the fence of 35 miles. The Ogden shops situated 4½ miles from Calgary contain an area of 213 acres, shop floor space of 10 acres, and employ 1,200 men when working at full capacity. The Weston shops and car service yard at Winnipeg cover an area of 284 acres, comprising 26 buildings with an average floor space of 16 acres. These are the main locomotive and car repair shops for western lines. When working at capacity this shop employs 2,500 men.

What the Canadian Pacific means to the economic and industrial life of Canada may be gathered from the fact that during the eight years, ending 1927, it had expended on supplies and materials \$2,402,000,000, that is to say, an average of over \$800,000 per day.

Answers to Queries

Port Arthur, Ont.

Q. Would you kindly give me any information you can through the Dollars and Cents Department of your paper concerning Brooks Steam Motors Ltd. of Stratford, Ont. Can the shareholders ever expect any returns for money invested?—D.W.

A. We do not believe that the shareholders can expect any return upon money which they invested in Brooks Steam Motors Ltd. Several attempts have been made to reorganize the company, but, so far, nothing really satisfactory has materialized.

* * * * *

Keewatin, Ont.

Q. Please advise through your columns if the following lot in the Municipality of Charleswood, Winnipeg, is worth holding:— Roll No. 195, Section Lot 14, Township Block 7, Range 31, Plan 1599, Assessment \$50.00—"Subscriber."

A. This lot has only a very nominal value and at the present time there is really no market. The lot may be worth about three years taxes.

* * * * *

Austin, Man.

Q. Could you inform me what the cash value of a One Dollar gold piece of the year 1849 is?—G.S.H.

A. Write to the Scott Stamp and Coin Co. Ltd., 1, West 47th Street, New York City, for this information.

* * * * *

Yorkton, Sask.

Q. I have purchased a Pension Bond from the Champion Simmons Investment Corporation Limited. Kindly advise in your columns if this is a reliable concern.—D.A.

A. We have no information as to the above company and can only presume that it is a small new company which has as yet no outstanding record of successful operation to recommend it to investors.

* * * * *

Entwistle, Alta.

Q. Can you give me any information regarding the North Western Oil Syndicate? I hold a number of shares but I do not hear anything of the company's operations. Will I ever get any return for my money invested?—E.K.

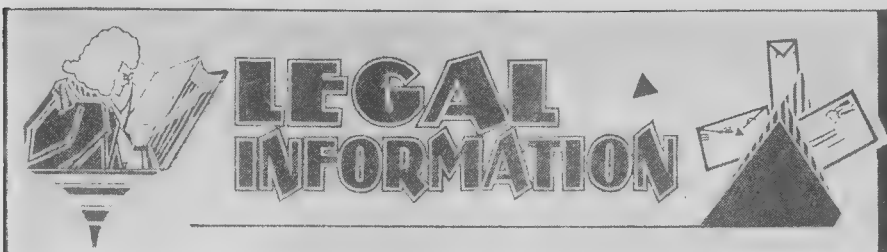
A. We can find no record of the North Western Oil Syndicate and presume that the assets of this syndicate must have been transferred to a company of a different name or otherwise the syndicate has ceased to operate.

* * * * *

Wetaskiwin, Alta.

Q. Can you tell me anything about the Casey Mountain Mining Company? A friend took shares in this mine 12 years ago. She believes the mine changed hands 4 years ago but does not know the new name.

Do you consider the C.P.R. Twenty-Year loans a good investment?—M.S.
[Continued on page 57]



THE question often arises as to how far a husband is liable for goods ordered by his wife on his credit, and lately the matter has come before the public in certain cases. In one case a wife ran up a large account for dresses, gowns, suits, a riding habit, hose, slippers. The evidence showed that the husband was extremely well-to-do but that before he acquired his wealth he had on a previous occasion forbidden his wife to charge any goods, at the same time and later giving her a sufficient allowance to pay such accounts. The Court held that where credit is extended to a married woman, in her own name, and goods are supplied to her without her husband's knowledge or consent and without reference to him, and it appears that he had provided her with sufficient means to pay for necessities, the husband cannot be made liable therefor on the ground of her implied authority to pledge his credit as to necessities.

In another case a washing machine company sold a washer to a woman who signed a written contract. At the foot of the contract in a blank space the husband's name was inserted but the contract was not signed by him. His name was not signed by his wife—apparently it was inserted as the husband's name by the agent. The contract was then signed by the wife. In an endorsement on the contract was a place for the history of the transaction in which a blank space was left for the name of the person to whom credit was given and in that space was inserted the name of the wife. All the accounts were rendered to her. The husband was sued but the court held that he was not liable on the grounds that credit was given to the wife alone.

In a New Brunswick case the following rules have been laid down:

(1) From the fact that the husband and wife are living together a presumption arises that she has her husband's authority to do those things which in the ordinary circumstances of cohabitation it is usual for a wife to do; and that such presumption gives the wife a prima facie authority to pledge her husband's credit for necessities suitable to their style of living.

(2) That such presumption is one of fact, and, unless the husband's conduct has been such as to create an estoppel between him and the person supplying the goods, may, when the question is as to the authority of the wife to buy goods upon her husband's credit, be rebutted by proof, inter alia, that (a) the husband had expressly forbidden his wife to pledge his credit; or (b) that he had supplied her with sufficient money for the purpose of buying the goods without pledging his credit.

* * * * *

Answers to Queries

White Fox, Sask.

Q. Can a school board collect school taxes after being due for six years?—Z.X.Y.

A. The school district can still collect school taxes if they have been outstanding for six years. They are probably not outlawed even within twenty years.

Calgary, Alta.

Q. Will you kindly answer in your department if first cousins can be lawfully married in Canada or any of the United States?—G.H.G.

A. We believe there is no law in Western Canada prohibiting the marriage of first cousins. We cannot inform you as to the laws of the United States.

* * * * *

Saskatoon, Sask.

Q. Can an Old Age Pensioner earn anything outside of his pension, if so how much can he earn? Can a person dispose of his property to buy in another locality in Saskatchewan without the consent of the government?—"Subscriber."

A. The Old Age Pension is payable to any person who can fulfil the requisites of nationality, residence, etc., and who is not in receipt of an income of \$360 per annum. A pensioner can earn \$120 a year without incurring any reduction in his pension, but if he earns more than that sum his pension is reduced accordingly.

The government has certain rights and powers in dealing with the real property of a pensioner. It will depend upon whether the government has exercised these powers as to whether there is any restriction on the pensioner disposing of his property. It would probably be advisable to discuss the matter with the government if you propose selling your property and acquiring property in another district.

* * * * *

Hurkett, Ont.

Q. In 1921 I sold my farm in Saskatchewan, getting a note for \$1,000. I put this note into the bank and borrowed \$500 on it. The bank renewed my note every three months until last September. I wrote and asked him about it but he does not answer my letters. How can I collect this money? I could use it to better advantage myself.—J.W.

A. You have the usual rights of any creditor to sue on the note, obtain a judgment and endeavor to enforce the judgment. There are many ways to enforce a judgment such as by execution or garnisheeing proceedings. If the debtors who sign the note are solvent the judgment should be readily enforced; although you will appreciate that during the past year farmers and others in farming districts in Saskatchewan have been having a very hard time of it and it may be difficult for them to raise the money readily.

* * * * *

Courtenay, B.C.

Q. Kindly tell me if I can claim compensation from a neighbor who continues blasting operations when I have told him that I have geese and hens setting, also if one can be stopped blasting at any special time.—F.B.

A. Everyone must so conduct himself so as not to cause injury to other persons. If your neighbor's blasting operations cause any damage to you you are entitled to compensation therefor. It is very difficult for us to advise you definitely how much inconvenience the neighbor would have to cause you before it would be actionable at law. If you really desire to follow the matter through you had better consult a solicitor.



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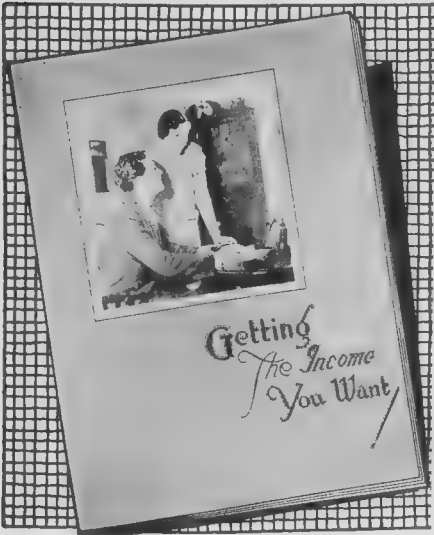
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How would you like to have \$100 a month mailed to you regularly after you reach age, say 50, 55 or 60, which ever you select? You would like to have it now, perhaps, and if you have the capital sum needed to buy such an income the Canada Life will guarantee it to you at once. But if you haven't the capital you can arrange now that you will have that income later on.

Suppose you are earning \$100 a month—it may be \$150, \$200, or more. Whatever it is, there is a part of that income you want continued.

If you were not earning, how much would continue? That is, how much of your income would go on, no matter if you earned a salary or drew pay or not? For many people the answer would have to be: "Not very much!"

It takes \$20,000 capital well invested to bring in \$100 a month, but under the Canada Life plan you do not need to save \$20,000 in order to make sure of an income of that amount.

The Canada Life, with \$188,000,000 of well-invested assets, will guarantee to continue that part of your income you must have later on for living expenses, say \$100 a month. And the Canada Life may have to start the income going at any time to you or your family. There are no years of waiting if the need should come suddenly. That is, should you become totally disabled or should you die.

How you can provide such an income is told in our booklet, "Getting the Income You Want." Why not send for it now?

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I am interested in this subject. Please send me by mail your booklet, "Getting the Income You Want," without obligation of any kind on my part.

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The Cowboy Goes Shopping

Continued from page 13

mob and spreads my arms, and while the women says "Brute! Mucker!" and other things, I gets to that counter, grabs ten pairs of stockings like Annie told me to get and hangs on to 'em. After half an hour the clerk was able to get to me and then I waits for my change. I think they must have a real intricate system about change in one of those big stores. I should judge that they takes your money, weighs it, sends it to the mint to be assayed, telegraphs to your homeplace to find out if you are a counterfeiter, gets your family history so to be sure you didn't steal it, has it officially counted by the bureau of weights and measures and then, after enterin' it on eighteen different books, sends it back to you. They has time to do all that while I waited.

But I gets it at last—and then I looks at my list and finds I'm to get Annie two dresses—full directions as to color and everything. Now I never was much on women's clothes—never having had a sister, I only know that the simpler a dress looks the more it costs and that I don't know enough to know anything about buying clothes for women. But I has a stern duty to perform and I does it. They begins directin' me again how to find the dresses—but I says, "No, I wants a guide, take me to them. I'm only a poor western cow punch lost in this here palace of trade, and I want somebody to take me by the hand and lead me gently where I want to go. This isn't any store, this is a jungle and an ant hill and a circus rolled in one."

Which the girl leads me careful to the dress department and after I tells the lady in charge what I wants, she calls two little filies over and tells 'em to put on frocks like I'm supposed to buy. Pretty quick they comes out in them and they sure are class. I could just see Annie trailin' around in them—until the lady mentioned the price, two hundred and fifty dollars each. When I said I wouldn't pay more than fifty dollars, she acts kind of bored and tired and begins to hand me the lofty stuff. But I takes her off that pedestal sudden.

"Lady," says I, "let me see some of the high priced dresses like you wears to home,"—and she comes out of the clouds like an aviator with a busted plane. After that the top lofty lady was real pleasant and we got along good. She doped out a couple of dresses that looked pretty near as good as the two hundred and fifty dollar ones—and they only cost one hundred and fifty dollars—the two of them.

By this time it's gettin' late and I'm all in. The Little Lady said I ought to take three days to do all that shopping, but I thought I could do it in one afternoon—and I makes up my mind I will. I rushes through what used to be the corset department, feeling sort of improper with all them wax ladies they had in a case with these here funny things they wear for corsets—and not much else on. I only stops long enough to buy two of them like Annie told me, and when I gave her measurements the lady says,

"My, she's a perfect thirty-six, ain't she?"

"Thirty-six!" says I, indignant, "Annie's only twenty-three and looks eighteen."

They all laughs, but I don't know yet what they laughed at. Bein' women I stands for it.

With these du-dads bought, there's only a few things left and I gallops around from counter to counter, buyin'

things and givin' my name and hotel until I begins to think there weren't no words in the United States language except "Henry Stevens, Hotel Wellworth, Chicago." I been up and down so many aisles and around so many counters and meets so many foremen and salesgirls, and floor walkers—oh, didn't I tell you—that a floor walker is a kind of range rider? He trots around his little part of the store to see that the clerks ain't loafin' on the job, and to watch no rustlers gets away with any of the stock.

Well, I been around that store and listened to the clack of heels and the chatter of girls, and the sort of roar of voices and the noise of the elevators, and the little yearlings runnin' around while the clerks blatted, "Cash here, cash!" until my brain is as confused as that of a steer in that mess of pens at the yards, and I was groping around helpless like and buying anything that was handed to me—besides asking for shoes by the yard and the dress goods by the pair.

IT WAS about five o'clock when I finished the trusso list of Annie's and took the elevator to the furniture department. When I got up there and finds ten thousand miles of chairs, the state of Montana full of tables, twelve thousand miles of dressers—I just throws up my hands, shoves my list and a ten dollar bill at the first clerk that comes up, gives my name and Montana address—and tells him to pick out a good mess of furnishings according to the list, have 'em packed, and draw on me for the bill. "The ten," says I, "is a little token of my esteem and gratitude for the service you are about to perform. Now show me the swiftest way to hit the trail out of here, and I'll go so fast that nobody can see me at all."

I goes to the hotel an' has a drink out of my grip an' a dinner that foots up seven dollars on my bill. After that I feels more rested, and being invited by an affable gent in loud clothes who says he likes my honest face, I mixes in another little game and with ease and swiftness absorbs the available cash about the persons of the gentlemanly crooks who entices me into it. When their rolls is exhausted they departs quiet and respectful, bowing low as they leave.

Next morning, when I comes down to the office the clerk beckons me to the desk.

"Pardon my seeming impudence and intense curiosity," he says, "but are you about to start a mercantile emporium in our midst? Or is it merely a female seminary which you are intendin' to equip? And may I suggest that I have four sample rooms which will about contain the materials which have been delivered here for you?"

"The answer to that," says I, "is found up in my room. Will you join me?"

And when I gets back home and the Little Lady gets done figurin' over the bill for the trusso and the furniture, she says:

"Well, you did pretty well, considering. But I think it would have been better if I'd gone to Butte and bought all this stuff, I'd have saved one hundred dollars."

I hands her the roll I won in Chicago.

"Annie," I says, "you might buy them trussos cheaper in Butte than in Chicago, but the Chicago brand of Poker is much easier on strangers."



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Dollars and Cents

Continued from page 54

A. The bonds of the C.P.R. are considered amongst the soundest investments that are offered by any Canadian corporation. As evidence of the faith which the investing public have in these bonds, the market price always places them on about the same basis as the bonds of the Dominion Government.

The Casey Mountain Mining Co. Ltd. held 51 claims (240 acres) in Casey Township in the Cobalt area in Ontario, and has two shafts sunk showing encouraging silver values. A few years ago the properties of the company were disposed of to the Casey Mountain Operating Syndicate Ltd. which has its head office at 411 McCallum-Hill Building, Regina, Sask. The silver property is fully equipped with plants for deep mining, but because of the present pronounced depression in the value of silver the new company will concentrate its development work upon its other properties rather than on the silver property. You can probably obtain further information by writing to the head office of the company.

* * * *

Camp Morton, Man.

Q. I have been buying a bond from the Investors Syndicate of Minneapolis, Minn. They have a branch office in the Power Building, Winnipeg. Is this a well established, reliable company, and is money invested with them safe? —M.S.

A. The Investors Syndicate has a fairly long record of successful operation and its investments seem to be satisfactory in their class. The record of companies of this type is very good and the percentage of actual failures is extremely small compared with other types of companies. However, any person who purchases their securities should be prepared to carry out his payments for the full period of his contract or otherwise the return on his investment will be greatly restricted.

Timely Table Talk

Continued from page 24

and the tea cups, for as with most people, I have plenty of odd tea cups.

This is the way I really advise anyone to go about the purchase of either dishes or silverware. Think out first the pieces you will make actual use of—buy first those that you need most and in a ware or design that you can get more of as you are ready to purchase them.

The same can be done with your glassware. What glasses do you use? What style would accord best with your other table furnishings?

AND having acquired these things, or having brought your old possessions into a more complete and adequate harmony—be a little individual in your table arrangement.

In our illustration, a most attractive arrangement is achieved by setting the six places at the sides of the table, rather than using the end places—a plan that is particularly suited to the long narrow table of refectory or similar type.

The candlesticks are placed in a rather unusual and quite charming way—and the low bowl of flowers is arranged to give its full decorative value and at the same time to prove no detriment to cross-table conversation. It is just such play upon the minor accessories to charm, that will give the final fillip of interest to a table that begins with a foundation of correctness and good taste.

To the Holders of WAR LOAN AND VICTORY BONDS

A Statement by the Minister of Finance



IN THE dark days of the War, Canadians loaned to the Government of the Dominion many hundred millions of dollars to enable the operations of the Allies to be carried to a successful conclusion.

When Canadians loaned their money to the Government, they received bonds which were promises to repay them the sum loaned with interest at the rate of 5% or 5½% per annum. On the 1st of October next, \$53,000,000 of these bonds become due; on the 1st of November, 1932, the maturity will be \$73,000,000; on the 1st of November, 1933, \$446,000,000; and, in 1934, \$511,000,000 must be provided for.

It would not be prudent, either in the interest of the security holders or the country itself, to wait until these loans become due before providing for their payment or conversion. Action must be taken well in advance of the due dates to protect the credit of the country. The Government believes this an opportune time to afford Canadians the opportunity to exchange the bonds, which they own maturing in the next few years, for new bonds of the Dominion of Canada carrying interest at the rate of 4½% per annum, which is a very attractive return. Prior to the maturity date of the present bonds, those who accept this offer will, of course, continue to be paid interest at the rate as provided by the bonds they exchange.

Canadians who have always shown confidence in their country are earnestly invited to exchange the bonds they now own for bonds of the new issue. By so doing, they will render less difficult the task of providing for the future finances of the country, will enhance its credit and will greatly assist the Government in the present period of worldwide readjustments.

No money will be asked for and no new bonds will be sold at this time. It is proposed to limit the present conversion to \$250,000,000, but the Government has the right at its discretion to increase the amount if Canadians indicate a general desire to continue their investments in the securities of their Dominion. The subscription books will close on the 23rd of May.

I earnestly seek the active support of my fellow Canadians in making this conversion, which is one of the largest financial operations our country has undertaken in recent years, creditable alike to Canada and its citizens.

Minister of Finance.

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many new salads, sandwiches, fruit cups, etc. because every one of the many hundreds of recipes have been specially created and tested for you by Miss Gertrude Dutton, nationally known dietitian, who for many years has been in charge of *The Western Home Monthly* "Better Cookery Department." You cannot buy this book anywhere. It is not for sale and never will be.

Specially Selected Recipes

however, can be obtained by sending in a subscription to *The Western Home Monthly*, the copy going forward to you immediately, all charges paid.

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Enclosed find \$1.00 for which send *The Western Home Monthly* for one year, also SPECIALLY SELECTED RECIPES to

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TWO DOLLARS PAYS FOR THREE YEARS

The Moreland Complex

Continued from page 52

"I thought you'd be as hungry as I am, and I'm as hungry as By Heck ever was!" laughed Bradley, as he sat down and began to pour the coffee. "Riding always made me as hungry as a bear in April. Light right into it, Wade. There's nothing like a good steak, for any meal, when a fellow is half starved; eh, Wade? Try that one, won't you? I told Massengale I'd behead him if these steaks weren't perfect. "Massengale," he added, "runs the hotel here, the Boxwood Inn."

Wade found that he, too, was hungry, now that he was reminded of it. A minute later and he had declared that his steak was delicious.

"Then Massengale's life shall be spared," smiled the Major. And he began to carve his own steak.

It was altogether an excellent meal. When it was over, the negro came and took out the dishes, and perceived with a gladsome grin the two silver coins that were given to him. Then Major Bradley produced a handful of cigars, and two of them were promptly lighted.

"Now, sir," said the old lawyer, "I feel like talking. Let's see, you gave your man Hayes orders to carry the work right along as though nothing had happened, didn't you? And the sheriff is to go back day after tomorrow to arrest two or three Balls and two or three Torreys, to see what he can find out concerning the dynamiting of the two buildings and the trestle—today was not a good time to make the arrests. Am I correct?"

"Correct," nodded Wade.

Bradley regarded his cigar thoughtfully.

"Now," he said, in a low tone, suddenly lifting his gaze to the other's face, "tell me about the thing that brought you here. Tell me everything. Don't omit even the slightest detail. Nobody can overhear if you will hold your voice down. These walls are very thick, you know. Well, begin."

In carefully guarded tones, Bill Wade gave a straight-forward account of the whole unfortunate occurrence. The Major listened intently to every word of it, so intently that he allowed his cigar to go out. Often the old attorney stopped his client and asked him to repeat certain portions of the story in order that he might be double sure of a point. Wade's cigar, too, was cold and black long before he had finished.

As Major Bradley rose to call to the jailer to come and let him out, Wade asked down-heartedly:

"Tell me frankly: What do you think of my case? It looks rather bad, doesn't it?"

"Not bad enough to warrant your feeling blue over it, my boy," said Bradley, showing his strong white teeth in a smile that was meant to be reassuring. "I think we'll get you out of it. Don't worry about it. Worry will kill a cat, they say! You didn't kill Adam Ball. John Moreland had taught you how to shoot pretty well; and if you took even half as careful an aim as you say, you couldn't have missed Ball's hat by so much. I have an idea, Wade, that if we knew who fired that third shot we'd know who killed Ball. It might have been done to save you. Ball was noted, I understand, as an unfair and tricky fighter. He might have been trying to trick you when he rose and fell groaning. Perhaps he meant to draw you into the open, that he might kill you."

Wade shook his head, gloomily.

"Hardly plausible. In that event there was nothing against the man

whose bullet finished Ball, because he did it to save me; and he would have owned to it to prevent my arrest. A man who liked me well enough to kill Ball to save my life would like me well enough to confess and save me from suffering for it."

"Ah, my boy," smiled the older of the two, "you don't yet know the mountain heart! Jail is a terrible thing to the liberty-loving mountaineer. But love of you, and love of fair dealing, will soon overcome the fear of jail, and you will be freed—if that which I strongly suspect proves to be well founded. I'll leave you now, Wade, I'll see you in the morning, sir. Good night!"

Wade bade his attorney good night, glanced once more at the miserable line from Dante's "Inferno" on the wall, and began to remove his outer clothing preparatory to going to bed. He did not feel so confident concerning the outcome of his trial as Major Bradley evidently did. Then he became even more dejected, and he told himself that the Major had spoken so reassuringly merely to help him keep up heart.

THE night passed, and another bright summer day dawned, and there was one prisoner in the Cartersville jail who had slept not at all. Each of those long and heavy black hours had been as an age to this prisoner to whom jail was so new.

At noon a furious windstorm, accompanied by much vivid lightning and blinding rain, sprang out of the west and began to sweep the countryside, and out of the lowering wet gloom there came one to deliver Bill Wade. He was a mountaineer, young and stalwart and strong, and there was about him much of that certain English fineness that was so striking in his father. He entered the building and stopped in the centre of the corridor, where he stood, while the water ran from his wet clothing and gathered in little pools at his feet, and looked to his right and to his left. Wade saw him, and cried out in his surprise:

"Caleb!"

Caleb Moreland walked straight, his head up and his shoulders back, a splendid picture of virile young manhood, to the end of the corridor. He gripped two of the door's hated bars, bars that had long been worn smooth by other human hands; he pressed his smoothly-shaven sunburned face against the iron, and smiled.

"How are ye a-feelin' by this time, Bill?" he asked. "It's some hell of a place, hain't it?"

Wade went toward him. "What are you doing here, Caleb?"

"I've come to set you free," said Caleb Moreland.

Wade stared unbelievably. "But that is impossible. How could you set me free, Caleb?"

"Call the shuriff here, and I'll sight ye to how."

From the door of his office, Sheriff Flowers had been silently watching the mountaineer. Wade called, and Flowers came immediately. Caleb Moreland turned from the cell door and faced the officer.

"I've come here to own up to the killin' o' Black Adam Ball," began the young hill man. He swallowed, went on a trifle pale, and continued bravely: "Bill Wade thar, he never done it. I am the one 'at done it. Bill Wade he shot at Adam, but he missed—Adam had done shot at Bill fust, y'understand. But I didn't miss. I don't never miss. I'm a plumb dead shot. They allus rules me

[Continued on page 59]

The Moreland Complex

Continued from page 58

out at any shootin' match. I'd ha' owned up to it yeste'day, but the thought o' jail skeered me bad. I cain't let as good a man as Bill Wade suffer for a thing I done myself. Let him out, Shuriff Flowers, and put the right man in thar."

Flowers had a good heart, and he was touched deeply. But he was not very much surprised.

"Tell us about it, Caleb," he requested.

Caleb looked toward Wade, then he faced the lord of Cartersville jail again.

"Well, shuriff, when I seen Bill Wade go off towards the trustle by hisself and alone I knowed right then he was in danger o' bein' laywayed by some o' them thar lowdown Balls or Cherokee Torreys. So I decides to foller attar him and gyard him, without him aknowin' anything about it, which same I done. When he met Adam Ball—"

He broke off abruptly. There was a rather shrewd twinkle in his clear gray eyes.

"Go on," urged Flowers.

"I reckon I won't," smiled Caleb, and his eyes were twinkling. "I reckon I won't do more talkin' now. A man can awful easy talk his fool head off, ye know, shuriff. I reckon the proper place to do my talkin' is in the co'tehouse at my trial. Lock me up, will ye?"

"We'll see," said Flowers; and forthwith he despatched a deputy for Judge Carter and Major Bradley.

An hour later Caleb Moreland was the occupant of the cell at the end of the whitewashed corridor, and Wade was mounting his bay horse, Fox, to ride back into the heart of the everlasting hills. The rain had gone as quickly as it had come and the skies were once more blue and bright. Everywhere there was the lazy droning of wild bees, and the sweet odor of honeysuckle.

He arrived two hours after night-fall. The Morelands were glad to see him, and the Littlefords were glad to see him. There was rejoicing there in the broad valley that lies between David Moreland's Mountain and the majestic Big Pine. Everybody had been expecting him, and many were the pairs of eyes that had been watching for him. He found himself suddenly wishing, with a tightening at his throat, that his father could know how much bigger and how much better it was to be loved than to be wealthy.

Luke took charge of his tired horse and led it away to the old log stable and to some fifteen ears of yellow corn. Luke's father escorted him proudly, the guest of honor, to one of Addie Moreland's incomparable old-fashioned suppers, which was none the worse for being late. Several of the Littlefords sat at the long, home-made table. John Moreland turned the light up a little, and cracked a worn but timely joke; then he looked toward one of the men he had fought throughout many years, and muttered into his thick brown beard:

"Saul, will ye do us the favor o' axin' the blessin', ef ye please?"

"Shore, John, o' course."

Saul Littleford, the very illiterate, laced his big fingers together across his plate, bent his head, and told the good Almighty that they were all very much obliged to Him for what they had to eat, for Addie Moreland who had cooked it, for peace and for Bill Wade....

It was almost midnight when the visitors left. They had been sitting outside, on the honeysuckle-scented

front porch and in the cabin yard. At last Bill Wade and John Moreland were left together on the porch.

"There's a thing that has puzzled me since the moment I arrived here this evening," said Wade, after a little period of silence save for the faraway baying of a hound, the lonesome cry of an owl, and the gentle murmuring of Doe River. "Why is it that nobody seems to be grieving over Caleb's being in jail?"

The big hill man's answer came readily:

"No Moreland ever grieves over a sacrifice."

Wade sat up straight. "A sacrifice! What do you mean?"

This time the big hill man's answer came closely: "I mean 'at Cal he's a-takin' all the load off o' yore shoulders 'at he can. Cal he's a-takin' yore place in jail ontel the trial comes off, which'll be at the October term o' co'te. He trusts you to come back and set him free on the day o' the trial. A course you'll do it; we hain't never doubted that. But it wasn't all done for yore sake, Bill. You're the hope o' the Morelands, and you can do a heap more here 'an Caleb can."

He leaned toward Wade, who had not spoken, and went on in a confidential tone:

"And I can tell ye this here: ef you're found guilty o' killin' Black Adam, and sentenced for even one year for the doin' of it, the Morelands and the Littlefords will take you from the officers and turn you loose with a good, long start on the law."

Wade's mind was a medley of confused thoughts over this revelation. But when he spoke it was in answer to the last words of the mountaineer.

"Wouldn't that be rather—" he broke off because he had seen the tall figure of a man appear in the open gateway.

The figure was that of By Heck, and he spoke: "Hello, John Moreland!"

"Hello, yeself!" growled Moreland, who was not pleased at the interruption.

Heck advanced, carrying his rifle by its muzzle. He stopped with one foot on the stone step.

"I've got news, Bill," he said, recognizing Wade even in the darkness. "I've been a eavesdrappin' up at old Ball's house, and I had to choke ten dawgs to death to do it. Them Balls has swore by everything on earth and in heaven and in Tarnint that they'll kill you ef the law don't. And them lowdown Cherokee Torreys is with 'em."

John Moreland rose from his chair.

"Much obliged, By. And good night to ye. Le's go in the house, Bill. I didn't think them damned polecats had that much narve—and I don't hardly believe it yit. It might ha' been white licker a talkin'. Their kind o' white licker'll make a man resurrect his dead enemies out o' the graveyard and shoot 'em up all over ag'in. It hain't a-goin' to do no harm, Bill, ef you don't light no lamp when ye go to bed. A man can't never tell jest what's a-goin' to happen."

"And if the Ball-Torrey outfit..." Wade began, when the Moreland chief cut in:

"Ef the Ball-Torrey outfit pesters you, they're everyone purty durned apt to die with what is knowed gen'ally in this section as the rifle-bullet disease."

[Continued on page 60]



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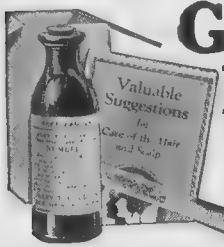
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The Moreland Complex

Continued from page 59

SHERIFF FLOWERS and four able deputies rode out of Cartersville very early in the following morning. They went to the Big Pine Mountain country, and, by a scheme that entailed some shrewdness on the part of the chief officer, arrested two Balls and two Torreys on suspicion and took them away without trouble.

The two Balls and the two Torreys were lodged in the Cartersville jail and offered their liberty and exoneration from all blame in the dynamiting affair if they would give the names of the other guilty parties and appear against them. The mountaineers declared stoutly that they knew nothing whatever of the matter, and when pressure was applied they grew sullen and refused to talk at all. It was plain to Flowers that they did know something about it, and he finally ordered that they be kept in a cell on a diet of bread and water until their tongues loosened. At which the two Balls and the two Torreys swore loudly and swore that they would rot in jail first—unless their kinsmen came and shot up the town and liberated them by force!

"To me that is proof that you four are guilty," grimly smiled the sheriff. "And if your folks want to try storming the jail, let them. A full company of militia can be rushed here within an hour, at any time, and we'll give your folks all the fun they want."

It may be recorded that the four hill men never confessed.

Bill Wade, closely shadowed by By Heck with his ever-ready rifle, went among the workers with a cheer that he did not feel. For Caleb Moreland was in jail, and Caleb Moreland was innocent. But there was one sincere delight for Wade: Hayes was driving the little railroad ahead with all his might and all the might of his men. Hayes was in high favor with those under him; they worked even harder when he was absent than they worked when he was standing over them.

The days ran on, and there was no sign of a hostile demonstration from the Balls and the Torreys. Judging from appearances, they were wholly satisfied with Caleb Moreland's being in jail. Henderson Goff, the coal man, had disappeared. Wade hoped that he was rid of the fellow for all time. But he wasn't. Goff was not so confident as was Major Bradley that he could establish his innocence in the matter of the dynamiting of the two buildings and the trestle. He wished very much to steer clear of arrest, and he was biding his time in a little town in western North Carolina. When the dynamiting affair had blown over, he would go back and try again, perhaps by an altogether new scheme, to get possession of the Moreland coal.

Then there came to the neighborhood a man whom none of the Morelands, and none of the Littlefords, had ever seen before. He was a very uncouth mountain man, with long black hair and a shaggy beard; his clothing was outlandish and ragged. He had not much to say; there was about him an air of mystery.

Two days after his arrival, in the afternoon, the stranger met Wade midway between the Halfway Switch and the opening of the coal vein, and stopped him with an upraised hand.

"Do you know good coal when ye see it?" he asked.

"Why?" drawled Wade, on his guard.

The stranger looked sharply in all directions, as though he wished to make sure that no person was within earshot of them. Evidently satisfied, he drew from a trousers pocket a

shining black lump of coal, and held it out for Wade's inspection.

"What d'ye think o' this here?" he wanted to know.

Wade took the lump and examined it closely. It was as good, apparently, as the Moreland coal, which had quickly sent the expert Hayes into raptures. Wade then looked closely at the stranger. He appeared to be honest; his gaze was steady, and seemed very innocent.

"Where did you get this?" asked Wade.

The alert eyes narrowed. "Do you think this here vein you're a fixin' to mine is the only vein in the whole country?"

"Where did you get this?" Wade repeated.

"Do you think," drawled the other, "at I'm plumb fool enough to give my find away for nothin'? I been pore all o' my life, mister!"

"How do I know," frowned Wade, "that you've really got a find?"

"You'd believe yore own two eyes, wouldn't ye?"

"Yes," agreed Wade, "I'd believe my own eyes. What's your name, and where are you from?"

"What do I git outen it?" asked the hill man. "I don't own the mountain, but it shore can be bought for fifteen cents a acre. And nobody knows about it but jest me. It lays closter to the railroad 'an this here Moreland vein. What do I git outen it, mister?"

The mountaineer seemed more honest than ever, but Wade was still on his guard. He asked again: "What's your name, and where are you from?"

This time the answer came readily: "My name is Walt Turner, and I'm from Turner's Laurel, Madison County, State o' Nawth Ca'liner. But my find it hain't nowhars clost to home. 'Tain't no more'n about two hours o' walkin' from right here, mister. Ef you'd jest up and go along with me, I'd show it to ye."

"I'd like to take my mining man Hayes—"

"No!" quickly objected Walt Turner. "I don't want nobody else to know what it's at but jest you and me. That away, ye see, ef I'm treated crooked I'll know edzactly who done it—and I'll shore git you! But I heard tell 'at you was pow'ful squar', mister."

Wade rubbed his smoothly-shaven chin and considered. He was the last person in the world to throw away an opportunity. There might be a big vein of this coal. Even if he was sent to the State penitentiary for a term of years, Hayes was entirely capable of carrying on the mining operations.

"Could I get back here before nightfall?" Turner's eyes lighted. "Shore!"

"Then lead the way," ordered Wade.

Walt Turner, from Turner's Laurel, Madison County, State of North Carolina, crossed the little creek on stones and went straight to the northeast, missing the Ball settlement by a good mile, and hard on his heels followed the Moreland Coal Company's general manager. The trail was exceedingly rough. The two men climbed rugged cliffs, threaded dense thickets of great laurel, mountain laurel, sheep laurel, and huckleberry bushes; they were one hour in a stretch of woods where the hemlock, poplars, and hickories stood so thickly that the interlacing branches overhead shut out completely the light of the sun and half the light of day. Fearing a panther, or a wildcat, Wade kept his revolver loosened and ready in its holster. Walt Turner armed himself with a club—for snakes, he said; and then he proved it by killing a rattler that had seven rattles to its tail.

But they travelled rapidly, notwithstanding the fact that the going was exceedingly difficult, and two hours after the beginning of the little journey Wade saw before him a small and almost circular, level-bottomed basin walled in by low cliffs. A small creek ran through this basin, and made two easy ways of entrance. In the hollow they saw clumps of laurel and huckleberry bushes, and wild grasses knee-high; toward the centre stood a solitary big and gnarled black walnut tree.

They entered at the point at which the creek ran in, and went to the walnut tree. There Walt Turner halted and faced Bill Wade with a peculiar glint in his eyes. Wade was looking at the rugged walls of stone, and at the thick green forest which rose above them; he was marvelling, as only a lover of beauty can marvel, at the grandeur of it all.

He was brought out of his enjoyment rudely. From behind clumps of laurel and huckleberry bushes, from the tall grasses, from everywhere—it seemed from nowhere—there sprang dozens of Balls and Torreys with rifles in their hands. Bill Wade had walked, gently as a lamb, into a trap.

His right hand moved toward the butt of his revolver, then dropped at his side. It was worse than useless to show fight; dozens of rifles were staring at him with their frowning, murderous eyes, and their bullets would riddle him if he showed fight. He glanced toward Walt Turner, kinsman of the Balls. Turner was laughing openly.

"If ever I have the chance," muttered Wade, "I'll thrash you for this little joke of yours."

"You won't never have the chance!" laughed Walt Turner.

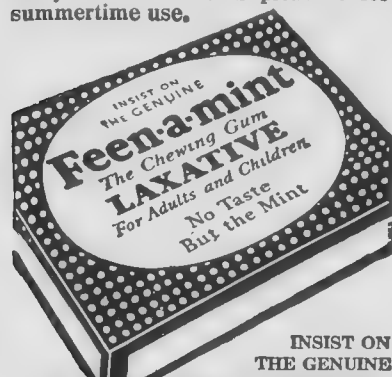
The Balls and the Torreys began to close in on all sides, and a solid ring of dark and bearded, wickedly triumphant faces formed itself around Wade. Adam Ball's father, the acknowledged leader of that band of cut-throats that was now the Ball-Torrey faction, glared at Wade with black eyes that were filled with fire or bitter hatred; then he seized Wade's revolver and thrust it inside the waistband of his worn jeans. Wade felt the grip of rough hands on his shoulders and arms. He fully realized his great danger, but he strove to keep all signs of fear out of his countenance, and he succeeded.

"I presume this is what you call taking the law into your own hands; isn't it?" he said with a smile that was forced. [Continued on page 62]



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7174

7174—As pictured here, gingham and linen are combined. The linen white and the gingham green on a white background. Jersey weaves, flannel and taffeta are also suggested for this style. It is a one piece suit, with comfortable shorts, joined to a waist cut very low in back and faced in pointed yoke effect in front. The closing is at the left side.

Designed in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. To make the garment in a 38-inch size will require 2½ yards of 54 inch material. For belt and yoke facing of contrasting material ½ yard 29 inches wide will be required, cut crosswise. To finish with piping or bias binding will require 6 yards 1½-inch wide.

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7178

7178—A Popular Style. Designed in sizes: Small, 34-36; Medium, 38-40; Large, 42-44; Extra Large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A Medium size requires 4½ yards of 36-inch material. For contrasting material 2/3 of a yard will be required cut lengthwise. Price 15c.

7191—This comprises a comfortable Coat, and a Bathing Suit made with bodice portions joined to shorts. The closing is on the shoulders and left side. Band facings trim the coat, the pockets and sleeves. Jersey, wool crepe, taffeta, gingham, flannel are suggested for this style. The coat may be of contrasting material or color or two colors may be used in the bathing suit, one of which may be repeated in the coat.

Designed in 5 sizes: 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 12 year size will require 3¾ yards of 35-inch material. The coat alone will require 2 yards of 35-inch material. The Bathing Suit alone will require 1¾ yard of 35-inch material. To finish the suit with binding or braid as shown in the small view will require 1¾ yard.

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7187

7187—Striped and plain madras are here combined. One could use jersey, flannel, pongee, linen or gingham. The waist has slight fullness below square yoke sections, and is gathered to a waist band to which the trousers are in comfortable "shorts" style. The sleeve may be finished in wrist length, with a regulation blouse cuff, or short as in the large view, with an up-turned cuff.

Designed in 5 sizes: 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 years. A 4 year size if made of one material and with long sleeves will require 2½ yards 29 inches wide. With short sleeves the quantity of material will be ¼ yard less. The blouse alone will require 1¾ yard. The Trousers alone will require ¾ yard. To finish with bias binding as shown in the large view will require 22/3 yards 1½ inch wide. The pockets of lining or muslin will require ¼ yard, 27 inches wide. To make the suit as shown in the large view in a 4 year size will require 1 yard for the blouse, and ¾ yard for the trousers, collar and cuffs.

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The Moreland Complex

Continued from page 60



"Edzactly!" snapped Old Ball. "We ketched ye for the law, and we held ye for the law, and we turned ye over to the law, and 'en, by gonnies, the law it turns ye loose the very next day! And 'en the shuriff he comes out here and arrests four o' us! Ef the law won't try ye and punish ye for ashootin' my son Adam in cold blood, by gonnies, we'll try ye and punish ye for a-doin' it. But ye needn't to be skeered none at all. You're plumb shore to git justice. I'll promise ye that."

"You've forgotten that another man confessed to the killing, and that that was why they liberated me," said Wade.

"It's some cussed frame-up," snarled the leader of the gang. "No man don't like no other man well enough for that. Asides, you're the one 'at killed my son Adam, by gonnies, and you're the one 'at's got to suffer for it. Right here onder this here walnut tree we're a goin' to hold co'te and have yore trial, by jedge and jury, and you'll git all 'at's a comin'—"

"And you'll be the judge, and your plans have already been laid, and I'll be hanged by the neck until dead," Bill Wade cut in with some bitterness. "Well, you'll pay dearly for it, I promise you. We have always to pay for what we get, you know. The Morelands and the Littlefords will be quick to settle the account. You know that."

"No," old Ball disagreed hotly, "And I don't know that!"

He turned to the others. "Set down, boys. It's the same price as standin'. The jury will please set over thar," pointing to his right. "The pris'ner and his gyards will please set over thar," pointing to his left. "The hon'rabl jedge, which same is me, will please set right thar," indicating a spot at the base of the gnarled walnut. "The rest will set anywhere they damn please. Set down, men."

His orders were obeyed. Wade found himself sitting on the ground between two pairs of mountaineers and facing a line of twelve others. To his left sat the self-appointed judge, and to his right sat a score or more of men whose attention was then turned to a jug of fiery new whiskey that had never been near a revenue stamp. The jug travelled rapidly from one hairy mouth to another.

The mockery began. It was ridiculous, and yet it was grim. Old Ball himself furnished most of the evidence; also he acted as prosecuting attorney. Of course, there was no counsel for the defense. All the proof and pleading and eloquence in the world would never have changed in the smallest degree the sentence that had been cut and dried for Bill Wade. The mock trial was being held only because the Balls and Torreys felt that by holding it they were insulting the law.

Night fell during the wordy and profane harangue of the Ball leader, and it was ordered that a fire be built at once. At once a fire was made of dry brushwood, and in its red and flickering glare the faces of the hill men looked doubly dark and doubly wicked. Then the judge begged a chew of tobacco and deliberately kept the whole twist, and told the jury to go out and bring back a verdict without losing time.

The twelve mountaineers went to the creek, and there one of them uncovered another jug of fiery new whiskey that was alien to a revenue stamp. They drank heavily and returned to the walnut-tree court

without even mentioning the trial. The foreman was a Torrey, and a particularly bad one. His swarthy face, with its high Cherokee cheekbones and its thin-lipped mouth, was cruel and vicious. He entered the circle of red and flickering firelight slowly, smiling evilly, and the other eleven crowded up close behind him. He cleared his throat, spat into the fire, and faced the judge.

"Gentlemen o' the jury," growled the ruling Ball, "have you reached a verdict?"

"We have, yore honor," very promptly answered the Torrey who was foreman. "And we have found the pris'ner guilty o' the wust kind o' murder in the fust degree, yore honor."

Old Ball levelled a knotty forefinger toward Bill Wade. "For the murder o' my son Adam," he pronounced sentence, "You'll hang by the neck ontel dead, from a limb o' this here walnut tree, by gonnies, at sunrise in the mornin'."

Although he had well known what the sentence would be, Wade went suddenly pale. Then he took a firm grip on himself and began to reason. He could not hope, he told himself, that the Morelands and the Littlefords would find him before the sun rose. They would miss him, of course, and they would look for him; but finding him in that wilderness—it was impossible. If he were saved, it was plain to him, he would have to save himself. He believed that his best chance lay in his proving that he was anything but a coward; the worst mountaineer, he knew, admired a brave man. He turned to the self-appointed judge and asked him calmly:

"Is there anything really game about you?"

"Shore!" quickly. "I'm all game."

"I'll see if you're all game," and Wade smiled when he said it. "I'll make you this proposition: I'll fight any ten of you, two at a time, with five minutes' rest between fights; if I whip them all I go free, and if I don't whip them all I hang immediately. All parties to be barehanded, no guns and no knives. Are you that game?"

Ordinarily, it would have been a thing well-nigh impossible to do, much as Wade knew of the pugilistic art, great as was his strength and endurance. But now most of those about Wade were drunk, and therefore weakened.

"The' cain't be no fightin' in co'te," decided Judge Ball. "You'll hang by the neck ontel dead, by gonnies, at sunrise in the mornin'."

There was a mumble of approval from the others. All of them knew that the young man whom they held a captive had once whipped Black Adam, the Goliath, with his bare hands. They did not have the good

trait that Wade had hoped they had; while they must have admired him for his courage, they were afraid to fight him without weapons. Wade remembered that the Balls were originally not mountaineers, but lowlanders who had taken to the mountains to avoid being forced to fight during the Civil War, a people without a principle. The Cherokee Torreys, of course, were even worse.

A plowline of half-inch cotton rope was produced, and the condemned man was securely bound, standing on his feet and facing outward, to the big walnut. Desperate as was his case, Wade could not help being a little amused at that part of it; it was so very melodramatic. And yet, it was so grimly real, and his hopes were so thin... The Morelands and the Littlefords would eventually learn the truth and make the Balls and the Torreys pay a dear price, no doubt—but that would not give him back his life!

The men were divided into two watches. The first was to remain awake and on guard until midnight, and the other was to go on duty from midnight until dawn. The second watch, with which was the Ball leader, had a nightcap of fiery new whiskey, flung itself sprawling on the ground, and straightway went to sleep.

The first watch sat around the crackling brushwood fire and played cards for chews of tobacco, cartridges, and pocket knives, sang strange and outlandish songs, and drank more whiskey. One very drunk Torrey gambled away all his tobacco, all his cartridges, his knife, his rifle, and his belt, his coat and his hat, his boots and his shirt—and loudly offered to bet his trousers and his ears! It was funny, and it was disgusting, too. It was all the work of whiskey, which Bill Wade had always hated because it made men fools, made them mouth their secrets, and made them murder.

After some two hours of these orgies, the first watch, heavy with drink, stopped playing cards and singing outlandish songs, forgot all orders, and began to nod. Then it was that Wade thought of the man who had been his faithful guardian for many days, the lanky By Heck. Why hadn't he thought of Heck before! He wondered if Heck had followed him to the little basin, if Heck was near him even then, if Heck had gone for help. Soon his spirits had risen; he believed he had reason for hope.

BY HECK had not followed Wade to the little basin. But By Heck had followed Henderson Goff, and Henderson Goff had followed Wade to the little basin. Goff had returned to the Big Pine Mountain country only that day, and he knew nothing of the plans of the Ball-Torrey faction until he witnessed the mockery of a trial. Goff was now crouching in the darkness on the low line of cliffs to the eastward of the walnut tree; and not far behind him, well hidden in the black laurels, watching him and watching Bill Wade, crouched By Heck.

Heck hadn't gone for help because he feared to leave Wade unprotected in the hands of the gang of cut-throats. He believed that he could rescue Wade himself. As soon as the first watch became a little more drowsy, he would steal up behind the tree and cut the cotton rope.

Then he realized that Goff had disappeared entirely. He crept forward silently, his eyes alert; a moment later he saw Goff stealing toward the

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The Moreland Complex

Continued from page 62

walnut tree. He climbed noiselessly down over the face of the cliff, and followed Goff like a shadow. When Goff's hand touched the tree, By Heck was within ten feet of it. Heck made sure his rifle was ready, and took another step forward, watching, listening.

The shyster coal man leaned around the tree to the right, and whispered cautiously:

"You're in a fix, Wade. And it's none of my doing. Give me your word that I'll get that coal property for fifteen thousand, and I'll slash the rope. How about it? Sick of this country, aren't you?"

There came a few seconds of silence save for the lusty snoring of the sleepers and the musical tinkle of the little creek, after which Goff muttered disappointedly:

"Well, you'll be hanged!"

And Heck knew that Wade had refused to sell the Moreland coal even to save his life. As Goff stepped backward, the hill man's rifle muzzle went against the small of his back, and his voice whispered hoarsely, through teeth tightly clenched:

"Slash 'at rope, damn yore soul! Slash 'at rope, or I wisht I may drap dead ef I don't shoot yore backbone in two four thousand times! Slash it!"

Goff straightened in surprise. The rifle's muzzle went harder against his back, and he knew it for what it was. He moved his right hand upward, then downward, and the cotton rope was severed in half a dozen places.

"Stiddy thar now!" and Heck began to back away. "Come along wi' me. Bill he'll foller."

With Wade close behind them, they hurried into the deeper shadows. Heck halted Goff, and turned to Wade.

"S'arch him, Bill, old boy."

Wade took from Henderson Goff's coat pocket a blued and stub-nosed magazine pistol.

"Now le's go," ordered Heck, catching the shyster coal man's sleeve. "And if you jest cheep out a noise, Mr. Goff, ye're dead when ye do it."

He led the way to the line of cliffs to the westward. They had climbed the rugged wall, and were about to set out through the pitchy dark woodland, when a voice that they knew well hailed them softly from the laurels to their left:

"Hold on thar!"

"John Moreland!" muttered By Heck.

Moreland hastened to them. "I reckon ye didn't mean no harm, By," he said in tones that expressed a deep regret, "but yit I shore wisht ye hadn't ha' done it". Heck was very proud of himself. He straightened there in the darkness.

"What'n the name o' the devil makes ye wisht sech a thing as that,

John?" he demanded in a half-angry voice.

"Acause," growled the big hill man, "you went and sp'iled hell out o' the main big picnic! We meant to wipe out all o' them thar lowdown Balls and Torreys, By. When they went to hang Bill Wade in the mornin', we'd a had a good reason for killin' 'em, every one—the weasels! Ye see, By, every man Moreland but Caleb, and every man o' the Littlefords, is hid here in these laurels, and has been ever since that thar fool trial begun. We was jest a-waitin'. How did we happen to know it?"

"Me and Ben Littleford we was on our way attar more dynamite, when we seen Bill Wade a follerin' Bill that stranger man, and Goff a follerin' Bill, and you a follerin' Goff. We knowed somethin' ungodly mean was in the wind. So I follered you, a breakin' off bushes as I went to mark the trial, and Ben he went back and got the rest of 'em and follered me."

Then to Wade: "Well, Bill, what're we agoin' to do with this here cussed polecat Goff?"

Wade turned to Henderson Goff, who was still being closely watched by the moonshiner Heck.

"I told you I was pretty apt to thrash you the next time we met, didn't I?" said Wade. "Do you want to get out of this country for good, or do you want to fight me to a finish?"

"I guess I'd rather fade," Goff acknowledged, sourly.

"Then fade!" ordered Wade.

Goff slunk off through the brush.

A few minutes afterward, the Morelands and the Littlefords, with By Heck, Hayes, and Wade, started through the pitchy black woodland for home.

When they had covered a mile, John Moreland said to Wade:

"I reckon you think we're sort o' blood-thirsty, by us awantin' to kill out that lowdown pack back thar; don't ye? Well, we hain't blood-thirsty, Bill. Them Balls and Torreys hain't wo'th nothin' to theirselves, nor to their famblies, nor to nobody else. The sooner they're dead the better off they'll be, and the better off their famblies 'll be, and the better off everybody else'll be. You hain't safe, nor I hain't safe, as long as they're alive. They're wuss'n rattlesnakes, wuss'n copperheads . . .

"We like you, Bill Wade," he continued gravely; "and you're shore wo'th likin'. You wouldn't sell out to that cussed polecat, even to save yore own life, and 'ats shore what I calls nerve and principle in ye. Bill Wade, the' hain't many men in this here whole outfit who wouldn't give you the last damned drap o' blood in their bodies, ef ye needed it. To the right, Bill—ahead of us is a clift."

(To be continued next month)

The Singing Soul

By Pamela Snowden

Who clings to the steepest pathway,
Till the summit at last is reached?
Who bravely fights Life's battles,
In spite of the creeds all preached?
Whose smile beckons upward and onward,
And to the right road always clings?
Who conquers Life's ills and losses?
'Tis ever the soul that sings.

Whose courage is strong and mighty,
And rides on the crest of the wave?
Whose Love no doubts can shatter,
But fights as a soldier brave?

Who can smile thro' the deepest sorrow,
And whose buoyant laugh still rings
Down the aisles of pain and sickness?
'Tis ever the soul that sings.

Thank God for the soul of him that sings,
Through the dull and gray of the days,
For the singing soul ever cheereth him,
Lost alone 'midst earth's darkest ways.
'Tis the Spirit of the Infinite,
That to mankind he brings,
'Tis the spark of Divine Love dwelling
In the heart of him who sings.

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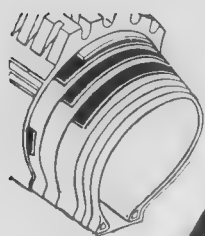
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The Shriners' Hospitals for Crippled Children

Continued from page 29

local board of governors is chosen from the Shrine membership and these devoted men—with active women's auxiliaries as assisting bodies, take complete charge. It is a labor of love, but not a sinecure or an honor that does not require to be earned. Work there is to do in plenty, but to their credit be it said that every member of the board takes as much interest in the well-being of the hospital as in the care of his own business. And, remember, these men are busy men. Business or professional duties claim them, but for the hospital they labor and plan unceasingly. Their time, their talents, their organizing and executive ability and their money are always enlisted in the noble work of alleviating the pain and distress of their young charges. Truly a practical application of the Divine injunction to care for the children.

As already stated, the funds for the upkeep of the Hospital come from an annual levy on Shrine members. But money flows in in other ways. The Hospital has received many bequests and gifts. Members of the Women's auxiliaries have held entertainments to provide materials and clothing for the children, for every child is garbed without a cent of expense to itself or its relatives. The hospital neither asks nor accepts fees in behalf of those whom it benefits, and thus the answer to the question: "What does it cost?" as applied to its charges would be: "Not one copper cent."

THE Winnipeg unit of the Shriners' Hospital is by no means a local institution, although the City of Winnipeg is immensely proud of it and counts it high among its enterprises. It recognizes no territorial boundaries. Its scope is as wide and as embracing as the spirit of Christian charity that gave it birth. It draws its patients from a domain that is literally an empire in area, if not in population. To the west the nearest of its own kin is to be found in Spokane, Washington. To the east, in Canada there is none nearer than Montreal, where a splendid institution is doing an equally glorious work. To the north its boundary is the Arctic Circle or the magnetic pole. To the south, Minneapolis boasts of the next institution. The Winnipeg unit embraces North Dakota, as Winnipeg is nearer and more easy of access to the towns of that state than is Minneapolis. Western Ontario, Saskatchewan and Alberta, and British Columbia also send their little ones to the Winnipeg unit, and when one considers the number of crippled children of poor parents in this vast territory the wonder is not that there should be a lengthy waiting list, but that the great need is so well met.

With the population of the West drawn from practically every nation on earth, it is natural that one can find children of almost any national origin in the Winnipeg unit. Children of Slavic parentage rub shoulders with British or Canadians. In this bed may be a little Indian boy, in that a daughter of French or Irish forbears. For this Hospital knows and recognizes neither class nor creed. Its doors are open to all—provided they are in need of its services—and poor.

How does one get a child admitted?

Nothing is easier or more simple. It is presumed that every child has a parent, a guardian or a friend. All that is necessary is for that interested person to write to the recording secretary of any Temple of the Mystic Shrine and complete information together with the necessary papers will be forwarded. And these temples are Khartum, in Winnipeg, Wa Wa in Regina, and Al-Azhar in Calgary.

It is necessary, though, that conditions of entry should be considered and observed. It is not a home for incurables. Hopeless cases cannot be cared for. Nor is it intended for children of parents who can afford to pay for attention. Close examination of a child's condition is made before it is finally accepted. But when simple rules are complied with the rest is plain sailing. It costs nothing. It is free to the poor and the child will be provided with clothing for its hospital stay, for everything needful is freely and cheerfully supplied. Clothing is also found for the children when discharged, this work being in the hands of capable women's auxiliaries.

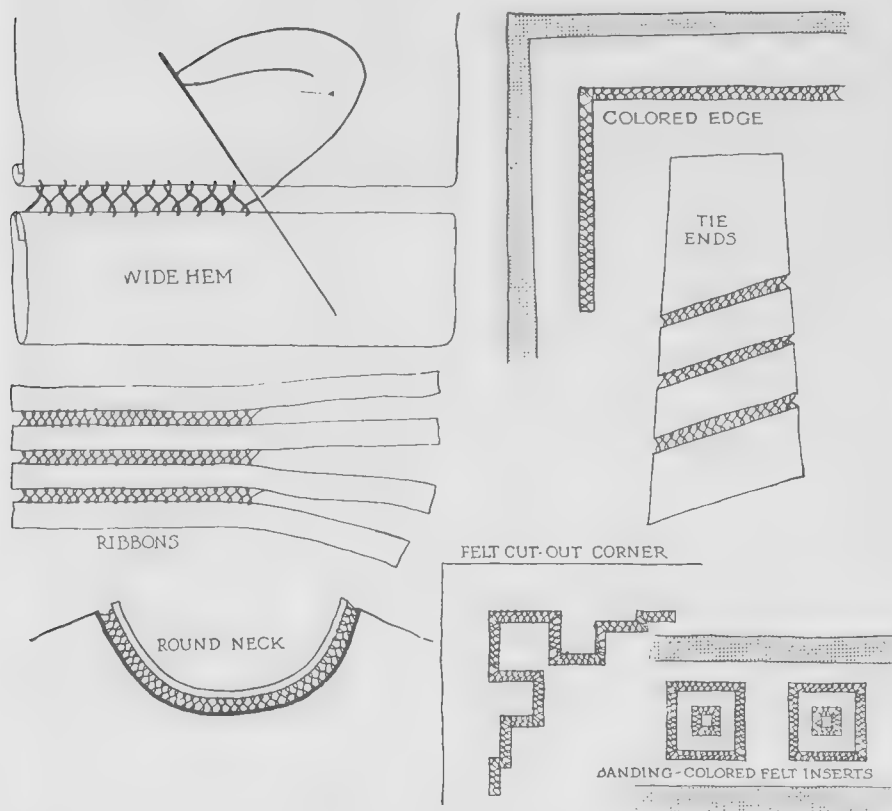
The children are not forgotten even when discharged. The same loving care they enjoyed when in the institution follows them into the outer world. Hospital officials keep in touch with them. Periodical reports as to their condition are received, and, where necessary, they are brought back for further treatment. So complete and comprehensive is the attention given them, however, that a return visit is seldom required.

To sum up—the Shriners' Hospitals for Crippled Children are free, non-sectarian and subject to no governmental or civic red tape. Their administration is of the simplest, their guiding principle is love and cheerfulness. They are successfully filling a long-felt want and every one familiar with their work joins in the prayer that they may continue to minister to the crippled and unfortunate, as long as the need for their service exists. And while children of men are subject to the misfortunes and ills of men there is little hope that the need will be abated.



Fashion Favors Fagoting

By Amy Ward



FAGOT-STITCHES are as old as "fagots" themselves, for it was from the humble, criss-crossed, crooked pieces of firewood that the stitches were named, and like many other old time fashions, fagoting has returned with newer applications and more multitudinous uses than ever before.

Fashion experts, in searching among old styles of dress, with flounces and hooped skirts, no doubt also found the fagoting of the same periods, and have culled it for present wear because of its peculiar adaptability to these modes of attire.

Its execution is one of the simplest and swiftest, and it needs but two edges of any material upon which to whimsically meander in any criss-cross style, forming a neat, durable insert of daintiness and strength, far more serviceable than hemstitching or other cut-forms of stitchery.

To fagot-stitch any two edges, turn hems as narrow as possible on both sides, and baste the materials, about quarter of an inch apart, on colored muslin or brown paper, to prevent puckering. Commence the fagoting by fastening the thread on the extreme left, and then take a little material first at the top, then at the bottom, always bringing the needle *over* the thread to make the criss-cross.

To form a nice corner, take the material on the two outer sides before returning to the inner edge, thus making a neat triangular pattern which does not pull out of shape.

Ribbons of various shades or widths may be fagoted together for edging children's frocks, and little dresses may be lengthened by fagoting a wide folded hem at the bottom.

A pretty frilled effect may be obtained by allowing the lower edge to "gain" a little width in working. This is accomplished by slightly increasing the width between the stitches on the lower edge.

Scarves or ties may be neatly and smartly finished by fagoting bias folds of various shades and widths at the

ends, the color motif being also improved by a bright fagoting thread.

A round neck is very dainty when narrowly hemmed and then edged by a bias fold, attached in fagoting of a similar or contrasting shade. Two, three, or more bias folds may be added to form a pretty round yoke, the shades of the material being varied to form a striking color note—thus a white dress may be improved by attaching folds of pale pink, cream, pale mauve, and pale green, whilst a sports model would be effective with bands of chocolate, mid-brown, light brown, and buff.

To prepare a bias fold, cut strips of georgette, crepe de chene, or muslin about $\frac{3}{4}$ inch across. Fold $\frac{1}{8}$ inch turnings, then fold together through the centre, thus forming a $\frac{1}{4}$ inch double fold, which is basted before being fagoted.

For wash dresses, bias tape may be folded and used in the same manner, giving strength as well as daintiness to the house-dress or apron.

In fagoting around curves, the stitches are a little closer on the narrower curve to make up the difference in the distance of the longer curve.

Fagoting is especially new and useful on felts and materials which do not fray, and foot-stools, bridge-cloths, felt runners, and cushions may be constructed in any unique style that fancy dictates. The illustration shows inserted felts of different colors joined by fagoting in coarser threads, whilst there is another new idea shown in the cut-out corner pattern.

A banding in felt which has colored felt inserts would be especially unique for the sport hat, and could also be matched by a bag of the same shade with a similar banding running diagonally through its centre.

Many other ideas will occur to the clever-fingered worker, in introducing new applications of this very old, yet effective stitchery, but in all cases it is necessary to remember that deft, neat touches are far more desirable than over-elaborate decoration.



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Kellogg's CORN FLAKES



The Joyous Way of Swimming

Continued from page 4

can even swim his first few yards by means of it at the third or fourth attempt. "Animal paddling" is not a new form of swimming, it is one of the oldest. Despite the fact that it is the easiest known stroke it has never been very popular with learners because it is of little practical use, being both slow and unsuitable for any but short distances. What formerly made it still less popular was that it did not help at all towards ordinary swimming; one might become quite proficient with it and yet be not a scrap nearer to swimming breast-stroke. But the wonderful modern crawl is actually a development of this elementary animal paddling—a most happy thing.

If, therefore, you go ahead with animal paddling you are not merely learning the simplest of all strokes but are already halfway towards crawl itself.

Once more you may begin in a manner quite befitting the joyous days of a lake holiday.

Lie face downward in shallow water, then walk about on your hands, supporting your body horizontally along the surface, with legs straight and together. Do not stiffen any of the limbs but lie quite comfortably with mouth just clear of the surface.

Keeping your legs near to the top of the water is made easier if you move them gently up and down. This, you will find, has also a tendency to push you forward through the water. Persevere therefore with the up and down leg movement until you begin to find it a very big advantage. After that you are on the very brink of swimming, and your next stage will lift you right off the bottom.

Be sure that you have a clear idea of the work of the arms before you try to use them in the water. They work alternately, like the front paws of a swimming dog. Each in turn is thrust forward until it is at full stretch in front of the shoulder, just beneath the surface. Then it is driven downward and backward, so that the flat palm of the hand, with fingers held together, presses strongly against the water, supporting and propelling the body forward. As one arm recovers the other is driving down. Meanwhile the legs trail along behind, fluttering up and down with just sufficient force to keep themselves afloat.

The whole action of animal paddling, you will find, seems almost instinctive.

Don't be discouraged by the failure of your first few attempts. None of the other people on the beach are likely to have noticed. And, anyhow, you will probably succeed next time. Most failures are caused by letting the fingers spread apart and by shortening the arm stroke so that insufficient supporting power is obtained. Remember that the long, slow stroke is always more effective than the short, hurried one. Don't be concerned with keeping your head high out of the water, that will merely make swimming more difficult; the more of the body there is immersed the more easily will you float. The bad swimmer uses up most of his strength in keeping himself up; the good swimmer lies so low in the water and with his muscles in so relaxed and buoyant a state, that he has no need to spend any power in supporting himself, but has it all available for propulsion.

After a few days of animal paddling you will begin to feel quite pleased

with your ability, and will not be unduly concerned if now and again you get out of your depth. Of course you will never get far from land—but no-one will ever again be able to class you in the great army of non-swimmers.

After this you may begin real crawl stroke as soon as you like.

If possible—and in any large town it should be possible—see some good crawl swimming at this stage, so that you may get strong impressions of the wonderful beauty and grace of the stroke. It is most likely that your own earliest efforts will be marked by neither of these qualities, so that it is important that you should have the right ideal always before you.

Again your earliest exercise may be more amusing than serious. It will be especially good fun if you can compete with several other learners to see who can cover the greatest distance.

THIS first stage requires fairly smooth water. It consists of pushing off from the bottom and gliding face downwards along the surface, performing the flutter of animal paddling rather vigorously. Keep the body in motion as long as breath will hold out. Limpness and straightness are essential features of the glide.

Gradually you will begin to improve the leg thrash—speeding it up until it becomes a rapid, narrow flutter. The knees and ankles must not be allowed to bend, though they should not be stiff. The feet will be pointed as they flail up and down, and the heels will be eight to ten inches apart at their widest opening—which will of course be vertical, not sideways.

After moderate practice with these glides you may set about the second of the three stages of crawl swimming—aquatic breathing. This will at first seem rather difficult, but perseverance will inevitably bring the mastery.

It must be understood that in crawl swimming breath is taken in through the mouth, in a big gulp; and exhaled beneath the water through the nose—this is "aquatic breathing."

If practising this seems rather a solemn business try it with a companion. Both of you sit down on the bottom facing each other; dip your heads forward and exhale; then rise and breathe in—you will find that the curious spectacle your companion makes will take away all the solemnity of the occasion, for you. This method of breathing must be persisted in until it can be performed with complete ease and regularity. No crawl stroke is successful where there is the slightest strain or irregularity.

You may, if you like, now add aquatic breathing to the glides which you have already been practising, twisting the mouth up sideways for each inhalation; after which you may go on to the third and last stage—the full crawl stroke. I have suggested, right at the start, that you do some practice of the arm action, so I presume that you do not need special work for that now.

Choose smooth water a yard or so deep, and launch yourself forward on a strong glide. Set your legs in motion immediately and then begin the alternate over-arm action. Naturally there will be some little confusion at first as you try to fit in legs, breathing, and arms harmoniously. But the

confusion will not last long, and most likely you will soon find a natural rhythm asserting itself. It may be that three leg beats seem to fit in smoothly with each arm pull—that is a common style which results in what is commonly known as the "six-beat." Some however find themselves best suited by a ten-beat or, at the other extreme, a four-beat—these have respectively five and two leg strokes to each arm drive.

By this time you will have sufficient confidence and ability to be able to appreciate and endeavour to put into practice the details which go to make up good style. Let me run over points to which you must give attention.

Each arm lifts from the water by the thighs. The hand turns palm downwards, and the forearm swings round until it points forward; then it slides slowly to full extension—relaxed and resting—and dips. The backward drive begins immediately that the hand is immersed, and follows a line beneath the middle of the body until, the elbow gradually bending, it swerves outward to avoid the hip as it comes

to the surface. No twisting of the head is necessary, the mouth rolls sideways with the natural rhythm of the stroke just sufficiently to take its breath. Breathe in always during the recovery of the same arm—which arm your own inclination can decide. See that each leg beat coinciding with the beginning of an arm pull is slightly accented—thus in a six-beat the first and fourth will be stronger than the rest. This accenting gives rhythm to the stroke. The chief force of the kick will invariably be on the down beats. On no account must the feet ever break above the water. A more comfortable straightness of the leg is obtained if the toes are turned slightly inward. Lastly, do not twist the hips, let the legs follow easily in the slight inevitable roll of the body.

I am sure you will not say that any stage of this learning has been irksome. I called it the "joyous way of swimming," and if you have gained some facility with this beautiful new stroke you will agree that the full delights of the healthiest of outdoor exercises can only be experienced by the person able to swim crawl.

Jam on Both Sides

Continued from page 30

world's series of 1929, drew an average of from 54,000 to 60,000 daily, not counting One-eyed Connolly and a few of the other gate crashers. If you have a passion for mathematics, you might figure out from this just how many grandmothers of office boys were reported to have died during the series.

Baseball as a large crowd gatherer, must, therefore, be counted out. Prize fighting, before the days of foul decisions (no pun intended) drew crowds that were not too dusty. At the Dempsey-Tunney fracas at the Polo Grounds, New York, it was estimated that over 100,000 people passed through the gates, while another crowd of equal size had to be turned away through lack of accommodation. The problem on the other side of the line seems to be to secure a stadium large enough to accommodate anyone who wishes to enter, and to still have him in a position where he can at least see the shadowy forms of the contestants. Oh, well, we still have the old six-tube set, thank heavings!

Football, as it is known down there, seems to fare better. Like soccer, it may be visible to a greater number of people, and the expression on the face of the individual player, as he painfully pulls his proboscis out of a moist terra firma, matters less than the open field strategy to the spectator.

Soldier's Field, Chicago, takes the palm in regard to capacity, with its uncushioned benches providing for an audience of 150,000 and a great deal more dollars. The much-vaunted Yale Bowl holds only 80,000. Eli will have to see about this! The Municipal Coliseum at Los Angeles, which will probably be the scene of the Olympic contests in 1932, holds 75,000, as does also the stadium of Ohio State University at Columbus.

And ho, hum, that's that! Now we'll put the adding machine and such intelligence as we may have used, in moth balls, and hie us away to pay our cover charge for a mammoth dinner at which no less than 700 guests are expected. 'Twas ever thus and thus.



Courtesy Canadian National Railways.

Shooting the Rapids on the Nipigon River, Ontario.

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in the world*



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people choose Premium than
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Tides of Fashion



7111

7120

7151

7146

7111. Ensembles provide practical and pleasing attire for outdoor and indoor occasions. This model is an especially serviceable one, with its sleeveless frock of plain linen and its jacket of printed linen. The godets not only add fullness and comfort, but are cleverly shaped at the top, and give a panelled effect to the front. The jacket provides long lines in the deep rolled collar and curved lower edge, finished with a pert peplum. Wool crepe in two tones or eponge is also suggested for this style.

Designed in 5 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. To make the Ensemble for a 38-inch size will require $6\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 39-inch material. The jacket alone of contrasting material requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards (without facings). The dress with facings on jacket as shown in the large view will require $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards. To line the jacket including the peplum will require $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 27-inch material.

7120. Georgette, crepe or crepe de chine may be used for this style. It is also suggested for pique and plain or printed linen. The shoulders are lengthened to form short sleeve extensions that are finished with upturned cuffs. The skirt flares over the sides and back, below a fitted hip yoke. A shaped panel forms the front of skirt and meets the yoke in points. The waist fronts are lapped in double-breasted style. The V-neck is outlined by a notched revers collar. Slight blousing holds the waist above a narrow belt.

Designed in 3 Sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. To make an 18-year size will require $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material. For facing on collar, cuffs and belt of contrasting material $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of 35-inch material is required cut crosswise. The width of the dress at the lower edge with fulness extended is $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards.

7151. This portrays a one-piece sleeveless pajama style, that may be worn with or without the bolero or sash. It is very picturesque in the combination—shown in the large view—of printed and plain crepe. Cotton prints, shantung and satin are also suggested. The garment is fitted at underarms and hips, and made with comfortable fullness below. The bolero is cut with long shoulders that form short sleeve extensions over the upper part of the arms.

Designed in 4 Sizes: Small, 34-36; Medium, 38-40; Large, 42-44; Extra Large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A Medium Size will require $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards of figured material, and $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of plain material 35 inches wide, if made as shown in the large view. If made of one material $6\frac{3}{8}$ yards will be required. The sash of ribbon will require $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards. To finish with bias binding, piping or braid, as illustrated in the large view, will require $10\frac{1}{2}$ yards $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch wide.

7146. Ladies' Dress. Designed in Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size with sleeves requires $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 39-inch material. Without sleeves $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards. To finish with bias binding requires $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch wide.

7140. Ladies' Dress. Designed in Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires $7\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 35-inch material. The width of the Dress at the lower edge with fulness extended is $4\frac{1}{8}$ yards.

7115. Ladies' Dress. Designed in Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires 4 yards of 39-inch material. The width of the dress at the lower edge with fulness extended is 3 yards.

Patterns mailed to any address on receipt of 25c in silver or stamps.



7140



7115



7115





Teddy O'Grady, of 329-19th Avenue W., Calgary, Alta.

THESE are the poems selected by Cornerites for this month, and gold buttons go to the members who chose them.

*I am glad a task to me is given
To labor at day by day,
For it brings me health and strength and hope
And I cheerfully learn to say,
"Head you may think; heart you may feel;
But hand, you shall work away."*

Sent in by Eileen Moore, Tompkins, Sask

A CANADIAN BOAT SONG

*Faintly as tolls the evening chime
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time,
Soon as the woods on shore look dim
We'll sing at St. Anne's our parting hymn
Row brothers row, the stream runs fast
The rapids are near and the daylight's past.*

*Why should we yet our sails unfurl?
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl
But when the wind blows off the shore,
O sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.
Blow breezes blow, the stream runs fast
The rapids are near and the daylight past.*
—Thomas Moore.

Sent in by Helen Cleland, 925 Robinson Street, Regina.

PIPPA'S SONG

*The year's at the spring
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven,
The hillside's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing,
The snail's on the thorn,
God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world.*
—Robert Browning.

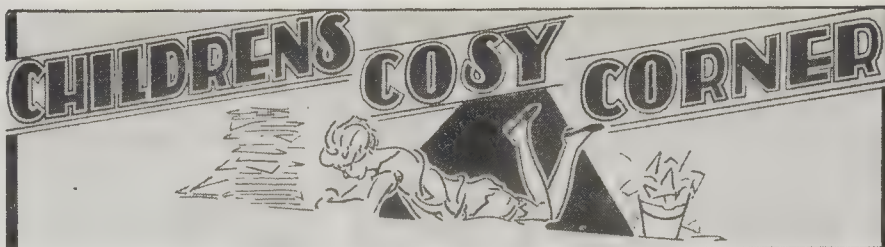
Sent in by Margaret Prang, 10118-125th Street, Edmonton.



Louise Duffield, of Lanfine, Alta., and her friends on horseback.

THE SUMMER COMPETITION

And goodness gracious here's summer again, holidays, picnics, mosquitoes 'n' everything. And what do you think is up Bobbie Burke's sleeve to keep you out of mischief this summer? Just a minute now till we look up the sleeve and see—here it is—We want a collection of the Songs of Summer. Does that sound hard? Do you think you must be musical to make this collection? Well you don't, but this instead of being a Stop, Look and Listen competition will be just a Listening one. There should be entries for every week in July and August. Now what we mean by this is thus and so—Suppose your entry is July 2nd—My first song of summer is the



By Bobby Burke

song of the mosquito, he sings zzzzzzzzzzz-zzz-zzzz and suppose your second entry is The Song of the Lamb, ma-a-a-a-a. Now do you see? There are all kinds of bugs, animals, birds, that have songs that you can hear in the summer days. Try and express these songs in words or sounds.

And how about the song of the wind in the trees, the wheat? And the prize for this will be your choice of a good mouth organ, a book of songs, or a clock. Now here's your chance. Get as many songs as you can, so that your books will be a record of summer in sounds. All the Songs of Summer should be sent in on August 25th, and the prizes will be awarded in the October number.

OUR APRIL COMPETITIONS

Pity poor Bobby Burke! The first thing you know the editor will be in the hospital, and then you'll have to write more letters! You've no idea how hard on an editor it is to read dozens and dozens of letters, but how easy it is to read such nice letters. The hard part comes in trying to judge the best. They were all so good, so cheery, so full of interesting information, gifts, pictures, jokes, and just the things that sick boys and girls would enjoy. The sick girls came off much better than the boys, but to-day the editor will see that those letters go to the hospital, and I hope you will all hear from your little sick-a-bed friends.

Letters came from children out on the far prairies of Saskatchewan, children who have to have lessons at home they live so far from schools; from children on far-away Prince Edward Island; from a Cosy Cornerite who lives on one of the Thousand Islands in the St. Lawrence river; from British Columbia, where spring comes early; from Alberta, Nova Scotia, Manitoba and Ontario. We have a little American friend too, from North Dakota, so you may see how big the Cosy Corner has to be to contain all our friends. Then too the letters told such delightful things, about birds, flowers, pet animals, and friends; they contained cut-outs, one a silk handkerchief, stories, pictures, transfers, pressed flowers and pussy willows, feathers for doll's hats; and poems, beside many snap shots of the writer's themselves with their ponies, dogs, and so on.

Well the prize goes to Thelma Davidson, Shawnigan Lake, B.C.; and gold buttons go to Sylvia Hepburn, Alcondale, Alta.; Sarah E. Long, Dauphin, Man.; Rae Graham, Fox River, N.S.; Grace Weber, Walburg, Sask.; Peggy Cox, Wycliffe, B.C.; Alice Janet McColl, Robsart, Sask.; Teddy O'Grady, 329-19th Ave. W., Calgary, Alta.; Margaret B. King, Fairfax, Man.; Eleanor Stearns, Borderland, Sask.; John Zabiaka, Fork River, Man. (star on his gold button); Harold McPherson, Ankerton, Alta.; Lena Krause, Qu'Appelle, Sask.; Doris Kyle, Wainwright, Alta.; Emma Rosenkranz, Carmanquay, Alta.; Doreen Anderson, 186 Woodhaven Blvd., Sturgeon Creek, Man. Special Mention goes to Mamie Studer, Darwell, Alta.; Monica MacDougall, Kirkwood, N.B.; Alice Haines, Lanfine, Alta.; Kate James, Squamish, B.C.; Doris Wood, Lanfine, Alta.; Kathleen Holtby, Elstow, Sask.; Madge McCrae and Beryl Pollock, Theodore, Sask.; May Sutherland, Stanmore, Alta.; Helen Riley, R.R. 5, Cobourg, Ont.; Alice and John Hunter, Hazenmore, Sask.; Peggy Gale, Clute P.O., Ont.; Margaret McLean, 1820-12th Ave. W., Calgary, Alta.; Lavinia Parsons, Ferintosh, Alta.; Frances Attrill, Grandview, Man.; Mabel Hickson, R.R. 2, Brandon, Man.; Elizabeth LaPorte, Belcourt, N.D., U.S.A.; Raymond McKenzie, Lanfine, Alta.; Marion Lord, R.R. 3, Summerside, Prince Edward Island; Irene Riddell, Edmonton, Alta.; Helen Kerr Tyne, Kegworth, Sask.; June Senecal, Grendaier Island, Ont.; Anne Davidson, Rounthwaite, Man.; Olive McKenzie, Lanfine, Alta.; Robert M. Jewell, Parkland, Alta.; Norma Jean Bell, 129-11th St. E., Prince Albert, Sask.; Ammelia

M. and Blakney Mahon, Rousseau, Ont.; Gladys E. Latimer, Boissevain, Man.

All the other letters received will go to the children as well, and we want you to know that we liked every one of them, and would like to mention all your names, but the Corner wouldn't hold them! Now do you wonder Bobby Burke is tired?

The Prize Letter

Besides a nice chatty friendly letter, the envelope contained colored pictures of six early birds, five pages of beautifully written descriptions of birds, beautifully mounted and named wild flowers, and a story cut from the Cosy Corner.

Something Received

A joint letter from Pat and Dorothy Lamb of Fort Saskatchewan, Alta. They are two sisters who want to join the Cosy Corner. They own a brown and white pup which as yet has no name, and they would like suggestions for one for him. Both girls would like to hear from other Cosy Corner members. I forgot to say Pat's real name, and a pretty one it is, is Patricia.

Grace Weber of St. Walburg, Sask., writes her first letter to us. Her mother has just subscribed to the W. H. M., and Grace has also written a nice Hospital letter.

Anne Davidson, who writes from Rounthwaite, and sends a letter to a sick-a-bed girl, has read the Cosy Corner for a long time, and now is joining. Welcome, my dear.

Peggy Cox has written a tre-e-mendously long letter to the sick little girls. Peggy likes writing letters, and we are glad to have her write to the Cosy Corner.

Rae Graham of Fox River in Nova Scotia, writes a letter to us as well as to the sick girl, and both on such nice paper, "Peter Pan Club," of the I.O.O.F. Rae wants suggestions as to what to do with Christmas cards, Sunday School leaflets and such things that she has finished with. How would it be, Rae to, put these things in scrap books, and when the book is finished send it to a Children's Home or Hospital? You might perhaps follow out something like this—If your card tells a story or suggests one, paste it at the top of the page, and then write a story underneath it, or paste a verse. For instance a card showing a stage coach might suggest a school story of a hundred years ago and the small boy or girl going home by stage for the holidays. Sick children would enjoy such books. You could make them up in a scribbler, or on separate sheets that you could afterwards fasten together. I am glad you like our Corner, we are delighted to have you join.

Oh, dear, oh dear, here's a girl who sends in a pretty verse on May, and no name or address attached to it. Isn't that a pity?

John Zabiaka, of Fork River, Man., who chose the poem at the head of the page in the March number, writes that he hasn't received his gold button yet. We'll see what has happened to it, John. John is a very hard-working boy. His mother is ill, and his sisters away from home, so he and his brother do all they can to help in the house and on the farm. Although he does not go to school John is a student and would like to hear from boys and girls interested in reading, music, drawing and writing. John would like to hear especially from Violet Edwards. He sends us in Joyce Kilmer's lovely poem "A Tree." We know John reads and enjoys good things.

Kathleen Holtby of Elstow, Sask., wants to join the club. We are delighted to have you, Kathleen, together with Monica MacDougall of Kirkwood, N.B., Thelma Gronfek of Stony Plain, Alta., and Mamie Studer of Darwell, Alta. Welcome all of you. Bobby Burke stretches out the hand of good fellowship to you, and the Cosy Corner has made a place for you among its members in its



Dorothy Madeline de Boone Wells, of Robsart, Saskatchewan.

happy room. Glad to hear from you any time.

A very nice and flattering letter from Kathleen Burbidge of Regina, and Kathleen sends us a little story which she wrote and typed herself. We may be able to print it later on, Kathleen.

Gladys Evelyn Latimer of Boissevain, Man., sends us a nice little story too, which we shall print, if not this month, then later.

Ten Little Muskrats

Ten little muskrats swimming in a line,
A mink came and caught one and then there were nine.

Nine little muskrats wary and sedate,
One went enquiring and then there were eight.

Eight little muskrats, Little Brother Bevin
Tried to lick a neighbor and brought 'em down to seven.

Seven little muskrats happy in the "cricks,"

An otter came avisitin' and left only six.
Six little muskrats glad to be alive,
A hawk swooped swiftly and then there were five.

Five little muskrats—roots and rice galore,
One ventured upland; his death left four.
Four little muskrats, happy as could be;
A jack-fish got playful and left only three.
Three little muskrats—night in the slough,
Something discovered them but didn't catch two.

Two little muskrats travelling for fun,
They met with a weasel who missed the quickest one.

One little muskrat, slippery as an eel,
A steel trap fooled him and he's Hudson Seal.

SOON BACK

An Irishman was handling dynamite in a quarry. He let a stick drop and it exploded. The foreman came later, and said to another Irishman: "Where's Mike?" "He's gone," replied Pat. "When will he be back?" "Well," replied Pat, "if he comes back as fast as he went, he'll be back yesterday."



Peggy Gale, of Clute, Ont., with her brothers, Richard and Frank.



The Month of Marriages

JUNE brings to the philosophic mind such questions as this: "Should people marry early or late?" It is often said against marrying early that young people aren't wise enough to know what they want or to understand fully the meaning of life. But, as a matter of fact, young people are the only ones who know what they want. They want perfection, and they see it in each other. And as for knowledge of life, there is only one way of gaining that, namely, by living. The true love of youth is the best assurance of a happy marriage—provided the young couple can keep the wolf from the door and their love is real. Youth is the time for ecstasy. And youth has a pliancy and a capacity for adaptation and adjustment that older people have outgrown, and so a young couple are able to learn from each other and conform to each other and thus come in the best way possible to knowledge of the meanings of life. They have in their youthfulness the best that life can give them, and as they advance in life together they can acquire the saving grace of philosophy, which is the wisdom that grows out of knowledge.

The C.P.R.'s Half-Century

LAST month brought the fiftieth anniversary of the birth of a great Canadian organization, which achieved the actual physical linking together of all Canada when the last spike of its continent-spanning main line of railway was driven in November, 1885. The Canadian Pacific Railway is an integral part of Canada's history. It has made the name of Canada and its own name known all around the world in a way which gives Canadians just reason for pride. Its growth and development have from the first been animated by the spirit of progress responsible for the superseding of the ox-cart by the railway train, as for the joining of scattered communities across the continent into united Canada, and for Canada's continuing advance.

A Remark by Sir Josiah

WHEN that world-renowned authority in political economy, Sir Josiah Stamp, was in Winnipeg, as chairman of the Commission appointed by the Dominion Government to study the effects of trading in grain futures, The Philosopher was interested in hearing him say in conversation that the world's greatest needs are more knowledge of the principles of economics and more open-mindedness to new ideas. "I have had the experience," said Sir Josiah, who is a director of the Bank of England, head of the London, Midland and Scottish railway system, financial adviser of the British Government, of the Reparations Commission of the League of Nations, and of other important world bodies, "of listening to more than one important business man announce that he is a practical man, when a suggestion of a departure from an old established way of doing business is set before him. 'That may be all very well in theory,' he says, 'but I am a practical man.' He doesn't realize that his mind has

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THE Western Home Monthly

WINNIPEG Bannatyne and Dagmar MANITOBA

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become so rigid with theories which were all right some time ago that it is not open to new ideas. Twenty years from now some business man whose mind will be rigid with the ideas now condemned as theoretical will, no doubt, announce in like manner that as a practical man he is against the new ideas that should be put into practice then." Which reminded The Philosopher of the old lady who on being asked whether she would travel in an airplane said that railway trains, the way the Good Lord intended his creatures to travel, were good enough for her. But that old lady's lack of mental agility would be preferred by Sir Josiah, The Philosopher is sure, to the kind of mental activity which either jumps to half-baked conclusions or devotes itself to such futility as the darky preacher warned his flock against when he said, "It ain't no use, breddern, scrutin' de inscrutable."

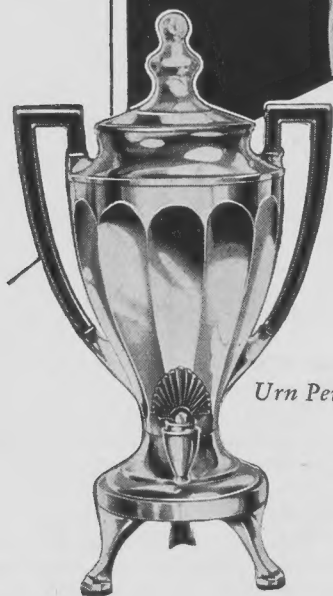
Feathers and Squawking

"TAXATION," said Colbert the great French statesman of the seventeenth century, "is the art of so plucking a goose as to produce the largest amount of feathers with the least possible squawking." That is the traditional viewpoint of statesmen and governments. But in Canada, as in every other country, every goose that is being plucked; that is to say, every citizen, is having forced upon his attention more and more the problem presented by the increase of public expenditures, on account of the increase of public services in accordance with modern ideas, developments and demands. Ultimately the limit to these governmental services and activities will be set not so much by any precise theory regarding the field of proper state functions as by the weight of the burden of taxation and by the general judgment of the people, after balancing the advantages against the disadvantages. At the risk of being judged cynical, The Philosopher must add that he believes that every statesman who ever held public office knows that, in addition to the truth which Colbert expressed in his remark about feathers and squawking, there is another great fundamental fact of government, namely, that not very many of the citizens who figure as geese seem to know the details of what it is all about.

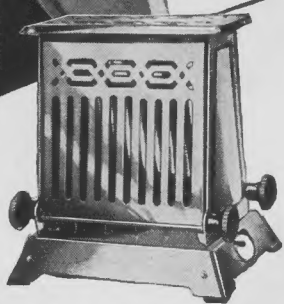
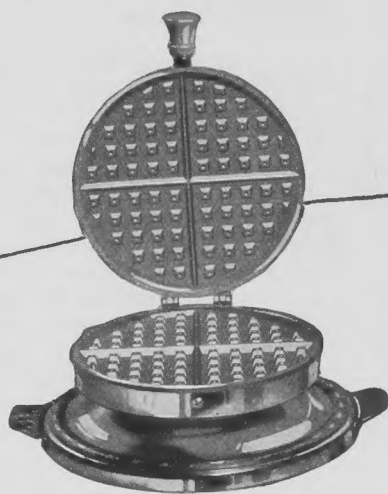
Ink and Public Thinking

NOTHING is oftener said nowadays than that nobody any longer gets his opinions and prejudices ready-made from newspaper editorials. However, that may be, most of us are almost as completely in the power of the newspapers as the potter's clay is in the hands of the potter. Not one of us escapes wholly the subtle influence of the manner in which the news is served to us, the selection of the mental food which is made for us daily, the choice the newspapers make of this or that in the day's news to play up and magnify. The thinking of a great many of us is moulded by the news headlines in large type. And what, you may ask, is the moral to be drawn from all this? The Philosopher will leave it to you to answer that question for yourself.

Choose Modern Gifts.



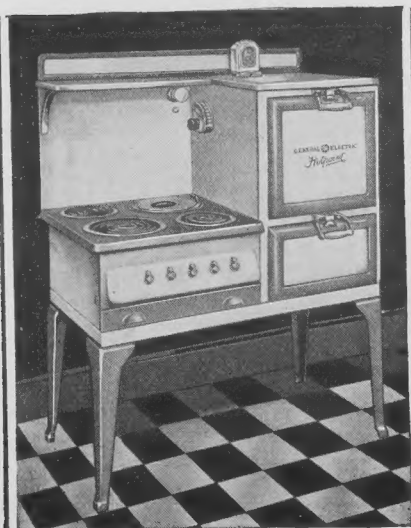
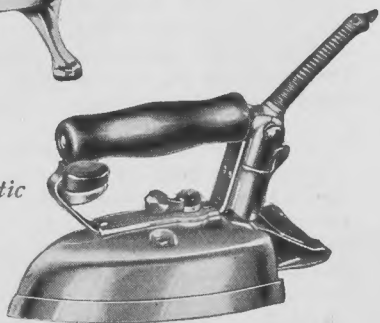
Urn Percolator

Toastover
Toaster

Waffle Iron



Standard Percolator

Super Automatic
Iron

Hotpoint Range

ELECTRIC servants for the home . . . proudly bearing the name "General Electric Hotpoint" . . . these are the gifts that will give lasting service and pleasure.

Hotpoint Irons, for example, are particularly acceptable. The De Luxe has Thumb Rest, Calrod Element and other remarkable features . . . and the Super-Automatic Hotpoint offers the added advantage of heat control.

Give the magic convenience of a Hotpoint Waffle Iron that bakes tempting waffles right at the table. Exquisitely designed and finished in gleaming chrome. Eight beautiful Hotpoint Percolators also await your choice. Each makes delicious coffee the famous "French-drip" way.

An inexpensive Toastover Toaster that turns the toast without burning the fingers . . . a Three-Heat Grill for entertaining . . . a Three-Heat Comfort Pad . . . here are only a few of the many other gift suggestions among General Electric Hotpoint servants.

Most welcome of all gifts is the General Electric Hotpoint Range . . . the range that was "designed by women for women" with every feature that women want in electric cookery.

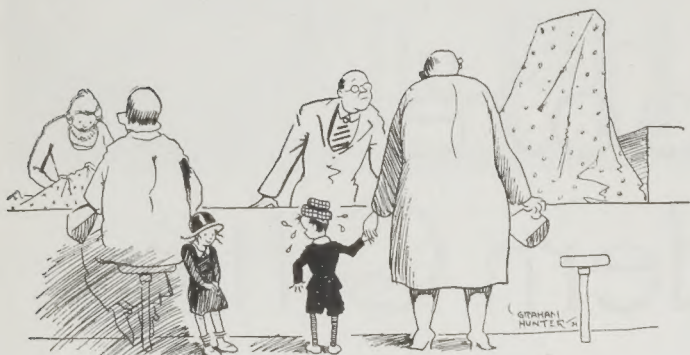
See the complete line of Hotpoint gifts at leading electrical, hardware and departmental stores.

GENERAL  ELECTRIC
Hotpoint

SERVANTS for the HOME

CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC Co. HM-11 Limited

What the World is Saying



"I'd like to discuss Harold's summer underwear problem with you Mr. Snodgrass."

Unless He's A Speaker Who Won't Stop
Everybody hates a quitter.—Vancouver Province.

You Should See What Our Tires Pick Up
It is reported that tires are picking up.—Canadian Finance.

It Is Useful in Many Other Ways, Too
Money is absolutely essential to happiness, if you haven't anything else to be proud of.—Edmonton Journal.

Some Think There Should Be An Option
Dumb Dora wants to know why there should be all this talk about the hedging of wheat, when barbed-wire fences do so nicely.—Manitoba Free Press.

Who Will Control the Day Rates?
Chile has formed a \$300,000,000 trust to control all nitrates.—London Economist.

There Isn't For That Kind of People
We feel sorry for people who think there is no such thing as love.—Port Arthur News-Chronicle.

Now For a Way to Make It Bear-proof!
Great progress has been made towards the securing of rust-proof wheat.—London Times.

He's Afraid People Will Think He Isn't
You can tell a man who isn't sure of himself by the way he acts important.—Brandon Sun.

We Find the Long Green Hard To Keep
An experienced green keeper is being advertised for by a local golf club.—Victoria Colonist.

Some Of It Has Got To the Next Stage
Sinclair Lewis says that "American literature has ripened."—Montreal Gazette.

It Doesn't With the Mosquito Family
History contains many instances of abundance of resources producing indolence.—Glasgow Herald.

An Awkward Place To Have a Fire
A headline in a Vancouver newspaper says: "Seven Escape from Fire in Night Attire."—Nelson News.

Need Doesn't Always Mean Demand
A New York doctor says that college girls need nighties, spankings and low heels.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

What, Then, Are Statesmen For?
But why expect a statesman to know what the people want, when the people don't?—Minneapolis Journal.

They Sound Like Hush Money
If money talks, we wonder what it is that those Czecho-Slovakian coins called "psts" say.—Saskatoon Star-Phoenix.

A Sociological Observation
One of the great problems of our time is how, not being rich, to make ends meet while living as the rich do.—New Yorker.

Good Time To Reline Your Cloud
Silver is still on unprecedentedly low levels of value, in the neighborhood of 20 cents per ounce.—Cobalt Northern Miner.

Another Is: We Don't Get It
"One great trouble with people today," says Mrs. Thomas A. Edison, "is that they demand too much luxury."—Ottawa Journal.

An Earned Reproof From Friend Wife
A husband is a man who yawns despite a kick on his shins under the table when guests suggest one more rubber.—Niagara Falls Review.

His Aim Would Need To Be Good
A doctor says he uses tomatoes for bad temper.—Journal of Dietetics.

He Merely Forgets Which One It Is
A wise husband never forgets his wife's birthday.—Neepawa Press.

Culinary Item
In the old days before mayonnaise became epidemic, table scraps put together were hash, instead of a salad.—Hamilton Spectator.

May Grow Up To Be a Politician
A correspondent whose letter appears in the Household Hints column writes that her baby "wriggles out of everything."—Ottawa Citizen.



Hardware Sundries: The new fangled squeeze-bulb hat raisers for polite but lazy gentlemen!

Health Hint
Another way to keep from growing old is to assume every time that the other driver has ordinary horse sense.—Windsor Border Cities Star.

A Point of View Worth Considering
The relatively small number of railway wrecks is probably due to the fact that the locomotive engineer never hugs the fireman.—Pilot Mound Sentinel.

Political Note
If you think politicians have an easy graft, try sitting on a fence and keeping one ear to the ground.—Duluth Herald.

A Thought For This Census Year
Loss of population wouldn't hurt any country much, if it could devise some scheme for losing the right ones.—Kingston Whig-Standard.

Ye Ed. Thinks Out the Explanation of It
Fancy needlework is coming back. Well, with skirts that stay over the knees, the ladies need something to do with their hands.—Lethbridge Herald.

Perhaps the Assault Was Justified
A man arrested for trying to fight with his own reflection in a shop window in Leicester Square got off with a fine of five shillings.—London Daily Express.

He'd Have Had a Better Lawyer
A farmer in New Jersey stole one chicken and was sent to prison for three years. If he had stolen 1,000,000 chickens, he'd have got off.—Fargo Tribune.

Why Not "Rider of the Thunder Bird?"
The Indian baby born on an aeroplane between Mile 214 and The Pas on the Hudson Bay railway is to be christened Lindbergh Cook.—Winnipeg Tribune.

Literary Note
Another interesting game consists in quoting Shakespeare and having the other players guess what part of the Bible it comes from.—Kamloops Sentinel.

Jokes That Have Become Facts
There was a time when you could make a joke about a man who gave his wife a smoking set and a woman who gave her husband face powder.—Calgary Herald.

He Is Now, in a Flapper's Estimation
Fifty years from now, according to a speaker at the convention of hair dressers in Montreal, the bald-headed man will be a thing of the past.—Quebec Telegraph.

Nature Is Sometimes Kind
Have you ever noticed how often it is true that to those who have the most reason to feel ashamed Nature has given the most enlarged ego?—Moose Jaw Times-Herald.

"Crabbed Age and Youth"
Youth may be right in thinking that age does not know it all, but one thing you know when you were old is that you were an ass when you were twenty.—Wetaskiwin Times.

And How Often Does He Get a Chance?
The writer of a recent review article on the working of democracy says that probably only one man in a dozen knows how to vote intelligently.—Toronto Globe.

A Mistake That Sometimes Occurs
You could not make a greater mistake than to think that sin isn't wicked when indulged in by a nice, well-meaning, clean-thinking person like you.—Brockville Recorder-Times.

How About Excessive Novel-writing?
Mr. Edgar Wallace, the prolific novel-writer, smokes eighty cigarettes a day, without being any the worse for it, according to a gossip-writer in a London evening newspaper.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

Is the Horse, Too, Headed for the Zoo?
A cow has been added to the City Zoo in Boston. Age-old nursery rhymes have told of the cow with the crumpled horn and the cow that jumped over the moon. But no nursery rhyme has ever foretold that the day would come when the cow would figure in a Zoo with the giraffe, the elephant, the zebra and the ring-tailed baboon.—Quebec Soleil.





More tanks are
Filled
with **ETHYL**
than with any other gasoline

On every highway in the country, gasoline pumps are telling this story: Ethyl Gasoline is now the biggest-selling motor fuel.



For instance: On the Lincoln Highway between New York City and Philadelphia, a recent count showed 655 gasoline pumps, of which 203, or 31%, were Ethyl pumps.

The simple reason is that Ethyl is more than gasoline. It is good gasoline plus Ethyl fluid, which means: gasoline plus *combustion control*.

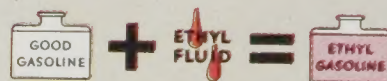
Inside the engine Ethyl fluid prevents the uneven explosions of gasoline that cause power-waste, "knock" and overheating. It holds combustion to the steady, powerful smoothness that develops the best performance of your car.

Ninety-five leading oil refiners testify to the importance of controlled combustion. They spent millions to equip plants to mix Ethyl fluid with gasoline and install pumps in filling stations to sell Ethyl Gasoline. Stop at any Ethyl pump and see how controlled combustion helps your motor. Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York City.

The Ethylembem on any pump stands for tested gasoline of Ethyl quality. Constant inspection of gasoline from Ethyl pumps throughout the country guards this standard. Ethyl Gasoline is always colored red.



ETHYL GASOLINE



The active ingredient used in Ethyl fluid is lead.

Win Fame and Fortune *with a Simple Snapshot*

\$100,000 in Cash Prizes Offered for Pictures in Kodak International Contest

Six Picture Classes 286 Canadian District Prizes

YOU may submit pictures of any subject in this contest. Prizes will be awarded in 6 classes, and your entries will be placed for judging in the classes in which they are most likely to win.

A. *Children.* Any picture in which the principal interest is a child or children.

B. *Scenes.* Landscapes, marine views, city, street, travel or country scenes, etc.

C. *Games, Sports, Pastimes, Occupations.* Baseball, tennis, golf, fishing, gardening, carpentry, etc.

D. *Still Life and Nature Subjects, Architecture and Architectural Detail, Interiors.* Art objects, curios, cut flowers, or any still life object in artistic arrangement, any nature subject, etc. Exteriors or interiors of homes, churches, schools, offices, libraries; statues, etc.

E. *Informal Portraits.* Close-up or full figure of a person or persons, excepting pictures in which the principal interest is a child or children. (See Class A above.)

F. *Animals, Pets, Birds.* Pets (dogs, cats, etc.); farm animals or fowls; wild animals or birds, either at large or in zoos.

\$7,500 in Canadian District Prizes CANADIAN GRAND PRIZE \$1,000 in Cash and a Bronze Medal

44 PRIZES IN EACH CLASS

For the best picture in each class . . . \$250
For the next picture in each class . . . 100
For the next picture in each class . . . 50
For each of next 5 pictures in each class . . . 25
For each of next 36 pictures in each class . . . 10
(286 prizes, totaling \$6,310)

SPECIAL PRIZES FOR CHILD PICTURES

For the best child pictures made and entered in May and June from each of seven provinces (the Maritime Provinces of Canada, Newfoundland, Saint-Pierre and Miquelon count as one province; Yukon Territory is included with British Columbia; the North-West Territories are included with Alberta):

First Prize, each province . . . \$100
Second Prize, each province . . . 50
Third Prize, each province . . . 20
(21 provincial prizes, totaling \$1,180)

International Awards

The best picture in each class from each country automatically enters International Competition to be judged for later awards at Geneva, Switzerland.

INTERNATIONAL GRAND AWARD \$10,000 and a Silver Trophy

INTERNATIONAL CLASS AWARDS

For the best picture in each of the six classes, a Gold Medal and \$1,000 in cash.

Total Prize Money, Canadian District . . . \$ 7,500
International Awards . . . 16,000
Prize Money for rest of world . . . 76,500
Total to be won, amateurs only . . . \$100,000

NOTE that one picture may win a \$250 class prize, the \$1,000 grand prize for Canadian District . . . plus a \$1,000 International Class Award and the \$10,000 International Grand Award . . . a total of \$12,250 for a single snapshot.

Only Amateurs may compete . . . Pictures must be made in May, June, July or August

A CAMERA . . . a roll of film . . . some simple subject to photograph. That's all you need to enter the Kodak International \$100,000 Competition! It's all you need to win . . . for the kind of snapshots you usually take are the kind that are wanted for this contest!

There are 286 prizes, totaling \$7,500 in cash, for pictures from the Canadian District—which comprises Canada, Newfoundland, Saint-Pierre and Miquelon. And first-prize winners in the Canadian Contest may win international awards amounting to an additional \$16,000.

As the list of prizes shows, one easy snapshot may win \$12,250.

No special skill, no long experience, is required in this contest. Picture interest . . . not photographic excellence . . . is what counts.

Only amateurs may compete, any picture subject may be entered, and the owner of a Brownie, Hawk-Eye or the simplest Kodak has the same chance as users of costly cameras.

And, with such prizes in sight, you will wish to use film you can depend on for clear, sparkling pictures. You can depend on Kodak Film or the new Kodak Verichrome Film. Both come in the yellow box.

Famous People Act as Judges
Photography is the universal language . . . that brings

nations, peoples, closer together . . . makes for international goodwill. In recognition of this fact, famous people from all over the world have freely consented to act as patrons and judges of this friendly international competition.

The winners of the Canadian District prizes will be determined by a committee of distinguished judges, consisting of Rev. Canon H. J. Cody; Emily F. Murphy (Janey Canuck); E. Wyly Grier, P.R.C.A.; L. M. Montgomery Macdonald, authoress; Nellie L. McClung, authoress; Lt-Col. Henri Gagnon, distinguished publisher.

Clip Entry Blank

So get busy! See your dealer about a supply of film. Make lots of snapshots! Send in as many as you wish . . . as often as you wish. Clip the entry blank below and enter to win.



For pictures of the prize-winning kind, use Kodak Film or the new Kodak Verichrome Film. Both come in the yellow box.



Read these simple rules:

1. This contest is strictly for the amateur. Any resident of Canada, Newfoundland or Saint-Pierre and Miquelon is eligible, excepting individuals and families of individuals engaged in the manufacture, sale, commercial finishing or professional use of photographic goods.
2. Contest starts May 1, closes August 31, 1931. (Also see No. 14.)
3. An entrant may submit as many pictures as he pleases and at as many different times as he pleases; provided that the pictures have been made on or after May 1, 1931, that they are mailed under postmark dated not later than August 31, and that they reach Prize Contest Office not later than September 7, 1931. (See No. 14.)
4. Any Kodak, Brownie, Hawk-Eye or other camera and any brand of film, chemicals and paper may be used in making pictures for this contest. A contestant need not own the camera. The finishing, of course, may be done by his dealer. Pictures may be made on roll film, cut film or film pack negatives. But pictures made on plate negatives are not eligible.
5. Both regular-sized contact prints and enlargements are eligible. No picture is to measure

more than 8 inches the long way. Prints shall be made from unretouched negatives only. No coloring or artwork of any kind shall have been done on either negative or print. Prints shall be neither mounted nor framed. Do not write even your name on either front or back of your pictures.

6. Enclose an entry blank with each lot of pictures. Mail entries to Prize Contest Office, Canadian Kodak Co., Limited, Toronto 9, Ontario. Use the entry blank on this page, obtain others from dealers, copy the form, or write to the Prize Contest Office for a supply.

7. No entries can be returned. All mailings are at owner's risk. Do not send negatives with entries, but be sure they are in your possession and hold them ready to send on request.

8. All pictures will be judged solely on general appeal—the interest they arouse. Photographic excellence or technique will not be the deciding factor in determining the prize-winners.

9. The decision of the judges shall be final. In the event of a tie, the advertised award will be paid to each of the tying contestants.

10. Each prize-winning picture, together with the negative, and the first and sole rights to the use thereof for advertising, publication or exhibi-

tion in any manner, becomes the property of the Kodak Company.

11. Winner of first prize in each class, including winner of Canadian District Grand Prize, will automatically enter the International Competition.

12. Although no entrant may win prizes on more than one picture, he may win several prizes with the one picture. Naturally, the more pictures you send in, the greater the chance that one of them will win a prize—or prizes.

The following additional conditions apply to the offer of special provincial prizes for the best child pictures made and entered in May and June, 1931.

13. To be eligible for a prize in the Child Picture Contest, a picture shall fulfill the requirements of Class A, Child Pictures.

14. Special Provincial Child Picture Contest closes on June 30, 1931. Entries must be mailed under postmark not later than that day and must reach Contest Office not later than July 7, 1931. All entries in Child Picture Contest, including winners, and child pictures taken in July and August are eligible for prizes in Class A at the end of the general contest.

Important! The entrant need not specify the classes into which his pictures should go. The Prize Contest Office will place each picture in the class in which it is most likely to win. No explanatory letter is necessary. So that judges shall not know the name of the maker of any picture, entries will be filed numerically. Each entry will be acknowledged by a postal card bearing the number given thereto. However, please do not interpret this as an invitation to write about entries as the contest office cannot undertake correspondence. The Kodak Company may offer to purchase pictures that do not win prizes. Winners will be notified as soon as possible after the judging takes place.

Entry Blank — Clip it Now! —

Mail this blank with your entries to Prize Contest Office, Dept. E-958 Canadian Kodak Co., Limited, Toronto 9, Ontario. Do not place your name on either the front or the back of any picture.

Name (Please Print) _____
Street Address _____
Town and Province _____
Make of Camera _____
Make of Film _____ Number of pictures accompanying this blank _____

KODAK INTERNATIONAL \$100,000 COMPETITION

for Amateur Picture-Takers